# "AND IN THE TOMB WERE FOUND——"

PLAYS AND PORTRAITS OF OLD EGYPT

TERENCE GRAY

WLN

Please return to:-

A. M. Heath & Co., Ltd.
7, Golden Square
Great Pulteney Street
London, W.1.

FROM
A. M. HEATH & CO. LTD
51, PICCADILLY,
LONDON, W. 1.

Dr. Williams's
Bookseller & Stationer,
Opposite Cook's Office

*By the same Author.*

THE LIFE OF THE KING OF THE SOUTH AND NORTH, KAMARI'A, DAUGHTER OF THE SUN, HATSHEPSUT. A Chapter of Egyptian History in Dramatic Form, with Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. (Postage 1s.)

*Extracts from Press Notices.*

"Marks a new era of history and historians."—*Birmingham Weekly Post.*

"Mr. Gray's ambitious endeavour has been to reconstruct in a sequence of dramatic scenes the Court life of Ancient Egypt in the Early XVIIIth Dynasty, and at the same time the life of one of the greatest female figures in antiquity. The quantity of knowledge that has been gained by archæological research has been carefully and skilfully utilised, and the author has given us a vivid representation of his theme—a veritable pageant that lives before our eyes."—*The Sphinx, Cairo.*

"Mr. Gray's drama, if not contributing anything new to our knowledge of the period, has at least the merit of presenting us with a synopsis of the principal characters of the time in a novel form, which cannot but stimulate independent enquiry by those who are sufficiently interested to work the subject out for themselves. Moreover, this book is an indication that Egyptology has gained as an accession to her ranks a new and enthusiastic devotee, who has shown his capability to do thorough work."—*Journal of Egyptian Archæology*, Vol. VII.

"And in the Tomb were Found . . ."

*LONDON AGENTS—*
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

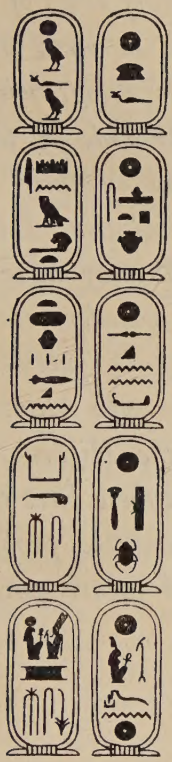
https://archive.org/details/bwb_KV-188-944

THE FINDING OF THE BODY OF SAQNUNRIYA.

(See page 198.)

# "AND IN THE TOMB WERE FOUND..."

## PLAYS AND PORTRAITS OF OLD EGYPT



TERENCE GRAY

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BRUNTON*

W. HEFFER & SONS LIMITED
CAMBRIDGE, 1923

*THESE studies of kings of Egypt, brief pictures of men exalted in birth and noble in nature, potent, dynamic beings who ruled and rocked the Ancient World, by their human divinity raising mankind on their shoulders to higher pinnacles of evolution, I dedicate to any man who, though he may have humility and be a good citizen of a modern state, yet has found his thought turning in query towards the nobler examples of the type Man, and so may care to ponder upon the Higher-Men of the Ancient World, the part these have played in the evolution of the race, and the problems attending their production and future possibilities.*

*Printed in Great Britain.*

# INTRODUCTION.

## I.

## Preface.

EVERY work of art is the fulfilment of a wish. Whether it be an excellent or a damnable work of art affects not at all that basic fact, but is merely a question of skill. One may wonder what desire deep-buried in the mind was Leonardo causing to be fulfilled when that he painted La Gioconda, or Shakespeare in the creating of Hamlet? I have no intention of trying to tell. Nor have I any intention of revealing the desire that finds fulfilment in these plays of my own. That is the gratification I get out of them, it is my personal affair; that they should be published merely offers them as vehicles for the gratification of the desires of others. If there is any skill in them they may be admired just so far objectively, otherwise that they should give pleasure requires that those who read them shall have the same desires seeking expression and shall realise that expression in my work. This is a matter beyond my control. I can but offer them to the world in general and hope that they may find their way to those who can make this use of them. For the others, their objective admiration of any skill there might be in them is a matter of little interest and little hope, even as—to them—the pieces themselves.

## II.

## Egypt and Her Kings.

### *Art as the Revelation of Personality.*

The greatest art, is it a revelation of the personality of individuals or a revelation of occurrences? Or is it a revelation of the personality of individuals in relation

to occurrences? The art of La Gioconda and the art of Hamlet lie in the revelation of the personality of an individual. It is of this type of art that are these pieces herein.

### *The Charm of Old Egypt.*

Wherein lies the source of the dynamic fascination of old Egypt? Speaking personally, it is in the personalities of her kings. In all nations have been great men and kings; Egypt has no monopoly. And yet the kings of Egypt stand forth as individuals apart. Kings of most nations seem to have been but commonplace persons save for their opportunities, save also the occasional giant. Caesar, Aurelius, Henry II., Napoleon: most nations have a small body of great kings to their credit. But their great men, except when they reach a throne, are to be sought for among the people. In Egypt the private individuals whose lives are known to us are but shadows, indistinct in outline and commonplace in stature, but the kings are gigantic.

### *Kings: In Europe.*

What was the origin of the kings of Europe? A community set up a body of old men (elders, aldermen, eorls) to govern it: an individual amongst them—the strongest, the richest, the leader in battle—acquired supreme power in times of war, or even in peace, and reached the position of king. He was followed by his son, or his successor was elected by the people. Throughout the centuries these kings fought amongst themselves, abused their power and were dethroned, were surrounded by treachery and jealousy, sham respect and open defiance, rose and fell, suffered limitations of their powers, and ultimately became figureheads.

### *Kings: In Egypt.*

In Egypt the king was a deity. He was not a paid ruler. Oh, yes, there is a difference. In Europe the kings were often willing to admit that they were the

servants of their people. They were officials, subject to the pleasure and criticism of those over whom they ruled, raised up and put down at will, State subjects, hereditary presidents, men among men, called Sire and still called Sir by their subjects. In Egypt the whole country, and every man and beast in it, was the personal property of the king. I do not expect that this will be realised to the full; the mind needs that it be re-adjusted in order to understand. The king was God. All things were his as, to Europe in the past, all things were God's, to do with as He willed. In the king the people beheld the incarnate Deity, the divine essence, the perfection of all aspirations. On their bellies they approached Him. He could not be referred to by name nor spoken of save under a symbol and with benedictions, and He might only be addressed as God and then only in the third person. Their art was devoted to embodying their supreme aspirations towards beauty—in His image. He was Egypt. His word could kill magically: His word could save and protect magically. He was terrible and beneficent, terrorist and protector. He was God on earth, in human form, to order the ways of His people. Hypocrisy in it there must have been not a little, but the people only beheld Him almost enshrined, and the court has left to history little sign of insincerity.

Such was the king in the eyes of the Egyptians, but what was he in reality—as we consider reality?

### *The Greatness of Egypt's Kings.*

The first fact that stands out of the pages of Egyptian history is that in a most unusual number of cases the king of Egypt appears to have been not merely a king but a great man also. We are sceptical because in modern history it is not so. Why should it be in Egypt?

A second fact that strikes us is that whole series of kings appear to uphold this tradition of greatness, carrying it on efficiently and building it up through

half-a-dozen generations. This appears even stranger, for great kings are few and far between in our world. Also it is during the reigns of these kings that the great periods of civilisation occur.

From these and other facts we may conclude that Egypt, more than any nation we know, was dependent on her king for her prosperity. And so does history prove was the case—Egyptian civilisation and prosperity was a one-man show to an extent hardly credible to us.

### *The Breeding of the Kings.*

As we look deeper into the circumstances of Egyptian kingship we are struck by another fact, that these great periods under great kings were accompanied by very close inbreeding. Of course there must be taken into account the fact that it is in the great periods that we get the fullest facts, in the others much is merely inference. The genealogical table of the eighteenth dynasty is almost perfect; I have published it in my *Life of Hatshepsut*, and we can there see the degree of inbreeding practised during that great period. It is stated by most Egyptologists that it was so also in all periods, by others this is contested; at any rate we know that it was practised, quite how rigidly it may not yet be possible to declare.

The connection of these two circumstances is obvious. We have the unusual phenomenon of series of great and gifted administrators, and the phenomenon of close inbreeding in the production of them. It is not my intention to enter into a scientific examination of this very intricate problem of eugenics, but it may be pointed out that since inbreeding intensifies the original qualities of the parents, whether it be a long head in a dog or tuberculosis-tendency in a human being, so, starting from a supremely vital and dominant stock of born rulers, it may easily be conceived that, marrying own-sisters in each generation (to take an extreme case), since no infusion of strange and disturbing element occurred by out-marriage, those qualities of the original

parents would be guarded, maintained undiluted, concentrated and intensified in the succeeding generations in a manner that could occur in no other way save by accident.

That, I think, is the explanation in general terms of the peculiar greatness of Egypt's kings. A supreme ruler arose, whether it was Meny, Yamounemhati, Saqnunriya, or another, who obtained power in an age of subjection, reconquered and reorganised the country, and handed it on to his inbred successors who generation by generation perfected his work and so brought into being each of the great periods of civilisation.

*These Studies.*

It is of these men that I write in these studies. In each piece I have taken one great personality and sought, each in a different manner, to present it and set it moving in an incident of the time. There is no pretence of great drama herein. To those who may find gratification for deep-buried wishes in themselves by following the presentation of a God-king of Egypt I offer these studies.

In the first I depict Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. All that is known of him is set forth, all the great figures of his age, whose marvellous portraits we have, the world's greatest portrait-art of antiquity if not of all time, placed around him, and his character revealed in so far as I was able by the words of his mouth. More in it than this there is nothing.

In the second I take the founder of the second great period, the XIIth Dynasty, Yamounemhati, and seek by indirect means, in the third person so-to-speak, to reveal himself and his achievements and the greatness of him. At the end I bring him upon the scene and cause him to utter that masterpiece of ancient literature, his "Instructions" to his son, the great king Senusert who was to follow.

In the third I give a slight and humorous presentation of Rameses the Great in his old age confronted with

Moses, and present the situation as it appears to me credible from the Egyptian rather than from the well-known Israelite standpoint. It is, as I say, intentionally humorous, and I know that it will be idle for me to insist that my presentation of Rammy (as he is often known to Egyptologists) is also serious and sound. Nevertheless it is so intended, and is historically as careful as either of the other portraits.

The fourth piece herein is frankly a play, a drama of Egyptian court life in the XVIIth Dynasty, dealing with the driving forth of the Shepherd Kings. It is a drama of love and death in the Egyptian idea of those things, and gives Saqnunriya and Yahhotpu, the king and queen who were the ancestors of the great XVIIIth Dynasty that was to follow, and King Yahmose (Ahmes) and Queen Nofrityri who were its founders.

The last piece is a presentation of the love-songs and dirges of old Egypt, a literal translation in a setting, and the beauty of these should more than make up for the dullness and deficiencies of my own work which has preceded them.

## III.

## The Evolution of Civilisation.

The personalities here chosen out of the long pageant of Egyptian history all lived during great periods. In a sense it was their lives that made great the period in which they lived, so that they are at once the representatives and the bases of Egypt's highest pinnacles of prosperity.

Khufu represents the summit of the great early civilisation with its simplicity, its grandeur, and its great art.

Yamounemhati represents the second civilisation, when after a lapse into darkness Egypt once again emerged and rose to heights of prosperity and power. Unlike Khufu, who assumed power at the summit of that first wave of civilisation, Yamounemhati was the

conquering hero who led his people out of chaos through civil war into peace and prosperity, inaugurating the second great age, himself providing the impetus which under his successors was to heap up the wave of civilisation to its summit four generations ahead.

Saqnunriya was another such national hero and saviour of his people, leading them out of darkness and oppression into a third great age of civilisation. He also came not at the crest but at the base of the up-sweeping waters. He represents an even earlier stage in the evolution of a civilisation. The king of whom Yamounemhati is the true prototype is Yahmose who established the XVIIIth Dynasty as Yamounemhati established the XIIth. Saqnunriya was the earlier pioneer who made possible the work of the founder, one of this great company whose vitality set flowing the great forces that afterwards led on to the heaped-up and towering immensity of the early world's greatest ages of art and human achievement.

Rameses II. represents yet another stage in the evolution of civilisation. The great epoch of which Saqnunriya was the first and far-off originator, setting free his people from their foreign yoke that Yahmose should found the great period that we know as the New Empire, culminated in the middle of the dynasty with the conquests and empire of Tahutmose III. For two more reigns it blossomed, wilted beneath the heretic Yakhnaton, bourgeoned again with Harmhabi, passed through a final period of autumn blossom under the XIXth Dynasty kings Seti I. and Rameses II., and, on his death, collapsed headlong on the path of inevitable decay. Therefore Rameses represents the last stage of an overripe civilisation, when its past glories are maintained uncertainly by his power alone to fall at his death like a rotting fruit, even as in modern days France after Louis XV.

Thus we have here a dynamic figure representing each of the phases of the evolution of a civilisation, the first impulse, the rising achievement, the summit, and the

last failing effort before the fall. It had been an interesting undertaking to have done this with one and the same civilisation, tracing its whole course, but such was not my intention in writing these sketches. Instead, the whole pageant of Egyptian history up to the end of the XIXth Dynasty is traversed, each of the three civilisations being taken in turn.

## IV.

## Graph of History.

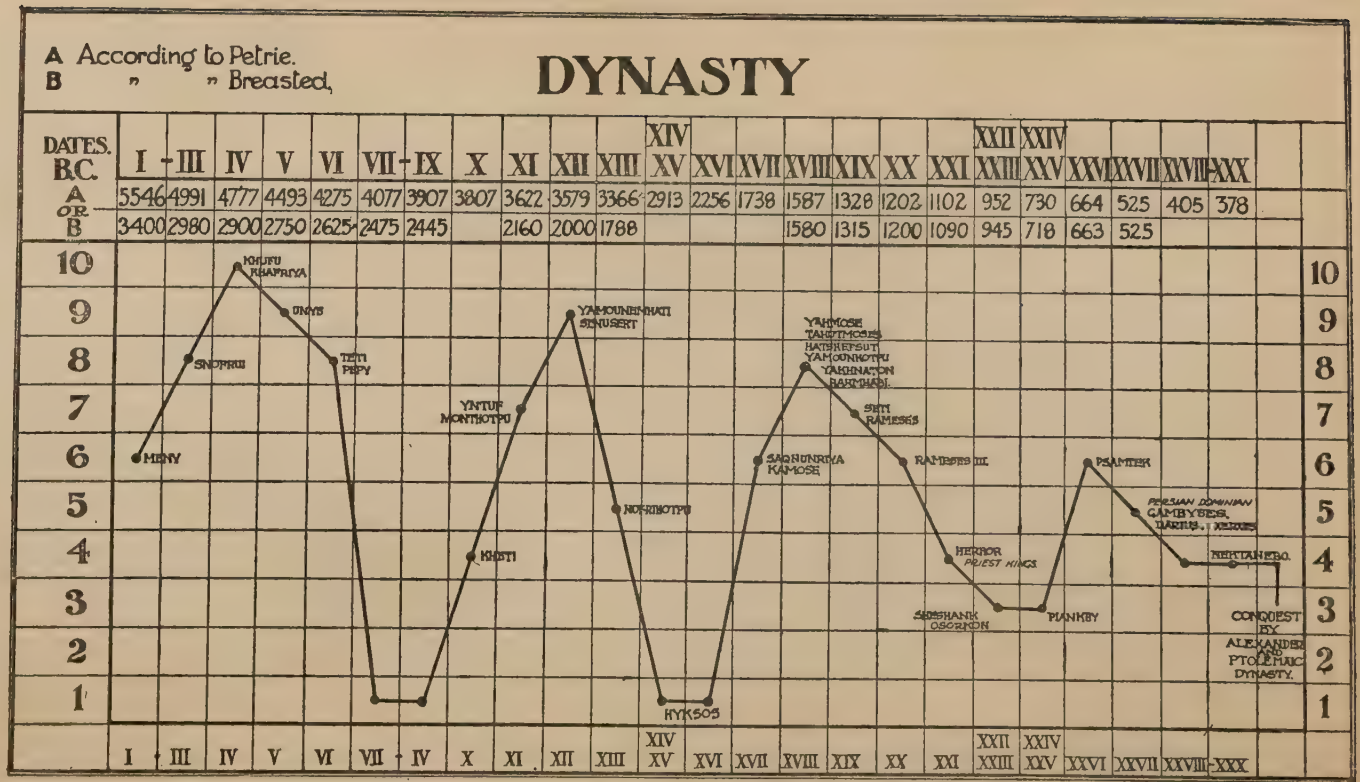
If anyone should want to read about all these things or, having bought and paid for this book because she couldn't resist the title, should decide to go through with it, I suggest that it were well to do so thoroughly and in a businesslike manner. Presumably such an one will not have more than a vague comprehension of the course of Egyptian history, for it is hardly to be imagined that a real Egyptologist would be seen buying a book named in the manner of this one. Accordingly there is given a pictorial representation of the history of Egypt, the rise and fall of prosperity and civilisation, as it may be traced by reading the histories and monuments, presented in the form of a graph, so that at a glance may be seen where any of the pieces herein occur in the history and how the long course of Egyptian civilisation wended its way, rising and falling, reaching summits of human achievement and descending to depths of barbarity. Probably this has not before been attempted. No decent historian would be so unscientific, for it is using a rigid mathematical form where mathematics cannot possibly apply. This incongruity must be rubbed in. The diagram is not really a graph, but a picture, a free-hand drawing on measured paper. It has no mathematical quality whatever in spite of the humbugging numbers. Parts of it might even be seriously disputed. Moreover, anyone might ask simply by what standard I judged civilisation at all. I can only

reply that I have judged it by general tendencies, chiefly art, wealth of monuments and industrial activity as revealed on them, and extent of territory under Egyptian sway. Presumably it is these things that are the expressions of civilisation. At any rate they appear always to go with it. When one studies the monuments, the richness or poverty, physical and spiritual, of the life of the age from which they emanate becomes apparent in detail and beyond all doubt; moreover, I know of no historian who could dispute more than a detail here and there.

Therefore I offer it for anything it may be worth, in order that anyone determined to read this book may be able to place each piece in its position in history and at a glance to have in mind the course of Egyptian civilisation which even the steady perusal of a many-volumed history might not leave clear.

The dates B.C. are given according to each of the two schools of chronology. The ludicrous divergence between them explains why historians deal not in dates but in dynasties, and is dealt with in the section on the subject preceding "A Royal Audience," p. 83.

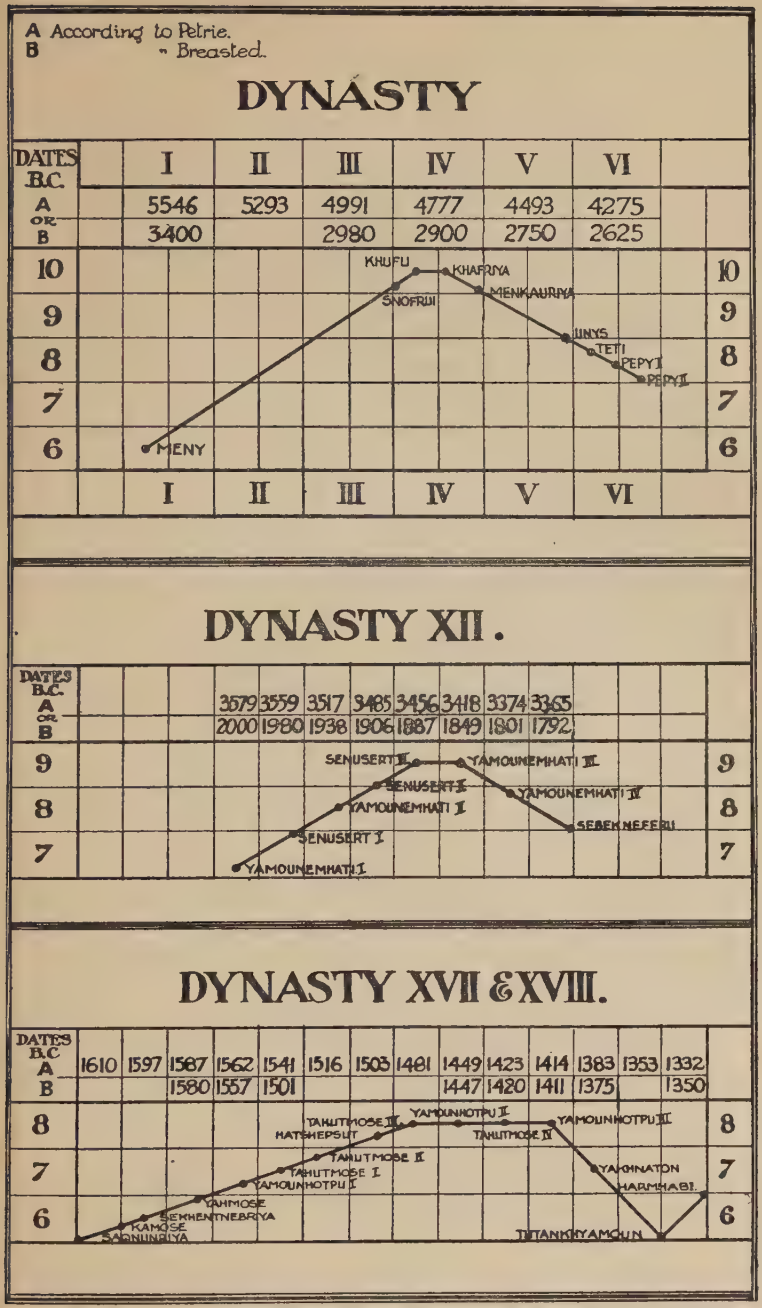
# GRAPH OF EGYPTIAN HISTORY.


A According to Petrie.
B " " Breasted.
DYNASTY
DATES. B.C.
I - III IV V VI VII - IX X XI XII XIII XIV XV XVI XVII XVIII XIX XX XXI XXII XXIII XXIV XXV XXVI XXVII XXVIII-XXX
A 5546 4991 4777 4493 4275 4077 3907 3807 3622 3579 3366 2913 2256 1738 1587 1328 1202 1102 952 730 664 525 405 378
OR
B 3400 2980 2900 2750 2625 2475 2445 2160 2000 1788 1580 1315 1200 1090 945 718 663 525
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
MENY
SNOFRU
KHUFU KHAFRIYA
MNYS
TETI PEPY
KHETI
YNTUF MONTHOTPU
YAMOUNEMHATI SENUSERT
NOFRHOTPU
KYK505
SAONNHRIYA KAMOSE
YAHMOSE TAHUTMOSES HATSHEPSUT YAMOUNHOTPU YAHNHATON HARMHABI
SETI RAMESES
RAMESES III.
HERIOR PRIEST KINGS
SHOSHANK OSORKON
PLANKHY
PSAMTEK
PERSIAN DOMINION CAMBYSES. DARIUS. XERXES
NEKTANEBO.
CONQUEST BY ALEXANDER AND PTOLEMAIC DYNASTY.
I - III IV V VI VII - IV X XI XII XIII XIV XV XVI XVII XVIII XIX XX XXI XXII XXIII XXIV XXV XXVI XXVII XXVIII-XXX

GRAPH I. Chart tracing the course of Egyptian history, following the rise and fall of civilisation from the First Dynasty to the conquest of Alexander.

Dynasties numbered horizontally. Degree of civilisation numbered vertically.

# GRAPH OF EGYPTIAN HISTORY.




GRAPH II. Detailed representation of the evolution of three separate civilisations in Egypt, the Old Kingdom, the Middle Kingdom, and the New Empire.

Dynasties numbered horizontally.

Degree of civilisation numbered vertically.

## V.

## The Reading of the Names: An Explanation and an Apology.

The readings of the names, most often those of Maspero, are selected primarily from motives of euphony. The Egyptians have left us but the skeletons of their words, writing consonants only, therefore the systems of making them pronounceable by the insertion of vowels, from Greek, Coptic, Cuneiform, or purely arbitrary sources, allow considerable diversity, and are the subject of much dispute. While for scientific purposes a simple and conventional—and often unreadable—system may be preferable, for the purposes of a spoken play these words are crude, cacophonous and certainly wrong. For such purposes if we cannot approach what was probably something like the original we can at least produce a good rhythmical word that shall fall with fine cadence from the tongue.

There are three words occurring in Egyptian proper names concerning which there is particular difficulty. These are—in the conventional old-fashioned transliteration—Amen or Amon, Ra or Re, and Mes or Mosis. The two former are the names of the two most prominent Gods of Egypt, the third is a word meaning "child," and all the three occur repeatedly in the formation of such famous names as Amenemhat (Dynasty XII.), Amenhotep (Dynasty XVIII.), Khaf-Ra (Dynasty IV.), Sehotep-yb-Ra (Dynasty XII.), Sehotep-en-Ra and Ra-meses (Dynasty XIX.), Tehuti-mes or Thoth-mes (Dynasty XVIII.), and Moses (the Bible).

Now the spelling of these words, consonants of course only, is Y-M-N, R-A, M-S, and in order to make them pronounceable we insert vowels. Y and A, vowels to us, stand for sounds that are consonants in Egyptian. Hence the old primitive forms quoted above, Amen (the A being substituted for Y because it is found so in Greek authors), Ra (Greek authors), and Mes or Mosis (Greek authors). But Greek authors vocalise it not

Amen, but Amon and Amoun, therefore—since the Y (or A) is a consonant and needs a vowel between it and the next letter—I keep the Egyptian consonant Y, insert the A as its vowel (from the Greek form), and, keeping the Greek O U (for which there must have been some basis), get the good rich-sounding word Yamoun. For doing this in my life of Queen Hatshepsut I was chastised by Egyptological critics, so, although their greater knowledge and judgment is not in question beside my own, I offer this in explanation of my reasoning, and retain the word according to the principle of euphony in spoken drama set forth above, for between Ymoun and Yamoun there is but a nuance of difference in sound, and for my retention of the A I have the indication supplied by the Greek form Amoun. However, I do not for a moment put it forward as a suggestion for technical and scientific purposes, since—for one thing—I apply the same largely Greek reading to all periods of history.

Now as regards R-A. Greek authors deal only with Egypt in her latest and most decadent period of native rule. With this period the earlier and greater epochs of Egyptian history are not concerned. But we have a contemporary cuneiform rendering also (Dynasty XVIII.) and this is Ria or Riya. Therefore we have the Egyptian consonants R-A, and between them the vowel-sound I or IY. Accordingly I give the good rich and true-sounding word Riya. Before, I wrote it Ri'a, a somewhat clumsy attempt to use the technical reading "ʿ" (representing a sound like a hiccough, popularly written as A, and itself not used in English except reversed as a comma) in order to keep the two consonants and supply a vowel before and after. I now admit its ineptness and withdraw it, although the sound, carefully uttered, would perhaps be nearer the original.

As regards the Mes, in Greek Mosis. As in the case of Ra, we are concerned with the name as used in earlier days—and pronunciation changed in Egypt as elsewhere. The Greeks added a final S to foreign

words whenever possible, as also in Osiris and Isis (in Egyptian Osyri and Ysit –t probably not pronounced), so in getting at the Egyptian contemporary pronunciation we may leave it out. As the word is spelt M-S we may keep the Greek vowel O (Mosis), for want of better evidence, and the final vowel to which they added the last S—for had there not been one there would have been no need to put on the S. Thus I give the good rich and true-sounding word Mosé (for Mosi). Before, following Maspero—the only early great Egyptologist to attempt a regular system of likely vocalisation of Egyptian names—I gave it as Tahutmosis, also because, since it is sometimes written with two S s (M-S-S), I thought the Greek rendering justified.

In this I admit my error and withdraw it. Thus I have to give Rameses (of whom I write in that spelling) the unfamiliar word Riyamosis in the play—for in his case the Mose has a second S.

As regards the others, I cannot well take each one and explain my reasons for it, but I believe I may say that such forms as hotpu (for hotep)—after Maspero, and hati (for hat), as in Yamounemhati, are generally understood and accepted.

# Acknowledgments.

I wish to express my gratitude to Mrs. W. M. Brunton for illustrating these pieces. The care and skill with which the heads from the IVth Dynasty portrait-statues have been so exquisitely and faithfully rendered, and the insight with which the illustrative scenes have been presented, place me under a debt of gratitude as great as that of my readers who may accept my assurance that from an Egyptological standpoint every detail is as accurate historically as the whole is admirable artistically.

I wish to thank Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. for allowing me to reproduce the beautiful picture of the finding of the body of Seqenenra, the frontispiece of this volume, and to Mr. John Murray for permission to use Mr. Battiscombe Gunn's fine translation of the Instructions of Amenemhê'et, introduced on pp. 75–77.

# Contents.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| INTRODUCTION | |
| 1. Preface | v |
| 2. Egypt and Her Kings | v |
| 3. The Evolution of Civilisation | x |
| 4. Graph of History | xii |
| 5. The Reading of the Names: An Explanation and an Apology | xvi |
| ACKNOWLEDGMENTS | xix |

## Part I.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE OLD KINGDOM IN EGYPT | 3 |
| THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMID (KHUFU. Dynasty IV.) | 9 |

## Part II.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE MIDDLE KINGDOM IN EGYPT | 41 |
| THE NAMELESS (THE HAREM CONSPIRACY. Dynasty XII.) | 47 |

## Part III.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE NEW EMPIRE IN EGYPT | 83 |
| A ROYAL AUDIENCE (RAMESES THE GREAT. Dynasty XIX.) | 95 |

## Part IV.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE EXPULSION OF THE HYKSOS | 125 |
| "AND IN THE TOMB WERE FOUND . . ." (SAQNUNRIYA TIUAQNI. Dynasty XVII.) | 134 |

## Part V.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Love Songs and Dirges of Old Egypt - | 217 |
| "The Joyful Songs of Thy Sister Walking in the Fruit Gardens" | |
| 1. A Love Idyll of Egypt - - - - - | 223 |
| 2. The Love-lorn Sister - - - - - | 227 |
| 3. The Faithless Brother - - - - - | 229 |
| 4. Mytyritdis, Daughter of Rameny - - - | 233 |
| 5. The Harper's Lament. Funeral Dirge of Nofrihotpu - - - - - - | 234 |
| 6. The Songs in the Tomb of Yntuf the Justified | 235 |

# List of Illustrations.


*Facing page*

I. THE FINDING OF THE BODY OF SAQNUNRIYA (p. 198) - - *Frontispiece*

GRAPHS - - - - - - xiv-xv

II. THE HEREDITARY PRINCE RIYAHOTPU 18
(From the statue-group of Riyahotpu and Nofrit in Cairo).

III. THE LADY NOFRIT - - - - 20
(From the statue-group of Riyahotpu and Nofrit in Cairo).

IV. THE BUILDER OF THE PYRAMID - - 22
(From his ivory statuette in Cairo).

V. THE ROYAL SON KHAFRIYA - - 26
(From his statue in Cairo).

VI. THE SUPERINTENDENT AND RITUAL-PRIEST KA-APER - - - - 31
(From the wooden statue of the Sheik-el-Beled in Cairo).

VII. THE JUDGMENT OF THE GOD - - 80

VIII. THE GOOD GOD - - - - 122
(From his portraits and his mummy in Cairo).

IX. "WILL NOT MY BROTHER KISS ME, DIRTY AS I AM?" - - - 178

X. "MAJESTY!" - - - - - 196

XI. "THE JOYFUL SONG OF THY SISTER . . ." 223

# PART I.

# Part I.

## The Old Kingdom in Egypt.

This little play is a study of the Old Kingdom in Egypt, the great Fourth Dynasty, of the men who built the pyramids and made the great statues. It is but a broken fragment, without beginning or end, without story or method. It is a character-study of Khufu, a setting for his vivid figure to move in for an hour, a suggestion of how the great pyramids came to be built. It holds no pageantry, it sets forth to give no picture of the life of those dim days, it reveals no vivid and intimate interplay of everyday human-beings and their thoughts and emotions, it but seeks to set moving for an hour on the stage the dozen or so figures best known from their marvellous perpetuation in the matchless art of the period, hazy noble figures whose characters are imagined from their faces rather than from their words or their deeds, which are almost unknown to us, and it seeks to focus in one place and one hour all that is known of the great king and his work.

And indeed, what is this? Scarce anything. His minute and marvellous ivory portrait-statue, the overwhelming reality of his colossal pyramid, a late legend regarding his "impiety" and enmity towards the priests of Riya, an eighteenth dynasty fairy-story regarding a fat magician and his marvels, and the vague general history of the period and the tombs of a few officials.

The interweaving of these very various elements, diverse in kind, in nature, and in age, to form a single short homogeneous incident consistent in itself and true utterly to each component part, is the only claim this fragment has to merit. It is treated not intimately but

broadly, in the heroic almost bombastic manner, and, except for Khufu, the figures introduced have little more than the function of waxworks or tableaux-vivants to perform. Of old, in Greek tragedy, masked grandiose figures of Gods and Heroes held the stage and declaimed rich words; here, in this moment of Egyptian history, figures of heroes, known intimately in their every feature from their portraits, stand bare and unmasked, brought to life, but uttering sometimes no more than a sentence and moving not at all, dimly, barely emerging from their background, but half-released from the hazy background of history, figures in an isolated fragment of bas-relief that has survived.

To those familiar with Ancient Egypt, those who know and love the incomparable art of the age of the pyramid-builders, perhaps—since all men, and no boys, love dates—six thousand years ago, the names in this play, Khufu, Khafriya, Riyahotpu and Nofrit, the Sheik-el-Beled, will call up instantaneous and intimate pictures of the figures of each in the Cairo Museum, published by Petrie, Maspero, and others in the books on the Art; while those who love not, or know not Egypt will be bored anyhow. And as for the others in the play, Dedi the Magician, Hardadef, Ruditdidit, these dwell in the story of Khufu and the Magicians in the Westcar papyrus, Hardadef also in the funeral dirge in the tomb of Intuf, and as a great sage, the originator of a chapter of the Book of the Dead; Riyahotpu, Nofrit, Meryb, Ka-aper the Sheik, also from their tombs and tomb-paintings; Khafriya also from his pyramid; Kaqemni from his precepts preserved in the papyrus Prisse and from his tomb; and Khufu from his pyramid, his few inscriptions, the tales of Herodotus, and the Westcar papyrus above mentioned.

# Bibliography.

(Non-technical publications)

*The History of the Period :*

" History of Egypt," (Dynasty IV.),
Professor Flinders-Petrie.
" History of Egypt," (Dynasty IV.),
Sir Wallis Budge.
" History of Egypt," (Dynasty IV.),
Prof. Breasted.
" The Dawn of Civilisation,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.

*The Monuments.*

" Ancient Records," (Vol. I.)
Prof. Breasted.

*Manners and Customs.*

" Life in Ancient Egypt,"
Prof. Erman.
" Manners and Customs of the Egyptians,"
Sir Gardiner Wilkinson.

*Art.*

" Arts and Crafts in Ancient Egypt,"
Professor Flinders-Petrie.
" Egyptian Art,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.
" Art in Egypt,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.

# The Building of the Pyramid.

KHUFU. (DYNASTY IV.)

A FRAGMENT OF BROKEN BAS-RELIEF
OF THE OLD KINGDOM.

# Persons.

SCENE I.

The Royal Son HARDADEF.
DEDI the Magician.
Attendants of HARDADEF.
Two Female Slaves of DEDI.

SCENE II.

KHUFU.
The Royal Son KHAFRIYA.
The Vizier KAQEMNI.
The Hereditary Prince RIYAHOTPU.
The Hereditary Prince MERYB.
The Superintendent and
Ritual-Priest KA-APER (Sheik-el-Beled).
The Royal Friend NOFRIT, wife of RIYAHOTPU.
The Priestess RUDITDIDIT.

# The Building of the Pyramid.

## SCENE I.

*Before the house of Dedi the Magician. The facade of a small Egyptian villa. A wide portico supported on tall wooden pillars, jutting out level with the roof. Beneath it the entrance-doorway with open ventilation space above stretching the breadth of the house. Beneath the shade of the portico lies Dedi, stretched upon a low couch with lions' feet. Dedi is a sage and a magician. He has reached the good old age of* 110 *years and has achieved a corpulence which might be considered in ratio to his years, allowing him an inch for every year of his life. He lies back, protecting his abdomen from the flies by a regular and monotonous manipulation of a fly-whisk. At his head squats a female slave whose function in life is to scratch the magician's head, while at his feet squats another whose duty is to tickle his toes. At intervals he grunts with an intonation denoting satisfaction.*

*Presently two runners appear shouting to clear the way for a great personage, and enforcing their office with long sticks.*

THE RUNNERS.

The Royal Son Hardadef! Make way for the Prince! Make way for the Prince!

ONE OF THE RUNNERS.

Hi, girl! Direct me to the house of Dedi the magician at Dadsnofrui.

ONE OF THE SLAVES.

This is the house of Dedi, O my master!

THE RUNNER.

It is well.

*He turns and motions the approaching company to stop. Prince Hardadef, a young prince,*

*renowned already for his learning, one whose fame was to be perpetuated in the songs and dirges of many centuries, is borne in, seated in a palanquin of ebony inlaid with gold, attendants carrying his sandals and his staff running behind him. He is holding open a papyrus-roll in which he is deeply absorbed.*

THE RUNNER, *with bent head.*

This, Prince, my lord, is the house of Dedi, the magician of Dadsnofrui.

*Hardadef sits up in his chair and surveys the scene meditatively. Dedi does not appear to be aware of his visitors, and pursues his peaceful occupation unmoved.*

HARDADEF.

Let further enquiries be made. I desire to converse with the magician.

THE RUNNER.

Come hither, girl! Thou sayest this is the abode of Dedi?

THE SLAVE, *without interrupting her duties.*

Even so, my master.

THE RUNNER, *returning to Hardadef.*

Prince, my lord, the girl declareth that the magician dwells even here.

HARDADEF.

Let enquiries be made concerning the magician himself.

THE RUNNER.

Listen, my girl! Thou sayest that this is the abode of Dedi. Canst tell me where is the magician?

THE SLAVE.

This is the magician, my master.

THE RUNNER.

Prince, my lord, the girl declareth that the magician lies yonder.

HARDADEF.

Where, sayest thou? Mine eyes are heavy with dust and much reading . . .

THE RUNNER.

Even there, Prince, my lord. It is the toes of the magician himself that she tickleth, and the head of the very wise one that her fellow-slave scratcheth for his ease and delight.

HARDADEF.

Indeed! Indeed! Sayest thou so!

THE RUNNER.

Is it the pleasure of my lord that I bid the magician stand before my lord that he may speak with my lord?

HARDADEF.

Nay, not so, not so. Methinks it is a strange sight that I behold. He appears to be unaware of my royal presence. Perchance he sleepeth, or even perchance he is dead. Verily he is a venerable man, is he not, and of most satisfying proportions? I will arise and address him myself.

THE RUNNER, *with pained surprise.*

My lord's will shall be obeyed, but shall not the magician first be informed of the royal presence that he may arise and prostrate himself upon his belly?

HARDADEF.

Methinks he is a most venerable man, this magician. The royal presence is no more to him than the fly that would settle upon the belly of which thou hast just spoken. And since thou hast drawn my attention to it, I misdoubt whether, were his most learned attention directed to my presence, he would be able to arise on account of it.

THE RUNNER.

My lord, thy servants are ten in number. Perchance others could be summoned from near at hand. . . .

HARDADEF.

Verily, verily. But it misdoubts me even so. Were he to be so—er—arisen, I would yet hesitate to behold his prostration. Let us imagine that it were successfully achieved, what—thinkst thou—might happen unto him? Could his venerable head reach the ground, and, once there, could his venerable feet again

be brought into contact with the earth ? No, methinks I will address the magician where he lieth.

*Hardadef rises and descends, leaning on the bowed backs of his attendants. He takes sandals and staff from their bearers and approaches Dedi.*

HARDADEF, *standing gazing upon the magician and speaking with an air of great wisdom.*

May it be well with thee, Dedi, magician, venerable and wise one ! Thy condition is that of one who lives sheltered from old age. Old age is usually the arrival in port, it is the putting on of bandages, it is the return to the earth; but to remain thus, well advanced in years, without infirmity of body, and without decrepitude of wisdom or of good judgment, is truly to be a fortunate one !

I have come hither in haste to invite thee, by a message from my Father King Khufu, Life, Strength, Health ! Thou shalt eat of the best that the King gives, and of the provisions which are such as they have who are among those who serve Him, and, thanks to Him, thou shalt attain in good condition of life to thy fathers who are in the tomb !

DEDI, *suddenly sitting up.*

Come in peace, come in peace, Hardadef, beloved Royal Son of thy Father! May thy Father Khufu, living eternally, commend thee, and may He assure thee thy place before the aged! May thy Ka-soul gain his suit against thine enemies, and thy Ba-soul know the arduous roads that lead to the Gate of Hobs-bagai, for it is thou, son of the King, who art good of judgment!

*Thereupon Dedi lies down once more upon the middle of his back, and his slaves and himself continue their ministrations to his convenience.*

HARDADEF.

The King my Father hath heard of thy wisdom and magical powers, Dedi, and it is the Royal Will that thou attend His Majesty forthwith. So greatly curious is He to behold thee, of whom He hath heard report, and so greatly doth He venerate thy wisdom and powers,

that He hath despatched the Royal Son of His Majesty, even me myself in person, to escort thee to His presence without delay.

DEDI, *after a pause.*

Prince, I am old and love mine ease.

HARDADEF.

Is't so indeed? How old art thou, Dedi?

DEDI.

An hundred and ten.

HARDADEF.

Thou hast achieved the good old age of 110? Great must be thy wisdom, Dedi!

DEDI.

Even so, Prince. And also my appetite.

HARDADEF.

Indeed, indeed. And what doth it please thee to eat, old man?

DEDI.

Prince, I still eat my five hundred loaves of bread, with a whole leg of beef, and to this day I drink my hundred jars of beer.

HARDADEF.

Indeed, indeed. It is a goodly morsel in very truth. But my Father shall give thee an allowance of one thousand loaves of bread, an hundred jars of beer, a whole ox, and a hundred bunches of eschalots, if thou wilt come.

DEDI, *sitting up again.*

Verily, then I will come with thee!

HARDADEF.

It is well, Dedi. And, tell me, is it true that they say of thee that thou knowest how to put back in place a head that hath been cut off?

DEDI.

Verily, that can I do, indeed, indeed.

HARDADEF.

And that thou knowest how to make thyself followed by a lion without a leash?

DEDI.

Verily, verily, that can I also.

HARDADEF.

And that thou knowest the number of the caskets of books in the library of Tahuti, and where they lie secreted?

DEDI.

Verily, verily. I know everything. There is nothing which I do not know.

HARDADEF.

It is well, for my Father hath a desire to behold these marvels. He would have thee perform the first of these works before certain prophets of Riya who please not the Royal Will, that thus they may have greater faith in His Majesty, and, for the last, He needs these books for a certain project He hath in His heart for the Royal tomb of His Majesty.

DEDI.

It shall be done, it shall be done. All things shall be done that His Majesty shall command. And as for thee, Royal Son of His Majesty, great shall be thy fame in future days, and thy name, renowned for wisdom, shall be in the mouths of men for evermore; verily the name of Hardadef shall be spoken of men as who should speak of wisdom itself!

HARDADEF, *delighted.*

Thy words, venerable sage, are pleasing indeed in my heart! But it is the Will of His Majesty that thou stand before Him forthwith. We shall seek His Majesty in the desert where He hath assembled His counsellors and the prophets of Riya, of whom I have spoken, to set forth to them the Royal Will. With my own hands will I lead the venerable sage to the Presence of my Father!

*Hardadef steps forward and extends his hands. Dedi takes them. Dedi jumps and Hardadef heaves, but without avail.*

DEDI, *pausing presently.*

Let a ship be given me to bring my children and my books!

HARDADEF.

Thou shalt have two, and thou thyself shalt come in the Royal Barque with me. *To his suite.* Assist the venerable sage to his feet, he is full of years, and he has dined.

DEDI, *sadly.*

True, Prince; and indeed I love mine ease, for I am very old!

*The entire company seek to raise Dedi and fail.*

HARDADEF.

Let the venerable sage be carried on his couch to my barque.

DEDI.

Prince, it is well spoken! Indeed it is a good saying that thou hast made. The wisdom of Hardadef is for all time!

*He lies back on his couch with a sigh of relief, and resumes his monotonous manipulation of the fly-whisk over his mountainous abdomen, the slaves seat themselves one at either end, and proceed with their duties to head and toes of their master. The attendants lift the couch and stagger forth. Hardadef returns to his palanquin, enters it, and sits in lonely perusal of his papyrus, waiting to be fetched.*

## SCENE II.

*The plains of Gizeh, facing West. Desert to the horizon. On the right, a ragged knoll of rock rising out of the sand and approached by a long sloping shoulder, that which in future days was to be shaped into the Sphinx. Beneath it, a group of officials.*

*The age of Khufu was an age of grandeur and simplicity, in thought, in art, in administration, and in dress. The men are clad in simple loin-cloth and short wig, a long staff in one hand, an emblem of office in the other. The difference between the garments of prince and servant is but one of texture, goffering, and gold necklet. The garments of the women are of a similar simplicity, a single close-fitting robe of fine linen from breasts to ankles, and short round wig.*

*Four persons stand conversing beneath the shadow of the rock, the Hereditary Prince Riyahotpu, Chief Prophet of Riya in Heliopolis and Commander of the Army, his wife Nofrit—whose figure with that of her husband we have in the very famous group of statuary from their tombs, one of the supreme examples of Egyptian art that have come down to us—the Hereditary Prince Meryb, also Chief Prophet of Riya and Commander of the Navy, and Ruditdidit, a priestess of Riya.*

MERYB.

What thought may it be, Riyahotpu, that is in the heart of His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! that He hath bade us await His coming in this desert place?

RIYAHOTPU.

I know not, Meryb. Strange are the thoughts of Khufu!

NOFRIT.

And stranger His ways! But that He seeks in some wise to frustrate our intentions is beyond doubting.

MERYB.

Have no words reached thine ears from the ladies of the palace, Lady Nofrit, concerning the thoughts of His Majesty?

NOFRIT.

I know nothing, Prince Meryb. His Majesty speaks not the thoughts of His heart. In secret He plans; day and night never-resting He labours; swiftly, suddenly, like a serpent of the desert He strikes, and the Two Lands labour to do His Will. Blessed were the days of Snofrui the Justified!

MERYB.

In the days of King Snofrui the Justified great was the peace in the land! Great was the power and prosperity of the priesthood of Riya! When I think of the days enjoyed by my predecessor, the Chief Prophet of Riya beneath King Snofrui the Justified, anger possesses my heart and I rage like a panther of the South!

RIYAHOTPU, *curtly.*

The days of our fathers are not our days. Such days are not for ever. All was not well beneath the rule of Snofrui when he waxed aged.

MERYB.

They were rich days for Chief Prophets of Riya, those days, Riyahotpu, my predecessor in Ynu even as thine, and good days for Commanders of the Forces when Hapi caused the blessed river to rise and we set forth to ravage in the South!

RIYAHOTPU, *with the same surliness of diction.*

The Two Lands were falling into chaos beneath His beneficent rule. There was corruption throughout the administration, and drunkenness and starvation when the rise of the river threw all men out of work till the water subsided.

MERYB, *with a show of reasoning.*

I would not deny that the rule of Khufu has brought benefits to Tamery, but His Majesty has gone to excess past all saying. There was corruption beneath Snofrui,

and oppression of the peasants; let His Majesty reorganise the administration if He will, so that He offend not the priesthood and take from all men their faith in God!

NOFRIT.

Would that His Majesty could be persuaded to pursue a policy of moderation!

MERYB, *earnestly.*

His hatred of the priesthood is too bitter. Have we not tried? Hath not even Kaqemni, the old sage of Snofrui, uttered his wisdom and his precepts before the Good God to no purpose? He would rob the temples of their wealth and throw the priests out of their offices, and that—we are determined—shall not be, though our lives and our dignities be forfeit!

RIYAHOTPU, *with a faint touch of sarcasm.*

Even so, Meryb! Wilt thou speak thus to His Majesty this day?

MERYB, *thoughtfully.*

Would that I knew what thoughts were in the heart of Khufu!

RIYAHOTPU, *obstinately.*

I will lay before His Majesty my counsel, that He summon all the drunken peasantry of the Land rendered idle by the Inundation, and send forth His army as of old to subdue the marauding Sand-dwellers and the vile men of Kush, till labour once again can commence. Thus may one evil be lessened without dispute.

NOFRIT.

It is idle, Riyahotpu. It hath been done for generations. The Sand-dwellers are as jackals in the desert, and the vile Kush are broken in spirit. His Majesty will have them punished no more till they rise against His rule.

MERYB.

Let it be put to Him nevertheless. The blessed King Snofrui found it sufficient for His purposes, and there was always booty and precious substances from the

The Hereditary Prince Riyahotpu
(From the statue-group of Riyahotpu and Nofrit in Cairo).

South to be brought back to Tamery, gold and silver, ebony and ivory, rare woods, and incense for the temples of Riya.

NOFRIT, *brusquely.*

They can be fetched by an embassy in peace. His Majesty will not listen.

MERYB, *with warmth.*

Then must we take courage and rise up before the Good God and reveal before His eyes the unspoken opposition and defiance of the two priesthoods of Riya, thine, Riyahotpu, and mine, and the power we hold over priesthood and soldiery, the army beneath thy hands, and the navy beneath mine.

RIYAHOTPU, *critically.*

Thou art secure in this power, Meryb?

MERYB.

The priesthood are at one with us, their bellies are at stake in this thing.

RIYAHOTPU.

And the soldiers and sailors?

MERYB.

We have power.

RIYAHOTPU.

Even against Khufu?

MERYB.

Khufu is not beloved of all men, He is too strong a ruler, His temper and his pride are too fierce.

NOFRIT, *with a note of warning in her tones.*

Why, think ye, my lords, His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! hath bade ye to this lonely desert place away from all men save His own servants? Is it a wise moment to anger the King? Who that hath beheld the wrath of Khufu directed against him hath beheld it a second time?

MERYB, *contemptuously.*

His Majesty dareth greatly, but dare He so much as offend the Chief Prophets of Riya, and the Commanders of His forces?

RIYAHOTPU, *shaking his head.*

Nay, fear not, Nofrit. Doubtless He hath some

strange project, but violence against us is not to be thought on.

NOFRIT.

Direct violence, my lords, is not always the habit of Khufu. His energy is as tireless and as living as a flame of fire, and His thoughts as subtle as those of Tahuti. Beware of Him. He sends forth the lightnings of His plans when they are mature, and no man can tell beforehand what they shall be.

MERYB, *angrily and obstinately.*

He shall not rob the priesthood of Riya, He shall not make less our power and authority, He shall not deprive the people of the Two Lands of their faith in God!

RIYAHOTPU, *tersely.*

He must be opposed, but with discretion; His energy must be curbed or redirected, but with subtlety; His pride must be checked, but with caution.

NOFRIT.

What are thy plans, then, Meryb?

MERYB.

They are subtle, and should not fail of their effect. They should strike fear into the proud heart of Khufu.

NOFRIT.

What are they, thy plans?

MERYB.

They are but delicate hints, Lady Nofrit. The Chief Prophet of Riya shall make known a mystery that hath taken place.

NOFRIT.

A mystery? A prophecy?

MERYB.

Even so. Riya hath declared that a certain priestess, Ruditdidit here before you, shall give birth to three Kings. Riya Himself is their Divine Father. They shall rule over the Two Lands, each of them. Seest thou? Can Khufu be wrath for a prophecy? Can He blame us?

NOFRIT, *greatly pleased.*

It is cunning, in truth, for He loveth Prince Khafriya

THE LADY NOFRIT
(From the statue-group of Riyahotpu and Nofrit in Cairo).

who is a noble prince, and would have him rule after He Himself shall have departed to the sky.

MERYB.

Nay, subtler is it than that. We seek not the enmity of Khafriya. Khafriya is a prince of such dignity and repose as was Snofrui his Grandfather. He is not as his Father, a flame in a cornfield, never at rest; he is kingly in person as in his thought; we seek his support, now and hereafter. The Kings of the prophecy shall come in after days.

NOFRIT, *dubiously.*

Is it enough?

MERYB, *with confidence.*

The full meaning of the hint will not be lost on Khufu. Well he knoweth the power of the priests of Riya in establishing the Son of Riya who rules over the Two Lands. He is a proud man and desires that His seed shall rule in Tamery for ever!

*As he speaks Khufu appears walking along the sloping shoulder of the rock that one day, freed from its deep immersion in the sand and carved by man in the royal likeness, shall be the Sphinx. He is a short man and in no wise of royal aspect. The traditional sovereigns of Egypt have come down to us from all ages of the history, and each age has its royal type perpetuated in stone, the expression in art of man in his highest perfection as each period conceived him and wrought in the likeness of its King. This great primeval age has its type of human and of royal perfection, and in the statues of Khafriya we have that type conceived with an artistic mastery that never again perhaps has been equalled, but the father of Khafriya has not this calm royal dignity nor this noble aloofness and repose. We have his portrait in ivory, a minute fragment of exquisite art, but in all its fragility and minuteness it tells us more of the King than all the million tons of his*

*pyramid. In the one is perpetuated for all time the living man, in the other the dead only.*

*There is one man in modern history in whom we may trace the soul and body of Khufu, as I see him, and that is the great emperor of the English —when England had her first empire, her empire in Europe—Henry II. Short, thick-set, bull-necked, wiry-haired, a living unresting volcano of activity, a flame of fire that sinks down and sleeps only to leap the higher when it has seized upon further fuel, a prowling, fiery, incarnate ego, possessed of a vitality before which everything goes down like corn before a reaping hook, a mind subtle and penetrating, reaching the darkest corners of human affairs like the flashes of the lightning, and a will that sweeps all before it like a river in flood that has burst through its dam: such is Khufu as I would have him conceived from all the little that remains of him.*

*Clad as simply as his own servants, in strange contrast to his far-future successors, in plain goffered loin-cloth; on his head neither the tall diadem of Upper Egypt, nor the plumed diadem of the Lower Land, the double-crown nor the shent, but that low, simple, close-fitting head-dress which he wears in his statue; with no staff in his hand, carried in no litter, fanned and shaded by no Ethiopian giants, heralded by his own vivid personality alone, he strides swiftly and silently forward till he stands on the summit of the rock that shall some day be the head of the Sphinx.*

*Behind him are the Royal Son Khafriya, the aged sage and Vizier Kaqemni, and the sturdy official Ka-aper known to us by his marvellous wooden portrait-statue as the "Sheik-el-Beled." These halt in the background in a group and presently come forward beside the Sphinx-rock on which the King stands. Khufu stands surveying the desert before him with rapid calculating*

THE BUILDER OF THE PYRAMID
(From his ivory statuette in Cairo).

*glances, speaking no word. The group comprising Riyahotpu, Meryb, and the two women, prostrate themselves and smell-the-earth. Khufu never glances in their direction, indeed it is scarcely credible that he is aware of their presence, yet after some seconds he slightly raises one hand, without lowering his eyes from their search, and the four courtiers arise and stand in adoration with shielded eyes.*

KHUFU, *without ceasing to search the desert with his eyes, and without at any time passing from his supreme preoccupation.*

Princes, your reports? What are they?

RIYAHOTPU, *speaking in the ceremonial manner and very humbly, with bent head.*

May the Majesty of the King shine like Riya when He casteth His beams upon the water of the Very Green, blinding the eyes of all men for evermore! Concerning those matters on which His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! commanded His servant to report unto His Majesty, all knowledge has been acquired on these matters. It is even as His Majesty knoweth in the wisdom of His heart. Hapi has caused the blessed river to give his waters to the whole Land of Tamery in abundance, so great is the love of His Majesty in the heart of the God, and the Entire Land shall be refreshed and replenished and shall yield abundantly when the river once more shall retire within his limits. Nevertheless the people of the Two Lands are idle, for there is no work to which they may lay their hands; they and their cattle lie and wait, they waste their substance in drunkenness, in sloth and idleness, in gambling, and in heedless dissipation of their slight stores, so that in days already at hand they shall starve, and each man shall steal from his neighbour, slay him, and barter his labour for food.

*Khufu reveals his hearing of these words but by a deepening frown that gathers upon his face.*

RIYAHOTPU, *with greater firmness in his tones but still evenly, ceremonially, impersonally, like one reading a report.*

In the days of the Majesty of King Snofrui the Justified it was not thus at this season. When the waters spread over the Land His Majesty bade His people forth beneath their captains, each man with the company of his town, each town with the battalion of his district, each district with the regiment of his nome, each nome with the army-corps of his Land, each Land beneath the Will of His Majesty Himself, and forth He led His soldiers to subdue His enemies in the South and in the North, in the West and in the East; and back to the Two Lands each year did He lead His victorious soldiers laden with the spoils of victory and all good and precious things for the beautifying of the Two Lands and the glory and wealth of the temples of Riya. Even so let it be beneath the Majesty of King Khufu, gifted with Life forever, eternally, that peace and prosperity may be throughout Tamery in the days of His Majesty.

KHUFU, *suddenly focussing his attention on Riyahotpu with great intensity, and returning immediately to his pre-occupation.*

There are no enemies to My Majesty in all the world, Riyahotpu; it pleases not My Majesty to slaughter and rob My foreign subjects; and the wealth of the temples of Riya is impoverishing My people throughout Tamery.

RIYAHOTPU, *with increasing firmness and determination, but with the same rhythmical, impersonal diction.*

Incense and resinous gums, ebony and ivory, gold and silver and electrum, skins of beauteous beasts and every splendid costly stone are fair in the eyes of Riya, even as the produce of the Two Lands are pleasing in His Heart.

KHUFU, *turning upon him suddenly, as before.*

And in the hearts of His priests, Riyahotpu.

RIYAHOTPU.

There were days beneath the blessed King Snofrui

when His Majesty also had no enemies in all the world; then did His Majesty employ His people at this season in building fair and beauteous temples and spacious courts with lofty pillars to the glory of Riya, that the God should grant Life and Prosperity to His Majesty for evermore.

KHUFU, *fiercely.*

It is not in the heart of My Majesty that I bid My people add to the burden that grinds them into the dust. Rather shall My Majesty raise it from their slender shoulders, Riyahotpu, so that they may be free.

RIYAHOTPU, *with calm insolence, uttered with profound humility.*

The words of the Son of Riya are not such as the servant of the God and of His Majesty, Riyahotpu, would judge pleasing in the heart of the God.

PRINCE KHAFRIYA, *with calm and majestic diction.*

For every new temple that is built, Prince Riyahotpu, and for every new court that the blessed King Snofrui caused to be added to the glory of Riya, so many hundreds of prophets and servants of the God were added to the multitudes who thus fatten on the labours of the people of the Two Lands. Perchance the day might dawn when no man were left who was not a prophet, and then how should Tamery prosper, and whence come the substance in which the heart of Riya delighteth? It is for the greater glory of the God that men be left who are free to labour for His splendour!

RIYAHOTPU.

The words of the Royal Son Khafriya are wise words and pious in the heart of the Chief Prophet of Riya in Ynu. The Royal Son loveth His Father Riya and seeketh ever His glory. Would that His Majesty Himself so loved His Father of whom He is!

KHAFRIYA, *with a dignity under which even Riyahotpu wilts visibly.*

The love that my Father hath in His heart for His Father Riya is not for the words of thy mouth, Prince

Riyahotpu. It is concerning the happiness of the subjects of His Majesty that He seeketh thy thoughts.

RIYAHOTPU, *promptly and obstinately, a trace of sarcasm penetrating his humility.*

In the heart of the Chief Prophet of Riya it is not for the happiness of the subjects of His Majesty that they lie in drunkenness and starvation beneath the Royal Eye while their land lies in the bosom of Hapi.

*The frown on the keen face of Khufu becomes ever more ominous. At this moment Prince Hardadef is borne in seated in his palanquin reading his papyrus. He is set down by the side of the Sphinx-rock towards the back, and continues reading unmoved, inattentive, absorbed, and unnoticed.*

MERYB, *with more open defiance in his soft words.*

The Chief Prophet of Riya in Ynu, Riyahotpu, hath spoken before the face of His Majesty, and His Majesty hath heaped wrath and scorn on the words of his heart. Yet shall the Chief Prophet of Riya in Ynu, Meryb, speak that which is in his heart concerning his office beneath His Majesty. Behold! His Majesty is more resplendent in glory than the Great Ennead of the Gods when they walk upon the Earth, and the fame of His Majesty shall be on the lips of all men for evermore! May Riya grant unto His Majesty that He live eternally and have henti-periods without number as King of the Two Lands! The words of the mouth of Riyahotpu are pleasing in the heart of Meryb, his counsel is a wise counsel, and he findeth no other in his heart. His counsel is greatly to the glory of Riya, and if His Majesty love not His Father Riya, as did His Father King Snofrui the Justified, the wrath of the God may be kindled against His Son. Even now a strange prophecy hath been vouchsafed to the Prophets of Riya in Ynu, which is not pleasing to the faithful servant of His Majesty, for it seemeth not full of love for the King, and the faithful servants of His Majesty are fearful lest His lack of love to the servants of the God hath kindled the Divine wrath against His Majesty.

The Royal Son Khafriya
(From his statue in Cairo).

*Khufu frowns silently and appears inattentive. After a pause Khafriya speaks.*

KHAFRIYA.

Speak this prophecy! Let there be no fear. The Will of the God may point the way to the further happiness of the men of the Two Lands.

MERYB, *with the unction of a Chief Prophet performing his office.*

The God hath declared that in the womb of His priestess Ruditdidit are Three Children, that He Himself is Their Divine Father, and that Each shall rule over Tamery in His time, while the eldest shall be Chief Prophet in Ynu, and that They shall rule greatly to the glory of Riya and shall cause all men to love God and serve Him in all things that are pleasing unto His heart. But this shall not be until days that are not yet, for the son of His Majesty shall first sit upon the Great Throne of Horu among the living. Such is the prophecy of Riya! May the Will of the God be pleasing in the heart of the King!

*As these words are spoken the group of courtiers step back in astonishment, one or two exclamations are heard and quickly smothered, only Hardadef appears unmoved and uninterested, absorbed in his book. It is instantly apprehended that this signifies a subtly-expressed but absolute defiance to the King. Khufu himself slowly focusses his attention on the speakers, the fierce penetration of his gaze causes Meryb to shrink as he speaks, and his last words tail off into a shaky and inaudible murmur.*

KHUFU, *turning round suddenly.*

Hardadef!

*Hardadef drops his papyrus, springs from his litter, runs swiftly up to the King, and prostrates himself before him.*

HARDADEF, *as he rises.*

Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! my Lord, I have

brought Dedi; the magician awaits the Royal pleasure. He is even at hand.

KHUFU, *curtly.*

Hasten! Let him be brought.

*Dedi is borne in, unattended by his slaves, and set down beside the flank of the Sphinx-rock. With magnificent resource he heaves himself over, rolling sideways off his low litter, thus achieving his obeisance before the King.*

KHUFU.

Rise, Dedi. *He struggles.* Let him be assisted. He shall be seated. *This is effected.* How is it, Dedi, that I have never yet seen thee?

DEDI, *gasping for breath.*

Who is called comes. The King, Life, Strength, Health! calls me, I am here, I have come!

KHUFU.

Is that true which is said, that thou knowest how to put back in place a head that has been cut off?

DEDI.

Verily, I know that, Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! my Lord!

KHUFU.

Is that true which is said, that thou knowest how to make thyself followed by a lion without a leash?

DEDI.

Verily, I know that, Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! my Lord!

KHUFU.

What is it they say, that thou knowest the numbers of the caskets of books of the library of Tahuti?

DEDI.

Forgive me that I do not know the number, Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! my Lord, but I know the place where they are.

KHUFU.

That place, where is it?

DEDI.

There is a block of sandstone in what is called the

Chamber of the Rolls at Ynu, and the caskets of the books of the library of Tahuti are behind the block.

KHUFU, *fixing Dedi with his fierce eyes.*

Bring me the caskets that are behind that block.

DEDI, *nervously.*

Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! my Lord, behold, it is not I who shall bring them to thee.

KHUFU.

Who, then, shall bring them to me?

DEDI.

The eldest of the three children who are in the womb of Ruditdidit, he will bring them to thee.

KHUFU.

Indeed! She of whom thou speakest, Ruditdidit, who is she?

DEDI.

She is the wife of a priest of Riya, Lord of Sekheb, and the God hath said to her that they will fulfil the beneficent function of King over the Entire Land, and that the eldest of them shall be Chief Prophet in Ynu. *Pointing.* Yonder stands Ruditdidit herself before the eyes of the King!

*Khufu slowly turns his ferocious gaze upon the figure of Ruditdidit, who shrinks back in terror and wilts beneath his prolonged stare.*

DEDI.

What are these thoughts, Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! my Lord? Is it because of these three children? I say to thee, " Thy son, his son, then one of hers."

KHUFU, *still fixing the cowering priestess with his eyes.*

When will she give birth to them, this Ruditdidit?

DEDI.

She will give birth to them on the 15th day of the month Tybi.

KHUFU, *with a fierce glance at the group of rebellious prophets.*

If the shallow waters of the canal of the Two Fishes do not cut off the way, I will go myself, in order to see the temple of Riya, Lord of Sekheb!

DEDI, *expansively.*

Then will I cause that there shall be four cubits of water on the shallows of the canal of the Two Fishes!

KHUFU, *after considering a few moments in silence, then glancing significantly at his opposers, growling with suppressed fury.*

These books of ancient learning that My Majesty seeks for the use of Hardadef that he may complete a certain project that is in My heart, these books that lie within the temple of Riya at Ynu, beneath the charge of the Chief Prophet Riyahotpu, thou sayest that I may not have them till they be brought by this child of Ruditdidit that is to be born and that shall usurp My throne? *Dedi bows solemnly.* Thou sayest that thou canst control a lion without a leash? *Glancing at his opposers.* So that he may walk among a group of men, such as is here assembled, and harm them not? *The prophets and their women show alarm. Dedi bows solemnly.* Thou sayest that thou canst put back a head that has been cut off? *Dedi bows again.* It would divert My Majesty to behold this marvel! *Turning to his enemies.* How say ye, Riyahotpu and Meryb, would it divert ye also to witness this marvel of your magician?

RIYAHOTPU AND MERYB, *with palid faces and shaky speech.*

The pleasure of His Majesty is our pleasure entirely.

KHUFU, *with deadly intensity.*

Doubtless it would divert also the heart of the priestess Ruditdidit, who shall so soon give unto Tamery these three Kings who are the children of Riya. Shall it not be in thine honour, Ruditdidit?

RUDITDIDIT, *trembling.*

As His Majesty willeth. . . . . It is a great honour . . . . . indeed . . . . indeed. . . . . .

KHUFU, *with dangerous and threatening calm.*

Verily it shall very greatly divert the hearts of all present to behold this marvel. Moreover it is an innocent pleasure that shall harm no man. Let a battle-axe be brought. *Ka-aper, the "Sheik-el-Beled,"*

THE SUPERINTENDENT AND RITUAL-PRIEST KA-APER
(From the wooden statue of the Sheik-el-Beled in Cairo).

*steps forward before the rock and fingers the edge of his axe.* Has it a keen edge, Superintendent of Workmen? I would not that anyone of us—*With a glance at his enemies*—suffered pain in this harmless experiment.

KA-APER.

Even as a razor is it sharp, my axe, Majesty of the King!

KHUFU, *slowly.*

Art thou skilled in the wielding of an axe, Superintendent, firm, powerful, and accurate of stroke? I would not that anyone of us—*With a glance at his trembling opponents*—ran even the lightest risk of injury in this little diversion.

KA-APER.

The eye of thy servant is as true, and his arm as strong, as that of any man in the Two Lands, Majesty of the King!

KHUFU, *with fierce irony merging into a grim humour in his ominous tones.*

So be it then. Which of My faithful counsellors will do My Majesty the service of offering himself for this interesting trick? I will not permit a Royal Son to do this service, for it is not fitting that one so exalted in birth should be struck with an axe, even though it be harmless in the end; nor yet an aged man, lest the excitement disturb his sleep at night. Riyahotpu, Meryb, Ruditdidit, ye are all of a fitting age! My Majesty will honour one of ye in this thing. *They remain speechless.* It will be a pleasing tale for ye to tell your grandchildren, how once your head was severed from your body and yet ye suffered no injury. *They remain motionless.* Nay, be not so self-effacing concerning this honour. Ye deserve it, all three. All of ye have served My Majesty equally, methinks. I am pleased with each of ye as much as with another, and I love all as I love each. *They are speechless and petrified.* Well, since ye each give way thus before the claims of the other, fearing to take upon yourselves an honour ye each well deserve, let all three of ye stand forward

together! Dedi shall perform the trick upon ye all. Verily it is My Will! Thus each shall be able to tell this tale to his grandchildren, and Rudiddidit can sing of it to her three babies when they shall be weaned. Thus there shall be no jealousy among my servants, and all shall be rewarded equally and according to their merit. Let it be done! Attendants! Place the Princes and Rudiddidit before the Superintendent of Workmen, so that Dedi may commence his performance!

DEDI, *desperately.*

Nay, nay, not a man, Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! my Lord; let there be no command to do such a thing to the noble cattle!

KHUFU.

What sayest thou, Dedi? Not so indeed! Thou hast declared what thou canst do and We would behold it!

RIYAHOTPU, *huskily.*

Will the Majesty of the King permit that His servant obtain for His Majesty the books of Tahuti which He seeketh, ere this ho— h—— honour be conferred? Lest by any error they be not forthcoming for the great project in the heart of His Majesty, lest in any wise this trick should miscarry? For no man save Riyahotpu knoweth the hiding-place of these books!

KHUFU, *quietly.*

It is a wise thought, Chief Prophet. For thee this honour shall be deferred. Let the books be fetched. My Majesty will confer it, if so thou desire, on the morrow.

MERYB, *humbly.*

Will the Majesty of the King permit likewise that His servant Meryb reserve this mark of the Royal favour for another day? It is a desire in my heart that the Will of Riya concerning Ruditdidit and her children be further sought, and perchance only to the Chief Prophet, to whom the God hath spoken already, would He reveal His Divine Will!

KHUFU.

Verily, the hour is late, and thy thought is pleasing to My Majesty, Meryb. Let it be performed even as thou sayest. This marvel shall be postponed. Doubtless on some day when I am weary I shall desire to behold it, and My Majesty shall not forget that I have granted the privilege to ye three, so fear not that it be withheld.

And as for Dedi, let him be put under the care of the house of the Royal Son Hardadef, to dwell there with him, and let an allowance of a thousand loaves of bread, an hundred jugs of beer, an ox, and an hundred bunches of eschalots be given to him. It is My Will.

DEDI, *with infinite relief.*

The gratitude of Dedi for this beneficent behest is more than saying, more than saying. . . . . .

*Highly delighted he is bundled on to his couch and carried off, lying back with great expansion, waving his arms over his stomach with expressive self-satisfaction.*

*The rebellious Chief Prophets, crushed and broken in spirit, stand with bowed heads recovering from their terror and thanking their God for their escape.*

*Khufu, having terrorised them into subjection by his master-stroke, relapses into quiescence, pre-occupied, scanning the desert with his eager gaze, gathering strength and inspiration far his next onslaught.*

*Meanwhile. . . . .*

KAQEMNI, *the aged sage and Vizier of King Snofrui, he whose precepts—those of them that have come down to us—form the most ancient book of the human race; with disapproval as Dedi goes by him.*

Old man, if thou sittest at meat with a company, hate the bread that thou desirest—it is of little moment. Restrain appetite; gluttony is base. . . . . A cup of water, it quencheth the thirst; a mouthful of melon, it stayeth the appetite. It is a good thing to make substitute for a luxury; a little of a small matter can replace

a great thing. It is a base fellow who is mastered by his belly, who passeth time that he wotteth not, free-ranging of his belly in men's houses.

KHAFRIYA.

Prince Kaqemni, thy precepts and sayings of wisdom are dear unto my heart as to the heart of my grandfather Snofrui the Justified. Methinks it is strange that one so aged and so wise in magic and in learning as this Dedi, should yet love his belly so dearly that the weight of it weigheth him even to the dust!

KAQEMNI.

His wisdom is not the true wisdom, young Prince; the true wisdom lies but in the thoughts that arise out of the heart of a man. But it is not fitting that one old man cast stones at another. He hath achieved his fame, and doubtless it shall live after him to future days, perchance it shall be in the mouths of men when the wisdom of Kaqemni, and his very name, are vanished from the Land forever.

KHAFRIYA.

Nay, but that surely shall never be, Prince Kaqemni; thy words are for all time, and the children of our children shall be full of thy wisdom. Verily all things of thine that are in writing they shall obey them as thou sayest them; they shall not pass beyond what is commanded. They shall cast themselves upon their bellies and read them even as they were written. They shall be good within them more than anything that is in the whole Land, their uprising and their downsitting shall be according thereto. . . . . But methinks wisdom ill accords with gluttony as in this corpulent magician that hath departed.

KAQEMNI.

It is not for one man to oppose the ways of another before his face. Such is a cause of strife and bitterness in the heart. If thou sittest at meat with a gormandizer and eateth not, his desire departeth; but if thou drinkest with a toper and takest wine, his heart is satisfied. Be

not afraid of meat in company with the greedy, take what he giveth thee, refuse it not, for it will humour him. . . . .

KHUFU, *turning fiercely on the assembled company.*

Princes, hearken ye all to the Will of My Majesty! It is not pleasing in My heart that My people waste their substance in drunkenness and sloth while their land lies beneath the waters of Hapi at this season.

It is not pleasing in My heart that they be gathered together in the army of My Majesty and led forth to plunder and destroy My subjects in foreign lands, as hath been done heretofore, that this evil should not be at this season. It is not pleasing in My heart that they be gathered together and set to build further temples and make greater those that are already in the Land, so that the multitude of priests who live upon their labour be increased and the yoke upon their necks become heavier by every stone that they lay upon another. In past days, whether My Fathers employed them in wars for plunder, or in building, their labours were ever to the end that the wealth and burden of the priesthood, who weigh them down and trample them into the dust, might be increased, and the bitterness of their lives and the starvation of their bodies the greater that these idle and useless men might grow fatter and idler and more useless by the fruit of their toil.

My Majesty hath determined that these things shall cease in the Land in My time, and My people shall raise their heads in freedom beneath the rule of My Majesty. It shall be no more, and the wrath and defiance of these prophets shall be as chaff before the storm-wind of My fury. So great is the Will of My Majesty in this thing that I will cause that the temples of this God shall be closed throughout the Land, and these prophets shall be cast forth to labour with their hands that they may live. Verily, their wrath and defiance shall be as nought in My heart, and their cries shall not so much as reach My ears, for he who defies My Majesty to My face beholds not the dawn of the morrow. They shall curse me in the depths

of their hearts, they shall load My name with impiety, they shall seek to darken My memory to all eternity in the Land for this thing, but it is My Will, and My people shall be free from their oppression. *He pauses for some seconds. The Riyahotpu group cower in impotent fury and dare not speak, the others are speechless with astonishment.* And as for My people that are starving and idle at this season, My Majesty will not that this thing be in My Land, for My Land shall be blessed in My time. My people shall be gathered together throughout Tamery, and brought hither. They shall be fed and clothed from the Royal storehouses which are full of the abundance that hath been of last harvest, and they shall labour for the eternal glory of My Majesty, they shall create a monument to My name and to My rule that shall live throughout eternity, and that shall be an amazement in the hearts of all men for evermore; verily, it shall be the grandest monument ever raised by the hand of man, and My Majesty will rest therein when My spirit shall have returned to My Fathers in the sky. Here in this place shall it be erected. Prince Hardadef hath the plans and dimensions thereof, and that which is not yet completed shall be found in the library of Tahuti that the Chief Prophet of Riya shall bring to Me. *Gazing over the desert and pointing.* Behold the temple yonder in the Desert! It shall be destroyed, and in place of it shall arise My monument, so that no man shall say that Khufu was afraid of the wrath of God or of His priests. Snofrui the Justified, My Father, built a pyramid to His glory, but beside My pyramid His shall be as a heap of stones beside a mountain! It shall arise gigantic and eternal in the midst of My Land, and its bulk shall be raised up into the sky over Tamery, the stones it shall contain shall be more than all the temples in the Land have to heap upon the altar of its immensity; verily, it shall be the hecatomb of every temple in Tamery! The care and skill of the building of it shall be as minute as the work of a goldsmith and setter of precious stones; it shall be a monument to the ability and the art, the

science, the patience, and the magnificence of My age; every art of the people of Tamery shall contribute to its perfection, it shall embody unto all eternity the knowledge and achievements of My people; it shall speak unto future ages to the end of all time of the greatness of thought and the power and magnificence of My Majesty. It shall be cased throughout in costly polished stone so that it shall shine forth and beautify the Entire Land, the summit of it shall pierce the heavens, and the building of it shall employ the labour of the people of Tamery at the season of the Inundation for forty years. . . . . *Fiercely he sweeps his gaze over his princes, and they wince beneath his penetrating glance.* Thus hath My Majesty settled the affairs of the Entire Land in these matters that tear My people and My counsellors with dissension in this hour. Is it well? Would any man say aught concerning this matter before My Majesty? *No man stirs.* So be it. It is My Will!

*Khufu turns and walks back along the sloping shoulder of the Sphinx-rock, as he came, swiftly, truculently, with a vitality that sweeps all things from his path, and his princes follow with bent heads.*

# PART II.

# Part II.

## The Middle Kingdom in Egypt.

After the fall of the Old Kingdom in Egypt, the great days of art and architecture, the greatest days that Egypt ever knew, the days of Khufu and Khafriya, the days of the building of the pyramids and the making of the great statues, Egypt sank through centuries of irregular degeneration into impotence and chaos. From the time of Khufu in the Fourth Dynasty to the time of the great and aged kings Pepi and Teti in the sixth, the mighty civilisation of these ancient days continued at a high level; the art, though never equalling that which had gone before, continued in the old tradition, and the stern simplicity of life and thought and manners and administration likewise continued through the years; thereafter all things of the ancient civilisation seemed to collapse, and Egypt became plunged in darkness throughout five dynasties. Of these, but little is known. Art and culture being at a low ebb, history has few remains wherewith to reconstruct, but the little that is left tells of supreme chaos, disaster, and utter darkness, civil war, foreign invasion, and the end of the great civilisation of the past. The period of history, from Khufu to the rise of the Twelfth Dynasty, wherewith this play deals, occupied some 1200 years. Then out of the darkness arose King Yamounemhati, and like a phoenix, within the few short years of this great ruler's reign, Egypt rose from her ashes and entered upon her second great historical period—the Middle Kingdom—restoring the glories of past ages, and rising to heights of art and social achievement, not indeed greater than those of the Old Kingdom, but different in type and endeavour, and

in that type and endeavour as supreme as that which had been of old. Having reconquered, united and re-organised the Two Lands, Yamounemhati established himself between Memphis and Medum at a place called Titui, and devoted the later years of his reign to restoring the glories of past centuries, perfecting the administration, the laws, and the social organisation, rebuilding the temples, re-establishing trade, widening the boundaries, improving the irrigation, and reviving the arts.

Concerning the incident round which this brief picture of the great king is built, he has left us in his own words the indefinite but strangely beautiful account which is herein, uttered by him in admonition to his son Senusert, the great king who succeeded him. This admonition, preserved as literature in several copies, is, in its pathos, simplicity, sincerity, and grace of diction, one of the literary masterpieces of the ancient world. Unfortunately all the copies are imperfect, and in places almost untranslatable, but the intense bitterness of the emotion, the conciseness and elegance of expression, the nobility of the royal thought, and the indirect yet unfaltering manner in which the tragedy is disclosed, revealed and borne in upon the reader, sentence by sentence, impress us at the present day with a sense of perfection that can hardly have been surpassed five thousand five hundred (or, according to the other school of chronologists, four thousand) years ago.

Also there appears the well-known figure of Sa-nehat, the hero of the story bearing his name in the Berlin papyrus etc. The story itself consists of his autobiography and describes his flight and adventures on the death of King Yamounemhati of this play, when he fled the country out of fear of Senusert. The origin of this fear is suggested herein, and the two outstanding literary remains of this time, and their contents, are thus brought for the first time into a possible correlation.

# Bibliography.

(Non-technical publications)


*The History of the Period.*

"History of Egypt" (Dynasty XII.),
Prof. Flinders-Petrie.

"History of Egypt" (Dynasty XII.),
Sir Wallis Budge.

"History of Egypt" (Dynasty XII.),
Prof. Breasted.

"The Dawn of Civilisation,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.

*The Monuments.*

"Ancient Records," (Vol. I.),
Prof. Breasted.

*Manners and Customs.*

"Life in Ancient Egypt,"
Prof. Erman.

"Manners and Customs of the Egyptians,"
Sir Gardiner Wilkinson.

*Art.*

"Arts and Crafts in Ancient Egypt,"
Prof. Flinders-Petrie.

"Egyptian Art,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.

"Art in Egypt,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.

*The Story of Sa-nehat.*

"Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.

"Egyptian Tales,"
Prof. Flinders-Petrie.

# The Nameless.

THE HAREM CONSPIRACY. (DYNASTY XII.)

A RESTORED TOMB-PAINTING OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM.

## Persons.

The King of the South and North SEHOTPU-YB-RIYA,
Son of the Sun YAMOUNEMHATI.

The Royal Son SENUSERT.

The Hereditary Prince NESSUMONTU.

The Hereditary Prince KNUMHOTPU.

The Hereditary Prince TAHUTHOTPU.

The Hereditary Prince, SA-NEHAT.

The Chief Prophet YNTUF.

YAMOUNI, son of KNUMHOTPU.

A Priest.

The Mother of the Unnameable One.

Priests and Fan-Bearers.

# The Nameless.

*The scene is laid in the temple of Yamounemhati near his Palace at Titui. The first movements take place outside the Sanctuary of Osyri, the later ones within it. It is not claimed that the performance of the ceremonies that occur herein are placed correctly according to the results of archaeological research in relation to the architecture of the Temple. The early ceremonies indeed would not have been performed immediately before the doors of the Sanctuary. But we are not here reviving Egyptian history as it may have occurred, but rather giving expression to it by means of the technique and within the limitations of a dramatic performance. Nor, likewise, is it claimed that the ceremonies are represented complete, the ritual or the correct officials introduced. Any such accurate reconstruction of ceremony would necessitate an elaboration incompatible with the progress of a play.*

*Therefore we have before us the great bronze doors of the Sanctuary, closed and rising between huge figures in bas-relief of the king in ritual attitudes offering to the Deity. These figures are painted in rich hues of red, yellow, green, and black, as also are the accompanying texts in hieroglyphs which surround them. Over the great doors is the winged disk. In front, on either side, rise towering columns, plain in form, fluted, lofty, closely packed, and rising out of sight. The light is dim, filtering down from a clerestory above, and imparting an atmosphere of awe and magnificence to the great doors, huge coloured ritual-figures, and massive pillars.*

*In the open space before the Sanctuary an elderly priest of high rank, Yntuf by name, is walking slowly back and forth, sprinkling water from a bowl on to the pavement at his feet. He is corpulent, and his head is*

*bald or shaven. He wears a single loose garment of white linen, and his feet are bare. To him comes a young clerk, his writing materials slung from his shoulder. He is Yamouni, son and successor of Knumhotpu, Prince of the Oryx, but at present just a boy occupying a humble position at Court.*

YAMOUNI.

Father, I am from the Court, Life, Strength, Health! The ceremony is to proceed as though nothing had chanced.

YNTUF.

Sayest thou so, boy, sayest thou so? It is well. It is well. All shall be ready. All shall be ready. *Going out past Yamouni and calling.* Haste ye, there! Haste ye! The ceremony is to proceed! *Coming back.* All shall be in readiness. No orders were received, so preparations have continued as though no misfortune had befallen. What news hast thou from the Court?

YAMOUNI.

Nothing further hath been declared. There have been no new developments since dawn.

YNTUF, *testily.*

Since dawn, boy, since dawn! What meanest thou, since dawn? I asked thee for news. I know nought save such rumours as have reached me by many mouths. Liars, liars, all men are liars! What is the truth? I would hear the truth.

YAMOUNI.

But little is known, Father Yntuf. When it was declared that at this hour the King purposed to unite with Himself on the Throne of the Two Lands His son Senusert, to rule jointly with Him in the eyes of all men and succeed Him when He should come to join His Fathers in the Sky, those who loved the other Prince met together and devised the evil thing. It was their last chance, for once the ceremony were performed it would have been too late, and their hopes buried for ever.

YNTUF.

I know it. I know it. What then? What then?

YAMOUNI.

Father Yntuf, we know nought of certainty, but it is supposed that the mother of the now Unnameable One, she whom the King hath loved beyond all women, devised this abomination in her heart that her son should rule after Yamounemhati, and since His Majesty would not hearken to her prayers, but determined that Senusert should rule with him from to-day, she caused that men should do this evil thing out of her love and ambition for her son.

YNTUF.

Silence! They bear in the throne. When they are gone I would hear further.

*Four priests of low rank bear in the great throne of electrum and place it on a raised dais between two pillars on the right, facing outwards across the stage to the left.*

YNTUF.

Farther. Farther. A little more. Now back. There! *Placing himself before it.* It is well. It is just. Begone! *When the men have departed.* Proceed, boy, I would hear all, all.

YAMOUNI.

How many were in the plot is not known, but . . .

YNTUF, *dusting the throne and polishing the metal as he converses.*

Not known. Not known, boy! How many have been seized?

YAMOUNI.

As yet, no man.

YNTUF.

No man! No man hath been seized? Is it not wondered at? What is in the heart of the Good God?

YAMOUNI.

All men wonder. It is thought that the shock hath unseated the reason of the aged King, but that we know not.

YNTUF.

Well, well, what more? What more?

YAMOUNI.

The attack was made at midnight. The King slept. He was aroused. He seized his sword and smote around Him. His years fell from Him like a cloak. He slew the Captain of the Guard who had betrayed Him. The assassins fled. So much is known, no more.

YNTUF.

In truth, in truth, the like of this hath never been heard in the Land! That such a thing should be! At this day, in the old age of His Majesty, when He hath raised His people from the dust and made them great once more, after the miseries of bygone days! That such baseness and ingratitude could be! I am well nigh bereft of speech at this thing. What grief, what grief must be in His mighty heart! His son, His son, and His well-beloved on whom He hath lavished the greatness of His soul! Verily, the young are unmindful of yesterday, and all men are base indeed!

YAMOUNI.

The King is aged, Father, His work is done. He hath but a few short years left unto Him. The Two Lands need a young King to reign over them, and there are those who love not Senusert, though his mother be the true heiress, who would rather have the now Unnameable as their Lord. Think not that I would defend these accursed ones, but theirs was a cause not base wholly.

YNTUF, *seating himself comfortably on the throne.*

Young man, hearken well unto my words, for I will tell thee a tale. In my youth, threescore years ere thou wast even begotten, I was a lad in the city of Uast. Perchance thou hast read of those days, but I will tell thee that which I have seen with my eyes. Ere I begin, however, I would tell thee of what was in ancient days, I would bid thee recall the glories of that past civilisation that was in the time of the Ancestors, a thousand and more years before our time. Those were the days of mightiness in Tamery, indeed, the days of the great Kings Khufu and Khafriya, whose power was so great, whose knowledge was so profound, whose administration

was so perfect, that the great pyramids were erected to the eternal glory of the Two Lands and Their own everlasting adoration. In those days, also, were made the great ka-statues, the like of which for perfection of art have never been equalled on Earth. Such peace, prosperity, wealth, justice, magnificence, art, had never been since the time of the Gods; but, after ages, all these things ceased to be, and the supremacy of the beloved Land above all nations was no more.

YAMOUNI.

Verily, I know it, my Father. Is not the learning in which we are instructed as children but the wisdom and knowledge of those men of old?

YNTUF.

So. Thou knowest it, my son. Then how, thinkest thou, it happens that thou art blessed with that instruction? I and my brethren were not so instructed. In our childhood, men knew not how to read nor how to write.

YAMOUNI.

It is but a part of the laws of the Land, Father Yntuf.

YNTUF.

It was not so in my day, Yamouni. Yet thou sayest truly, and the laws of the Land, whose are they but the divine words of King Yamounemhati, by whose labour alone these blessings are once more in the Land?

YAMOUNI.

I perceive thy meaning. Thy words are just words.

YNTUF.

But I will proceed. In those days the provinces of the Two Lands were ruled by officials of the King, who held their office at His pleasure, but in the dark centuries that followed the power of the King declined, and these princes seized their provinces and held them as their private possessions and handed them on to their grandsons. Then did each prince wage war upon his neighbour, seizing that which belonged to another, striving to make himself greater than his peers. In those days strife raged throughout Tamery among small

and great, and peace was nowhere in the Land. Men grew idle, art ceased, trade was no more, industries fell into disuse, learning was no longer practised, men ceased to know how to read or how to write, records were no longer kept, men knew not the boundaries of their own fields. The canals became silted up in those days, and no man was there to clear them out, the water supply was no more, fields lay untilled, cattle died, famine ravaged the land throughout its length. Then came the marauding tribes of the North, the Lords of the Sands, the vile Asiatics, the Anu of Nubia, the wretched men of Kush, and trampled the people of Tamery beneath their feet. The people of the Two Lands were even as beasts of the Earth, naught was there but misery and despair, laws existed not, and men openly wished for the tomb. Thus, my son, was the land in which we now live at the fall of the kingdom of the Ancestors and through the long centuries that followed, thus was Tamery in the days of my youth, for memory is still fresh in my eyes. Think thou, my son, think well of this that I say, for cities were not in those days, save in ruins, and the Houses of the Gods were but heaps of stones.

YAMOUNI.

It is hard to believe, this that thou sayest, for one beholding the peace and prosperity of to-day.

YNTUF.

That is even the thought that I sought to arouse in thy heart, Yamouni, but my tale is not done. In that hour arose King Yamounemhati, youthful even as his son Senusert, who this day shall be placed beside Him on the throne. Summoning to His service all those who recognised His sovereignty, and those who would join Him for their own ends, He swept through the Land, attacking the insubordinate princes. Each prince, deserted by his men, opposed by his neighbours who, to crush him, joined the King, fell before His might or gave way before His fury. One by one they collapsed before the strong arm of Yamounemhati, for He was brave as a lion, strong as a bull, wise as a serpent, and Montu

Himself arrayed for battle was not more terrible in His hour. Like a flame of fire His Majesty swept through the Two Lands, purging all things, gathering strength as He passed on; like chaff before the storm-wind of His fury all who opposed Him were scattered in His path, until the Two Lands were reconquered and united in His strong hands, once more safe beneath the double-diadem of the Children of Riya. Then did His Majesty pause in His fury and commence to re-organise all things. The rebellious princes were cast from their petty kingdoms, and their lands placed in the hands of the faithful generals and wise counsellors who had aided Him in His task. Thus the great general Nessumontu, who will shortly come hither, was given the province of Uast, the ancient province of His Majesty Himself; thus Knumhotpu, thy father, who also will come to the ceremony we await, received the province of the Oryx; Tahuthotpu, the province of the Hare, not to hold as of old but as Governors of the King, nor yet as, during the centuries of darkness, their own kingdoms, but as hereditary rulers at His pleasure and accountable to Him in all things. Then did He enact anew the laws of old time and others of His own wisdom, judges He appointed to administer justice to all men alike, private property He caused to be redistributed, records of all men's goods and lands to be kept, so that disputings should cease from the Land. The canals He caused to be re-cut better than of old, learning and the arts He raised up again beneath His care, industries He caused to be revived, and trade to flourish and prosper once more. His generals He despatched to drive forth from Tamery the marauding tribes, and His armies chased them into their fastnesses in the wilderness, and they perished utterly, destroyed by the fury of His serpent-diadem, so that the boundaries of Tamery were wider than ever before. Embassies He despatched to distant peoples to trade in precious gums; gold and silver, ebony and ivory, precious stones, incense and resinous woods, prized in the service of the Gods, were seen once more in the

Beloved Land. The cities were built anew, and the Houses of the Gods raised once more to the splendour of old time. Thus by the Divine wisdom of this God the people of Tamery, they who before had been but as beasts, wretched and wishing for the tomb, knew peace, prosperity, and happiness beneath His strong arm, Protector of His people, and the might and glory of the Two Lands are even as they never have been heretofore, even as ye who were born beneath His sway now behold them! And this is He whose murderers, Yamouni, thou wouldst seek to excuse, thou, the son of one of the foremost of His princes whose high office some day may be thine! Peace. I have spoken.

*He rises from the throne and stands facing Yamouni.*

YAMOUNI.

Father Yntuf, I had not thought on these matters. Knowledge of these things is no longer in men's hearts save the old, even as thee thyself, who have witnessed all things with their eyes. It is indeed a grievous wickedness this that hath been attempted, and the heart of the venerable King must be heavy with the bitterness and ingratitude of His people for whom He hath done so much and wrought such great blessing in the benevolence of His heart.

YNTUF.

Bitter, Yamouni, indeed, if He care ought for the actions of men, and be not wholly divine in the old age of His Majesty.

YAMOUNI.

What shall be the punishment He shall decree unto the guilty, my Father?

YNTUF.

Since the beginning each crime hath had its punishment fitting it in kind and being of the same nature as the offence. For the gravest of crimes, death. But this is more than crime, for it is sacrilege also. For sacrilege the reward is death, for the murder of a man the reward is death; but the King is also a God. What then shall be the reward of those who would

murder a God and the representative of a God? Such is the view in law.

YAMOUNI.

Tell me then, my Father?

YNTUF.

Presently. Silence awhile. *Men come bearing stands for incense-burners and place them on either side the throne.* Nay, nay, farther back. Farther, boy, farther; they are not equal. So. It is just. *Adjusting the stands.* Bring charcoal. *To Yamouni, when they are alone.* The punishment is the most terrible known to mankind. It is the final punishment that the heart can devise. Beyond it there can be nothing further. It is the crime of crimes, the ultimate crime, the most evil thing that man can commit, the punishment—utter destruction.

YAMOUNI.

What terrible thing may it be, O my Father?

YNTUF.

It is two-fold, Yamouni, bodily death and spiritual destruction.

YAMOUNI.

What death?

YNTUF.

The most terrible, they shall Die-of-Themselves. *Men come with charcoal and place it in the burners.* A little more, a little more. It is well. *They go, and he sprinkles incense.* Alive they are placed upon the embalming trestles, alive the wrappings of the dead are laid upon their flesh, living corpses they are carried to the tomb, their bodies preserved by the ointments of eternity while the breath is still in their nostrils.

YAMOUNI, *shrinking with horror.*

Is't so, is't so?

YNTUF.

But that indeed is a little thing, for in the end the heart ceaseth its labours. The punishment of the body is nought beside the punishment of the soul.

YAMOUNI.

And that, O my Father?

YNTUF.

They are consigned nameless to the tomb, accursed and unknown, even as the flesh of swine.

YAMOUNI, *overcome with horror.*

Nameless? They are deprived of their names? No man will make a statue for their kau-souls, that they may dwell therein while their bodies lie in the tomb? No man will provide sacrifices and incense for their kau? No man will perform for them the ceremony of the Opening of the Mouth, no priest will perform the funerary ritual for their kau? They will be no more?

YNTUF.

It is even so in the law. He who hath no name cannot live. In the beyond he who is nameless is not, for what is a man if he bear not a name by which he may exist? Verily he is not at all, he is nothing, he has naught by which he may be known. No past hath he, he existeth not in the present, and the future is not to him. He is as air. For a man is but by his name, he is a name only, and without it he ceaseth to be. Nameless he is consigned to the tomb, no statue hath he in which his kau-soul may dwell while his body sleepeth, and his Shining Spirit-body dwelleth not among the Shining Ones in the Field of Reeds beneath the sway of the blessed Osyri for it is nameless and accursed and hath existence no longer.

YAMOUNI, *appalled.*

And he is destroyed utterly! He is no more! He no longer existeth in any world! He ceaseth to be! He is even as though he had not been! He . . . he . . . he simply . . . is not! . . . It is more than the thought of man can comprehend, the heart cannot conceive of this terrible thing that thou sayest. How can it be understood that a man can cease to be, can be destroyed utterly? How can that which is, that which hath been, be no longer at all, vanish utterly from being? Yet I see that it must be so. It is indeed a thought too terrible for the heart of man to comprehend. Woe, woe to

these pitiful ones! In face of such a punishment what man could dare to sin thus and incur it?

A PRIEST, *entering.*

The purifications are completed. All men are in readiness. The Princes approach in their palanquins. The King, Life, Strength, Health! is about to set forth from the palace. Is all in order?

YNTUF.

I am ready, I am ready. Let the people assemble without. *The priest withdraws. The old priest Yntuf, walking from place to place as he speaks.* Let me see, let me see. Here shall stand Nessumontu, Prince of Uast, the aged general of His Majesty, of whom we have spoken, he who was with the Good God from the beginning. Here shall stand Knumhotpu, Prince of the Oryx, thy father, he hath served faithfully the King and rich hath been his rewarding. Here Tahuthotpu, Prince of the Hare. Here the other princes. Now as for Senusert, he shall be here, and when the ceremony commences he shall approach the King thus. . . . Let me see, let me see. Here the fan-bearers. Is there any other? Sa-nehat, what of Sa-nehat, the young favourite of . . . but, surely, is he not . . . was he not of the . . . will he not have been . . . ?

YAMOUNI.

Sa-nehat was Overseer of the Harem of the Very Benevolent, the Dearly-beloved, the mother of the Unnameable One, surely he will not come hither?

YNTUF.

Come hither? It is not to be thought on. He will surely have been seized. Was he not the favourite of the Unnameable himself? For him shall be the eternal punishment, methinks.

YAMOUNI.

Poor young prince! It grieveth me, Father Yntuf. He was favoured of the Good God, and well beloved of the Court, though it is said Senusert loved him not for that he was ever of the following of the Unnameable.

YNTUF.

Spare thy pity, boy. Men's hearts grow soft already. It is not well. The punishment is not enough for the crime.

*Heralds are heard in the distance.*

HERALDS, *approaching.*

Way for the Prince Sa-nehat! Way for the Overseer of the Palace!

YNTUF.

Hearken! It is he that cometh! Strange, is it not strange? Away, boy, away!

*They hurry out behind the throne. The heralds approach and their voices cease. Sa-nehat enters. He looks anxiously about him, then walks over to one of the columns and stands silent and motionless, his head bent in thought. He is young and, as all those who shall appear, simply clad in a long goffered robe of white linen (no longer, as in the Old Kingdom, in plain kirtle to the knees), wig, necklets and collars, and carrying in his hand a high staff upon which he leans.*

*In the distance, approaching,* HERALDS.

Way for the Royal Son! Way for the Prince Senusert!

*Sa-nehat looks up at the sound, lays aside his staff and draws himself up as though preparing for an ordeal.*

*The voice of* SENUSERT *as the heralds are almost at hand.*

Withdraw.

*Prince Senusert enters and approaches Sa-nehat. He is a boy on the verge of manhood, but still wearing the sidelock of youth and the short kirtle.*

SENUSERT.

Sa-nehat . . . thou here! Hast thou alone of the Princes arrived? Is the hour not at hand?

SA-NEHAT, *assuming the attitude of adoration.*

I alone have arrived, Prince my lord. The appointed hour is not yet, though it is near.

SENUSERT.

It is a thing of wonder unto my heart that thou hast dared come thus, Sa-nehat.

SA-NEHAT.

Why doth my lord wonder? Am I not a prince near to the heart of the Good God?

SENUSERT.

Indeed thou hast known well, from thy youth, the love of my Father, since thou hast worn the side-lock of youth unto this hour. It is for that I marvel at thy presence at this council. Knowest thou not concerning what matter He hath summoned His princes?

SA-NEHAT.

Well do I know the matter, Prince my lord, and grieved is my heart concerning it more than saying.

SENUSERT.

Thinkest thou that by speaking thus thou canst save thyself from the guilt that clingeth to thee concerning this vile thing that hath chanced? It is in deeds of love and loyalty that His Majesty judges His servants rather than in the words of their mouth.

SA-NEHAT.

My deeds, as my words, Prince my lord, are true and full of love towards the Good God, thy Father, even as those of thy Highness and the older princes.

SENUSERT.

It is not pleasing in my heart that I hear thee speak thus. Thy words have in them blasphemy and lies unto my ears. Wast thou not the intimate friend and counsellor of the Unnameable One who hath committed this crime that may not be spoken?

SA-NEHAT.

My office, by the favour of the Good God, King Yamounemhati, was Overseer of the Harem of the Royal Lady, the dearly-beloved of His Majesty, the mother of Him-that-hath-Sinned. How then might I not be his friend since I did my duty in the eyes of my Lord? But no thought of treachery hath ever been found in my heart towards the Good God thy Father.

SENUSERT.

Thinkest thou that my Father will believe that thou didst fulfil thine office as Overseer of the Harem of the

mother of the Unnameable One, known unto all men as his friend and counsellor, and yet wert in ignorance of this vile thing that hath been?

SA-NEHAT.

If His Majesty in His infinite wisdom knoweth the heart of His servant Sa-nehat—and the wisdom of His Majesty is the wisdom of Tahuti Himself, and there is nothing which He seeth not, verily though it lie deep in men's hearts unseen by any save His Majesty—He will know that no man thinking a thought treacherous and unloving towards His Majesty would dare betray it in the hearing of Sa-nehat for that Sa-nehat loveth his Lord. And if His Majesty knoweth not that, verily the life of Sa-nehat is in the hands of the Good God by the breath of Whose nostrils alone all men live, and His Majesty can take his life and do with it as He willeth.

SENUSERT.

If that is thy defence methinks my words are but spoken to the winds, for it is as one addressing a corpse consigned to the tomb. Thou, the trusted friend of the Unnameable, the Overseer of the Harem of the once-beloved his mother, thinkest thou any man, be he a dull-witted herder of goats, so simple that he should hold thee innocent in this thing?

SA-NEHAT.

In truth I know not, Prince my lord, nor comprehend the base thoughts of a goatherd. It is the divine wisdom of the Good God in which I put my trust.

SENUSERT.

Neither I nor my Father will love thee better for thy arrogant crossing of words with my Highness, Sa-nehat. In truth that thou darest so to do is some proof that thou knowest in thy heart thine own guilt and thy doom that awaits thee. It is a thing of wonder unto me that thou art thus a free man at this hour. Perchance the Good God is so torn with grief at this that hath chanced in His old age, and the danger and stress through which He hath passed, that He hath forgotten thee for a while. It is foolish in thee

that thou hast not taken thine own life while thou mayest, rather than suffer the living embalment and consignment to the tomb, nameless and deprived of life in the hereafter, that awaits thee together with the Unnameable One and his assassins.

SA-NEHAT.

It is not for Sa-nehat by taking his own poor life to presume thus to know beforehand the judgment of the Good God. By His Will we live, our lives are in His keeping, when He wills it we die; not for Sa-nehat is it to seek to know His Divine wisdom, nor to act save according to His decree, robbing Him of that which is His only. Nor was it in the heart of Sa-nehat to cross words with the Royal Son, whom he loveth even as his Father, save humbly in his own defence.

SENUSERT.

Thy words are false and two-sided, as thy heart, too humble to be true. And as for thy love of me, thou lovest me not; thou wert the friend and counsellor of mine enemy, he who sought by slaying the Good God my Father to sit upon the Great Throne of Horu, ruling over the Two Lands in His stead, usurping that which should have been mine by right of birth—for my mother, not his, was the heiress of the Two Lands. And thou knewest and didst encourage this vile thing; but thy sacrilege was of no avail, the Good God awakened in His slumbers, aged as He is, arose and smote the assassins, and shall now make my succession secure by Associating me on the throne with Himself before the Entire Land. And on thee and thy fellow-criminals, yea, even on the mother for the Unnameable One herself, shall be passed the slow doom that is most agonising of all, and in the hereafter ye shall cease to be, for ye shall be nameless and have no statue for your kau-souls, and your Shining Spirit-bodies shall not live in the Field of Reeds with the blessed. Thou art my enemy and the enemy of the just, and art doomed to all eternity for thy crimes.

SA-NEHAT.

Bitter indeed is the enmity in the heart of the Royal

Son towards Sa-nehat his servant, but no enmity is there in Sa-nehat towards the Prince his lord, nor treachery howbeit his office and faithful service made him the trusted friend and devoted follower of Him-Who-Hath-Sinned. But, alas, it were better for Sa-nehat that this doom should be his, for, were he to live, the anger against him in the heart of Senusert would follow him to the tomb unless that he fled to a foreign land when the Prince shall come to rule over Tamery.

*Heralds in the distance have been heard approaching.*

HERALDS.

Way for Knumhotpu! Way for the Prince of the Oryx! Way for Nessumontu! Way for the Prince of Uast!

*Knumhotpu and Nessumontu enter and stand in the attitude of adoration before Senusert. Knumhotpu is a squat, sturdy little man of middle-age, Nessumontu elderly and stern; the former carries a fan as emblem of office, the latter a battle-axe indicative of his military rank.*

SENUSERT.

Welcome, Princes!

KNUMHOTPU.

His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! approacheth even now. He left the Palace as we reached the outer gateway of the temple.

SENUSERT.

How beareth my Father His grief? I have not yet beheld Him since this thing hath chanced.

NESSUMONTU.

The Good God is unmoved and unshaken, young Prince. He is advanced in years, even as am I who have led His armies beneath His guidance since the beginning, but an event such as this hath not power to shake His Majesty.

SENUSERT.

Verily I know it, I but spoke of the grief of His heart.

NESSUMONTU.

The strength of a lion is in the body of King Yamoun-emhati. Aged and alone He smote around Him and

drove forth the assassins that sought to slay Him, for cowardly are the hearts of assassins. And no grief hath power over One who hath achieved that which He hath achieved.

SENUSERT.

Yet bitter must it be unto Him, nevertheless.

KNUMHOTPU.

When thou hast lived to His age, young Prince, and done that which He hath done in His time, thy heart will know bitterness no longer.

SENUSERT.

And now that in His old age men have sought in the ingratitude of their hearts to slay my Father, thou sayest that the grief and bitterness of it are as nothing in His heart!

NESSUMONTU.

Nay, bitter but as the snarling of dogs and the snapping of jackals. Nought else unto His Majesty is the ingratitude of men. The actions of men are beneath the notice of the Good God, His is a different creation from theirs, His is a Divine creation, theirs is a human creation, and He knows them not but as the creatures of the earth who live only by the breath of His nostrils, and to do His bidding as He willeth.

SENUSERT.

But, noble Princes, is not the Unnameable One the son of His body, even as I myself, and is not his mother the very Beloved of my Father, whom He hath cherished above all women? Are not these near to His heart?

KNUMHOTPU.

Indeed, indeed, but have they not committed the unnameable sin? Have they not sought to commit the supreme sacrilege? His Majesty is a God, and they have sought to slay Him in His living capacity as King of the Two Lands. Why then should He think of them further? Why then should He grieve in His heart? Will He not utter the words that shall decree for them and their accomplices the living death and the eternal oblivion that must be the reward of their crime? What grief

can there be for those that no longer exist in body or in soul? It is as though they had not been. In the divine wisdom of the Good God there can be no room for human frailties such as these of grief and resentment concerning the wickedness and baseness of men. Have I not said that He is divine and they but human?

NESSUMONTU.

His Majesty approacheth. Thc people fall upon their bellies before Him. To your places, Princes!

*There are shouts of "Peraa! Peraa!" and the call of the populace "Aau" in the distance. The princes take their places about the throne. Then, preceded by Yntuf walking backwards and censing him with a long censer, Yamounemhati is borne in, seated in his palanquin. The princes kneel down and smell-the-earth until he motions them to rise. Yamounemhati is an old man, tall, slim, but preserving something of the vigour of his youth. His face, no longer full as in the portrait-head we have of him as a young man, has acquired a severity and majesty that comes with age, and his long life of superlative activity in war and wise administration in peace, labours well-nigh unparalleled in their achievement and success, as has been indicated heretofore, has left him with an arrogance that is not known in the world in which we live. We know but the arrogance of the self-made commercial magnate who lords it over those from whose ranks he has risen and whom he has worsted in the struggle for riches, or, in another sphere, the arrogance of the princeling born in the luxury of ancient traditions and manifesting a sense of superiority which he has done nothing to deserve nor has the power to inspire towards himself in those beneath him merely in traditions. But the kings of Egypt were, in the eyes of their subjects and in their own eyes, divine, Gods and representatives of Gods, and they were worshipped as such. Indeed*

*in later times kings of Egypt even worshipped themselves, offering and performing the ritual to images representing their own divine natures or the divine soul which dwelt within them.*

*But, above and beyond this ancient tradition of divinity, Yamounemhati, by his own superlative qualities of strength, courage, initiative, wisdom and justice, qualities of character and personal genius, had in truth proved himself superior to those among whom he had been born. He had entered a land writhing in the depths of chaos and disorder, and by his ability and intelligence had reconquered and raised it to an almost unparalleled level of civilization and power. Now he is old, but in his youth a man apart, raised above his fellows, proving himself in deed their superior, now after a lifetime of aloofness and divinity he almost belongs to another order of creation. But his long life of hard work, organising men according to his will, has not failed to make him wise and full of knowledge concerning the thoughts and ways of mortal men. Therefore, majestic though he be, he is still sensitive to human emotions in others; profoundly conscious of his own divinity, he is still keenly aware of human motives and the reactions of men, and beneath his superlative haughtiness he has an insight that makes him almost benevolent.*

*For in truth he is well-nigh beyond the passions that sway even kings and judges and high ministers of state of modern lands, and this in spite of the fact that, high as he is above men, an attempt has even now just been made on his life. Vengeance is something that lies far beneath him in the world of struggling mortals, for there is no man so great that Yamounemhati could conceive of as on his own plane, and how could he feel vengeance towards one of his human subjects, for the ordering of whose lives he has been sent on Earth by his fathers and*

*brethren the Gods? Does a man feel vengeance towards the sheep and goats, cattle, dogs and wild beasts, who are placed in his keeping for awhile, that he may make them prosper and multiply, even though they may attack him, not realizing that he is their shepherd, there for their good? And even as he can hate them not, so he knows not love either. His mind is free from prejudice concerning them, for he is not of them. Thus he is supremely just, juster than is of the nature of man, for be a man ever so well-balanced of mind, yet never can he escape from the prejudices in his own mind concerning the actions of others of his kind, for they are within him, and he sees through them, projecting them ever on to the object before him.*

*Thus if Yamounemhati be merciful, it is not out of a state of spiritual exaltation, for the mercy of the modern Christian (and the earliest Christian is "modern" when dealing with the earlier civilisations in Egypt) is but a reaction-formation based on desire for vengeance that is repressed as immoral, and the emotion connected with which is expressed in terms of its opposite—forgiveness. But these emotional gymnastics are not for such as Yamounemhati, for, knowing no vengeance, he has no need for these virtuous exercises of later days. Mercy, as we know it, was not of his day at all. He himself was far above such mercy, or any need for it, and if he were merciful it was because, since for himself he was in no wise concerned, he saw no benefit in the exercise of what we would call vengeance.*

*Therefore he was what a modern philosopher would call Beyond Good and Evil; that is, not, as in a Christian or Buddhist, a 'good' man who has disciplined his mind to repress his primitive impulses and re-express them as their opposite—hate expressed as love, vengeance as mercy, etc., nor, in his cruel actions, a 'bad' man who follows the impulses of his nature, but one who is beyond*

*the need and scope of these performances, for the affairs of life being not of his plane do not arouse in him personal emotions at all. He administers according to his view of what is best for those whose affairs he orders, and whether he is mild or cruel in his decrees it is but a matter of policy. This explanation is not a mere digression but is given in order that such actions of Yamounemhati as occur in this brief study of him may not be interpreted in terms of modern Christian morality, as is almost inevitable to the modern mind behind which lies two millenniums of its teaching, and which is almost grotesquely out of place in interpreting the occurrences of Egyptian history in the XIIth Dynasty.*

*So Yamounemhati motions his princes to rise, and they stand, their arms outstretched in the attitude of adoration, symbolically intended to protect their human eyes from the blinding radiance of his divine majesty.*

THE PRINCES, *chanting in unison his titulary.*

Life to the Horu: He-Who-Is-Re-Born-Unceasingly!

Lord of the East and West: He-Who-Is-Re-Born-Unceasingly!

The Glittering Sparrow-hawk: He-Who-Is-Re-Born-Unceasingly!

King of the South and North: Sehotpu-yb-Riya!

Son of the Sun: Yamounemhati, Gifted with Life for ever!

*Yamounemhati rises from his palanquin and, leaning on the bent backs of his princes, Nessumontu and Knumhotpu, descends and walks to the throne, seating himself upon it. The palanquin is borne off. Fan-bearers wave huge flabella behind the throne throughout in order to cool him. He is clad in the Shenep garment, a loose mantle of transparent linen, over the royal kirtle and broidered sash, on his head the tall white crown of the South Land, necklets, armlets, a jewelled pectoral, and, in his hands, the Crook and the Flail.*

YAMOUNEMHATI.

Princes, and My people! It is that for many years My Majesty hath ordered the affairs of men according to My will, conferring blessings upon the people of the Two Lands by the wisdom of My mouth, fulfilling before all men the wishes concerning their welfare laid upon Me by My Fathers and Brethren the Gods when They sent Me on Earth to guide the paths of the living for a space of time. Now I grow aged in the performance of this task and I would rest from My labours in the old age of My Majesty, that the years of life that yet lie before Me ere I am summoned to My Fathers in the Sky may be passed in peace and quiet in the Land that I have laboured for all these years. Therefore there is a desire in the heart of My Majesty that My son Senusert shall sit beside Me on the Great Throne of Horu, to take from My hands the guidance of men, and beneath My instruction learn all things that are in My wisdom, so that when I return to the God Who created Me he may carry on the work that I have begun. Come hither, My Son! *Senusert goes to him, and he rises from the throne.* In the eyes of all My people I place My son beside Me on the Throne of My Majesty. *He places Senusert on the throne, and then sits himself, his arm lightly laid around the shoulders of his son.* Let the Kher-heb priest declare his titulary!

*Yntuf approaches and reads from a papyrus.*

YNTUF.

His name shall be: The Horu: Living-Source-Of-Those-That-Are-Born!

Lord of the East and West: Living-Source-Of-Those-That-Are-Born!

The Glittering Sparrow-Hawk: Living-Source-Of-Those-That-Are-Born!

King of the South and North: Khopri-ka-Riya.

Son of the Sun: Senusert, Gifted with Life forever!

*Yntuf withdraws. The Court prostrates itself, rises at a sign from Senusert, and chants.*

THE COURT, *chanting in adoration.*

Life to the Horu: Living-Source-Of-Those-That-Are Born!

Lord of the East and West: Living-Source-Of-Those-That-Are-Born!

The Glittering Sparrow-hawk: Living - Source - Of Those-That-Are-Born!

King of the South and North: Khopri-ka-Riya,

Son of the Sun: Senusert, Gifted with Life forever!

YAMOUNEMHATI.

It is well. He shall receive the Double-Diadem and the blessing of the Gods on the morrow. Princes, and My people! It is the Will of My Majesty that ye serve and obey this My Son, your sovereign, even as ye serve and obey My Majesty Myself, doing all things that are pleasing unto His heart.

THE PRINCES, *in unison.*

The Will of His Majesty is made known unto His servants. All men obey with gladness of heart.

YAMOUNEMHATI.

It is well. Princes, and My people! I have to make known unto you an evil thing that hath chanced in the Land. A grievous thing hath befallen, a crime hath been devised in the hearts of men that is odious in the nostrils of Gods and men. Treason hath been imagined against the Majesty of the King of the South and North, sacrilege hath been committed against the divinity of My Majesty. Verily they have sought to take the life of Me, their King, who have laboured ever since I came forth from My mother's womb, that prosperity might fill My kingdom from one end of it unto the other, verily unto the uttermost limits of the Earth. My life they sought, the life of Him Whose every thought hath ever been for the happiness and welfare of His people, Who hath laboured without ceasing that they might have food in plenty, that their lands and houses might be free from the marauding attacks of the Lords of the Sands, and for the

security of their persons against thieves. Verily throughout the length of the Two Lands have I passed, regulating the water-supply for their crops, building for them new water-channels, and purging the Entire Land of all the evils which oppressed their ancestors; and yet in mine old age have they taken counsel together against Me that they might overthrow Me and destroy Me utterly. Those who were nearest to Me, those who were dearest to My heart have taken counsel together against Me, Mine own flesh and blood, and the recipients of My most particular favours, have plotted together to take the breath from My nostrils that they might place another on the Great Throne of Horu than he whom I have determined shall succeed Me. Guilty are these persons of the most execrable crime that men may commit. My Majesty hath spoken. Would My Princes speak before My Majesty?

NESSUMONTU, *standing before the throne in adoration.*

More glorious than Riya Himself is the Majesty of the King! The heart of Nessumontu is no longer in his belly when he thinketh of this evil thing that men have devised. It is in his heart that if it is the Will of His Majesty these impious ones shall be rewarded according to the law which declares that they shall Die-of-Themselves. Nessumontu hath spoken before his Lord!

KNUMHOTPU, *approaching likewise.*

More glorious than Riya Himself is the Majesty of the King! The judgment of Knumhotpu is even as that of Nessumontu, that these impious ones shall be consigned to the tomb, nameless and accursed according to the law. Knumhotpu hath spoken before his Lord!

TAHUTHOTPU, *a prince in the suite of the King, approaching likewise.*

More glorious than Riya Himself is the Majesty of the King! The judgment of Tahuthotpu is even as that of the other Princes. Tahuthotpu hath spoken before his Lord!

SA-NEHAT, *approaching in adoration.*

More glorious than Riya Himself is the Majesty of the

King! Even so is the judgment of Sa-nehat. Sa-nehat hath spoken before His Lord!

SENUSERT.

My Father, it is not pleasing in My eyes that this Prince dare thus speak before My Majesty. He is of the company of the accursed ones and must himself suffer the punishment that he demands for them. Is it Thy Will that he be seized and taken hence to join his fellows?

YAMOUNEMHATI.

Nay, My Son, My Majesty knows no evil in the heart of Sa-nehat, any more than in the hearts of any of My Princes. My Princes have ever served My Majesty in a manner pleasing unto Me. And as for the words of My Princes which ye have spoken before Me, verily it is not the Will of My Majesty that these things be done. For My Majesty brings not to mind the slackness of servants, nor aught that they may devise in their heart against their Lord. It is the Will of My Fathers and Brethren the Gods that I do the commands that they have laid upon Me among men, and the evil things that men may devise in their hearts are of no avail against My Majesty. Therefore doth My Majesty consider no further concerning this that hath chanced, save to declare it unto My Princes, nor doth My Majesty seek to know aught of this thing, nor the names of those that have devised it. It is even to My Majesty as though it had not been, for it is in the hearts of these men alone that justice shall be done, and I shall decree no penalty.

*There is astonishment on the faces of the princes. Yntuf has entered in agitation and stands waiting to advance.*

YNTUF, *approaching the throne.*

More glorious than Riya Himself is the Majesty of the King! The evildoers of whom His Majesty hath spoken have of themselves cast from them the lives they had made accursed by their crimes. Finding themselves free, the guilt in their hearts drove them to this act, that they might purge the Beloved Land of

their pollution. The bodies of the evildoers have been brought hither and are laid without. Is it the Will of His Majesty that His people may behold them in their shame before the eyes of the Entire Land?

YAMOUNEMHATI.

Let them be brought.

*At a sign from Yntuf men bear in body after body laid on a bier, a sheet over each, and place them in rows before the throne, the first row far away from it by the further columns to the left.*

YNTUF.

The soldiers and serving men who betrayed their trust, the bribed assassins of the Unnameable.

*A dozen bodies are carried in and laid down.*

YNTUF.

The captains and officials of the Palace who commanded the evildoers.

*Half a dozen bodies are borne in and laid side by side in a row nearer to the throne.*

YNTUF.

The Princes and high officers who planned the evil thing.

*Three bodies are carried in and laid side by side before the others.*

YNTUF.

The Unnameable One himself, the Royal Son of His Majesty, for whom this evil was attempted and who devised this thing in his heart.

*A bier more elaborate than the rest is carried in and laid down immediately before the throne. The aged King remains impassive and unmoved, as though he did not see that which lay before him.*

YNTUF.

It is finished. These are the evil doers, behold them!

SENUSERT.

Is there no other?

YNTUF.

Majesty, there is no other.

SENUSERT.

What of the mother of the Unnameable, she who hath

devised this thing in her heart, she who alone hath stirred her son and these his followers to dare this crime that may not be spoken?

YNTUF.

Majesty, the Hereditary Princess, the Royal Lady, the Very Benevolent, the Dearly Beloved of the Good God, waits without to perform the ritual for His Majesty when He shall enter the Sanctuary of Osyri and receive the worship of the God, according to the custom of her office and the Will of the King on this day.

SENUSERT.

My Father, this is not Thy Will!

YAMOUNEMHATI.

My son, it is My Will. *Raising his arm slightly towards the corpses.* Is this the Will of My Majesty that thou beholdest, or the Will of the God? Even so shall the God do as He willeth. My Majesty hath spoken.

*Yamounemhati motions with his hand and the Court prostrates itself, rises at his word, and retires backwards, chanting his adoration.*

THE COURT, *chanting in adoration.*

Life to the Horu: He-Who-Is-Reborn-Unceasingly!

Lord of the East and West: He-Who-Is-Re-born-Unceasingly!

The Glittering Sparrow-hawk: He-Who-Is-Re-born-Unceasingly!

King of the South and North: Sehotpu-yb-Riya!

Son of the Sun: Yamounemhati, Gifted with Life forever!

*Yamounemhati and Senusert are alone, save for their fan-bearers, seated upon their throne.*

SENUSERT.

My Father, surely it is not Thy Will that she who hath thus plotted against Thy life shall perform for Thee the ritual in the Sanctuary of Osyri? Verily it is an impiety that the God Himself shall punish if Thou dost permit it! Shall not the sacred serpent upon His crown spit fire at her if she approach Him in her pollution!

YAMOUNEMHATI.

Even so shall it be. Even as thy thought hath declared, O My son! Verily she who hath thus sinned shall behold Me once more. In all My Majesty shall she behold Me. Verily so shall she behold Me that the memory shall abide with her throughout everlastingness to be a glory and a terror and a bitter shame to her soul! She shall worship My Majesty. She shall worship the living Osyri, she whom I have loved above all women, and if the God accept not her worship verily He will declare His displeasure. For in the heart of My Majesty it is not possible that I may judge her whom I have loved. It is not fitting that a man judge one who hath sought his injury, for justice is not in the heart of such an one, but vengeance or forgiveness only, and of these neither is just. This is the wisdom of Yamounemhati who hath laboured among men, observing all things since He came forth from the womb. *Turning to his fan-bearers.* Leave us. Bid the Chief-Prophet bring the Crown and Insignia of Osyri.

*They depart.*

SENUSERT.

I bow before the wisdom of my Father.

*Yamounemhati rises from the throne and walks slowly and sadly among the corpses that are laid on the pavement before him. Presently he turns and, after a pause, addresses Senusert. There is now no one present save his son, and his official majesty and impassivity drops from him like a cloak. He is a father and a human being above all things, but his royalty and the attitude of mind that was born in him, that is in the very substance of which his race is made, and which his own life has fostered and cemented so utterly, remains untouched as he speaks. But in his face are great sorrow and bitterness, and bitterness and sorrow are in his voice.*

YAMOUNEMHATI.

My son, we are now alone, and it is fitting that I should

speak words unto thee concerning this that I have done for thee, raising thee to the Kingship of the Two Lands and placing thee beside Me before all men. I would speak to thee of this great labour that I have laid upon thy young shoulders, and of this evil thing that hath been done against Me in My old age.

SENUSERT.

My Father, I attend Thy words.

YAMOUNEMHATI, *standing before the throne and addressing Senusert.*

My son Senusert, give thine ear to My words. I will discover words of truth unto thee, O Lord of the World. . . . Shine forth as a God! Hearken to that which I say unto thee that thou mayest be Divine King of the Land, that thou mayest govern the Nations, that thou mayest do good abundantly. . . . *With meditative bitterness.* Let One withdraw Himself from His subordinates entirely. It happens that Mankind give their hearts to those who inspire fear. Do not approach them alone. Fill not thine heart with a brother. Know not a trusted friend. Make for thyself no familiar dependents. In these things is no satisfaction. When thou liest down have a care for thy life itself, for friends exist not for a man in the day of misfortunes. . . . *With biting emphasis and keen emotion.* I gave to the beggar, and caused the orphan to live. I made him that had nothing to attain even as him that had. *Sadly looking at the corpses.* But it was the eater of My food that made insurrection against Me; he to whom I stretched forth My hands, he created disturbance thereby. They that arrayed them in My fine linen regarded Me as a shadow. And it was they that anointed themselves with My unguents that sought an entrance into My harem. . . . *Turning again to his son.* My images are among the living, and My achievements are among men. But I have made an heroic story that hath not been heard, a great feat of arms that hath not been seen. . . . *With a touch of irony in his*

*bitterness.* Surely One fighteth for a lassoed ox that forgetteth yesterday! And good fortune is of no avail unto one that cannot perceive it!

SENUSERT.

Thou speakest of the Two Lands as a lassoed ox that forgetteth thy deeds of valour, my Father?

YAMOUNEMHATI.

Even so, My son, even so. . . . *Turning away moodily once more and gazing at the corpses that remind him of the ingratitude of his subjects.* It was after the evening meal, and night was come. I took for Myself an hour of ease. I lay down upon My couch, for I was weary. My heart began to wander. I slept. And lo! weapons were brandished and there was conference concerning Me. I was weak as the serpent of the desert. I awoke to fight. I was alone. I found one struck down. It was the captain of the guard. As I received quickly the arms from his hand I drove back the scoundrels by smiting around. But he was not a brave man on that night, nor could I fight well alone. An occasion of prowess cometh not to one surprised. Thus was I. Behold, then, vile things came to pass, for I was without thee. The Court knew not that I had passed on to thee My power. I sat not with thee on the Throne.

Let Me, then, order thy ways. Because I awe them not I was not unmindful of them, but My heart bringeth not to remembrance the slackness of servants. . . . Have ever women gathered together assailants? Are assassins reared within My Palace? Was the opening done by cutting through the ground? *Moodily.* The servants were deceived as to what they did. . . . *With greater spirit.* But misfortunes have not come in My train since My birth; nor hath there existed the equal of Me as a doer of valiant deeds. *More proudly.* I have forced my way up to Elephantiné! I went down unto the coast lakes, I have stood upon the boundaries of the Land, and I have seen its centre. I have set the limits of might by My might in My deeds. I have raised

corn. I loved Nopi. The Nile begged of Me every valley. In My reign none hungered, none thirsted therein. They were contented in that which I did, saying concerning Me, "Every commandment is good." I overcame lions. I carried off crocodiles. I cast the Nubians under My feet. I carried off the Southern Nubians, I caused the Asiatics to flee, even as hounds. . . . I have made Me an house for eternity, adorned with gold, its ceiling with lapis-lazuli, its walls having deep foundations. Its doors are of copper, their bolts are of bronze. It is made for everlasting; eternity is in awe of it. I know every dimension thereof, O Lord of the World! There are divers devices in buildings. I know the pronouncements of men when enquiring into its beauties. . . . *Turning to his son with pride and joy in his face.* But they knew not that it was without thee, O My son Senusert, Life safe and sound be to thee! By thy feet do I walk. Thou art after My own heart; by thine eyes do I see, born in an hour of delight with spirits that rendered thee praise. . . . Behold that which I have done in the beginning! Let Me set it in order for thee at the end! Let Me be the landing-place of that which is in thy heart! All men together set the White Crown on the Offspring of God, fixing it upon its due place. I shall begin thy praises when in the boat of Riya. Thy Kingdom hath been from primeval time; not by My doing Who have done valourous things. . . . Raise up monuments, make beautiful thy tomb! I have striven against him whom thou knowest, for I do not desire that he should be beside thy Majesty, Life safe and sound be to thee! . . .

*He pauses for a moment, and Yntuf approaches bearing the Crown and Insignia of Osyri. He stands afar in the attitude of adoration.*

YAMOUNEMHATI.

I am ready. My son, I leave thee. Let the ritual commence.

*He walks towards the old priest, who retreats backwards before him, and Senusert is left alone.*

*Presently he rises, and, pausing a moment to gaze upon the bodies that lie about him, passes out with bent head and an air of profound contemplation. For a few moments there is silence. then there enters a figure of a woman, slowly, gravely, with movements of sorrow and fear. In her hand she holds a censer, and her head is bent as though with shame. As she approaches the great doors of the Sanctuary she looks about her almost furtively, and stops frozen with horror at the sight of the dead. Presently her attitude relaxes and she approaches the bodies. Swiftly, with shrinking, terrified movements, she passes among them, first along those that lie furthest from the throne, the common soldiers and assassins. With outstretched hand she goes from one to another and finally pauses and raises the sheet that conceals a face. For a moment she hesitates and gazes at the dead with horror and pity, then she passes on. She goes to the second line of bodies, those of the captains and officers, and raises the covering of one of them, passes on, and does likewise to another at the further end of the row, then to the third line, in which lie the princes and high officials, and to each of these three she does likewise. Finally, she goes to the richer bier that stands alone before the others and raises the covering that hides the prince that was her son. Overcome with grief she buries her face in her arms and then falls sobbing upon her knees, throwing herself upon his dead body and laying her tear-stained face upon his breast. It is now very dark. Her figure is barely discernible in the dim light. Suddenly there is a sound of music, and two shaven headed priests bearing torches appear and go to the great doors that hide the Sanctuary. Beholding them, she rises to her feet, her face still hidden in her raised arms, and as slowly they draw open the bronze doors she turns to the*

*Sanctuary and advances with censer outstretched in the ritual attitude. When the doors are flung back the priests stand one on either side like guarding statues, motionless and unheeding of that which takes place within.*

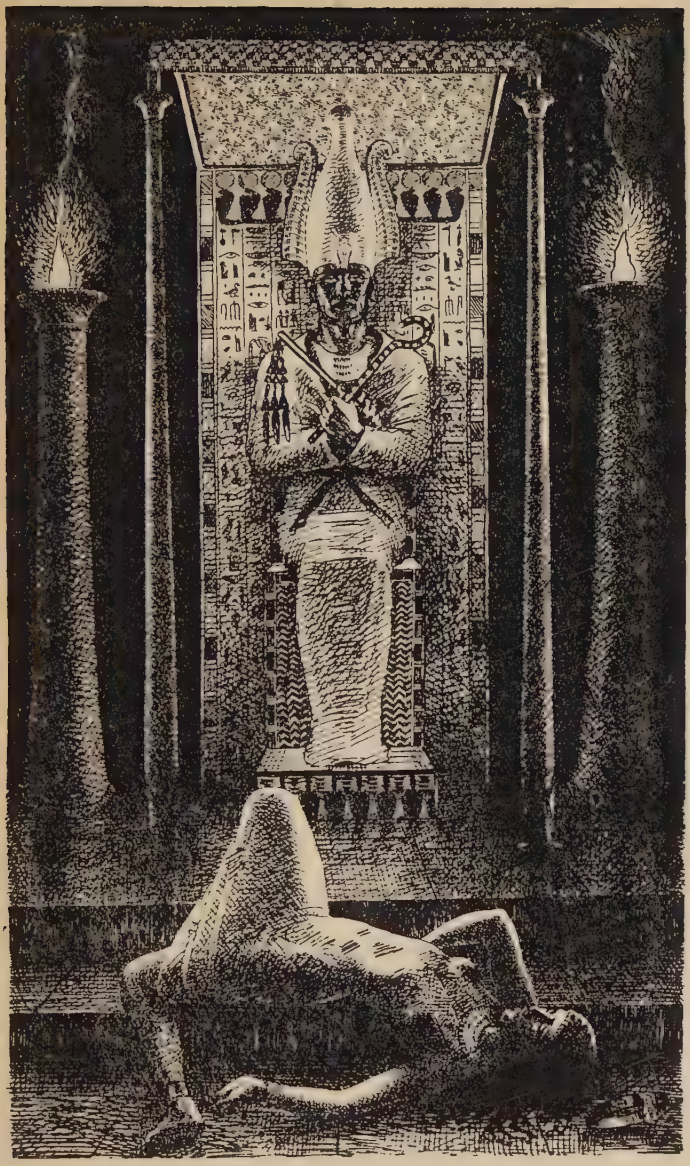
*The Sanctuary, a narrow chamber little wider than the great doors that give it access, is lit by two lamps that stand before the shrine burning scented oil of Kiki and giving forth a clear blue flame. On its walls are sculptured in painted bas-relief the words of the ritual and figures performing each chapter. Within the shrine, a light structure bearing a canopy curving on to slim pillars of wood that support it in front, and closed by a wooden gateway, sits Yamounemhati on a raised throne approached by two steps. He is clad as the God Osyri whom he represents, the crown of the Deity on his head, the sacred serpent upon his brow, the curling beard of the Gods upon his chin, in his hands, held crosswise upon his breast, the Uas sceptre, the Crook, and the Flail. Majestic and impassive as an image of the God himself sits Yamounemhati in the clear blue light, and his eyes appear not to behold that which is before him.*

*The woman advances, censing him as she goes, and to the sound of music, flutes and harps, reed and string instruments only, she performs the ritual chapter by chapter, chanting the words in a low tone to the rhythmical movements of her limbs.*

*In the ritual of Egyptian worship each little action forms a "chapter," and is performed elaborately, with studied movements and accompanying words chanted in a definite tone. These we have in writing and in depiction, but the movements cannot accurately be described, nor need the words be given nor made audible, for they are largely magical in content and of little general meaning. Accordingly she goes through the chapters of*

*kindling a light, raising the censer, fixing upon it the fire-vase, throwing incense upon it. Then she advances to the Holy Place, and bids the Deity awake. Then she breaks the seal-cord of the door, breaks the seal itself, releases the seal, and "uncovers" the face of the God by flinging open the gateway. Then she gazes reverently upon the face of Osyri, falls upon her knees and smells-the-earth before Him. She prostrates herself, prostrates herself again and rises. Again she prostrates herself, rises and adores the Deity. She adores Him again. She offers a jar of perfumed honey from a table beside the shrine, she offers incense-gums. Then she enters the Holy Place in order to "embrace" the representation of the Deity and bring to it the divine soul of the God that He may animate it. She approaches the stern and motionless figure ceremonially, fearfully, and mounts the first step of the daïs. As her feet touch the second step she hesitates, almost shudders, but by a supreme effort raises herself on to it and draws herself up desperately, almost heroically, till she stands face to face with the impassive figure on the throne. Then, as she raises her arms to perform the ceremonial embrace, the eyes of the serpent on the brow of the King, on the crown of Osyri that he wears, glow red in the darkness of the Sanctuary, and with a short blue flash the serpent seems to spit fire at the suppliant. For an instant the stricken woman stands poised thus, then she drops her arms and reels backward off the steps of the throne, staggers for a few moments, blindly groping in the empty air, and falls dead in a heap on the floor, smitten with destruction by the fury of Osyri.*

*But silent and motionless sits the aged king like a statue of wrought diorite.*



THE JUDGMENT OF THE GOD

# PART III.

# Part III.

# The New Empire in Egypt.

## 1. CHRONOLOGY AND HISTORY.

### (DYNASTY XIX.)

After the close of the Twelfth Dynasty, the second great period of Egyptian history, comprising the reigns of four Yemounemhatis and three Senuserts, there followed another long period of decline, which ended once more in utter darkness. This second period of total eclipse is known as the time of the Hyksos' Invasion or Shepherd Kings. So complete is the darkness in which this period is wrapped that, although we know the names and sequence of many dozens of kings, there is still dispute as to whether it lasted one hundred and fifty or sixteen hundred years. This wide difference between the two figures is due to the following fact: dates after the expulsion of the Hyksos being definitely fixed, and dates before it, in the Twelfth Dynasty, being known to have fallen at a certain season, it is possible to calculate that a certain period of years has elapsed, but whether one such period or two, it is not possible to establish.

The Egyptian calendar having only 365 days and no leap-year, every 4 years one whole day was lost. Therefore every 40 years ten days were lost, and every 1460 years one whole year was lost. In other words, if the first day, say, of the inundation occurred on our 1st of January, 40 years later it had moved forward to our January 10th, and in 1460 years, having moved all round the seasons, it was once more on the first of

January. Thus, knowing that after the Hyksos period a certain fixed natural or astronomical event, such as the inundation, occurred on a certain day of the Egyptian year, and knowing that during a certain reign before the Hyksos it occurred at that same date, we know that 1460 years have passed between, but whether one, two, or three such periods have passed can be judged only by other evidence. Astronomy and every conceivable method of computation have been applied to this problem with the result that there are two opposing systems of chronology, one affirming that the commencement of the Twelfth Dynasty is astronomically fixed at the year 2001 B.C., the other proving, with equal conclusiveness, that it must be carried back another period of 1460 years to 3461 B.C. A more definite examination of this problem is not possible in this foreword, but these general facts explain why it is impossible to apply dates to Egyptian history before the expulsion of the Hyksos and the beginning of the New Empire, and why therefore dynasties and the years of individual reigns alone are used. Otherwise, by such calculations as are possible, we give to this period of darkness about 150 years, and if this appears entirely inadequate to contain the number of reigns, changes, and occurrences of which we know, another period of 1460 years must be assigned to it.

Just as after the first long period of darkness King Yamounemhati arose and restored the glories of Egyptian civilisation, inaugurating the Middle Kingdom and the centuries of social achievement through which his children and grandchildren so ably guided the destinies of Egypt, so now after the long period of the Hyksos a great king arose, drove them from the land, and established the third age of civilisation and prosperity. In this period the fourth of this series of studies, called "And in the Tomb Were Found . . . . ", is placed, and after it follow the brilliant centuries of social achievement which comprise the Eighteenth Dynasty, the reigns of Yahmase (or Aahmes), the Tahutmoses (or Thothmes), Queen Hatshepsut, the Yamounhotpus, and

the temporary collapse of the Egyptian empire under Yakhunaton. Then arose King Harmhabi, who restored to Egypt much of that which had been lost, handing on to the Nineteenth Dynasty the social achievements of the preceding centuries. Under Rameses I. and Seti I. Egypt continued to develop, leaving for Rameses II., commonly known to after ages as Rameses the Great, the final culmination of that period of the New Empire. But new and powerful nations had arisen in Asia during these centuries, and the youth of Rameses was spent in keeping them in check and maintaining the supremacy of Egypt as the leading power in the world. Already the end could be foreseen, this third great epoch was drawing to a close, and, if the fall when it came did not end in such darkness as before, the collapse was definite and inevitable.

## 2. RAMESES THE GREAT.

In this trifle of about the year 1200 B.C. we attend a daily audience of Rameses in his old age. Rameses lived almost to the age of 100, and claimed that he had ruled Egypt while he was still "in the egg," and, alternatively, and more credibly, since he wore the sidelock of youth. At any rate we have his almost innumerable monuments recording his endless valour and glories and achievements in every branch of life and kingship, and these cover a period of some 70 years, apart from such years as he may have ruled conjointly with his father. Therefore we behold him at the end of one of the longest reigns in history, and it is not likely that anyone present had known the Egypt of his youth. His wisest counsellors might have been his grandchildren, and they themselves might have been great grandfathers. Knowing the aptitude of a monarch, regarded normally by his subjects as a God, to believe in his own omnipotence; knowing also the exaggerated tendency of Rameses, even in his youth, to overvalue his own achievements and make of ordinary royal actions almost superhuman feats, it can easily be believed that the degree of megalomania here

attributed to him is not a modern essay in farce but a logical deduction from the known facts, an attitude that such a man in his old age, perhaps his dotage, will inevitably have taken up towards subjects the more elderly of whom were babies when he was already old, and of whom he has watched generation after generation grow up and die beneath his rule. Moreover the facts are to be read on the monuments, and his conception of himself is writ for all to see, even to the seizing of the monuments of his ancestors as his own by right so that all things that ever happened should be attributed by future ages to himself.

But it must not be thought that, frivolous as this fragmentary picture-play may be, I would have him presented as a fraud and an impostor. When first historians found that much of the "greatness" of Rameses the Great consisted of exaggerated achievements told in flowery language of sycophantic poets, and in the deeds of his ancestors recorded on monuments on which he had substituted his own name that they might be taken for his own, he was denuded of his greatness and called an impostor. But more careful investigation will not support this conception of him. That Rameses was a truly great man and a great ruler the records of his life appear to prove beyond doubt. His personal valour and his success as a general—for the very details of the disposition of his troops in a battle are able to be reconstructed by us—prove him a great soldier; the records of his treaties and diplomatic transactions prove him a great statesman; the monuments of his long reign, the temples and the social prosperity of his empire prove him a great administrator; and his personal appearance, from his statues and his well-preserved body, his long life, his immense fertility—his children are said to have numbered something like 400—prove him a great and productive human being.

How literally such a man may have been the "Father of His People" can best be realised by considering this large number of children and his long life; for taking

them at 400, 200 males and 200 females, allowing for the males 20 children each, and for the females 5, we get 4000 and 1000, in all 5000 grandchildren. Allowing for these 2500 males and 2500 females, 10 children each for the males, and 2 for the females of this second—and so shorter—generation, we get 25,000 and 5000, in all 30,000 great grandchildren. Now these figures are not high as regards the opportunities; moreover, in a lifetime of a century there might well be yet another generation in being, so that, added together, there would be nothing outrageous in Rameses having anything up to or well over thirty-five thousand descendants of himself living in Egypt at the time of this play.

Can this fine noble old figure, so grand in his person, so successful in his long reign, so imaginative and humourous in his very vanity and egoism which left for future ages so colossal a conception of himself, who guided the destinies of his people through such a long and perilous period of civilisation, be denied his greatness because his egoism turned almost to megalomania after a lonely reign that carried his life nearly to the duration of a century? What the state of mind of such an aged and isolated figure, raised for 90 years above the other inhabitants of the Earth, may have been towards the end of that long weary life, surrounded by the grandchildren of the officials of his prime, I have sought to sketch in this picture, and it is at once his explanation and the exposure of his absurdity to the laughter of ordinary men. But if I have failed to combine the humour of him with the pathos of the fading remnants of the true grandeur of his youth it is because of my incompetence in writing a play and not because of his own littleness in life.

### 3. MOSES THE PROPHET OF ISRAEL.

Besides a study of Rameses this trifle contains another figure of historical importance, Moses the leader of the Israelites. That he lived during this reign is almost certain, though there is no record of him on the

monuments of Egypt. Therefore I have called this piece a play for Bible-students. For only to those to whom the account of the Israelites in Egypt, contained in the book of the Exodus, is familiar, can the situations be understood or appreciated for what they are. To one who knows not that story the events herein will have but little humour and will seem merely banal and peculiar. But the Bible-student will not love me all the same, so I shall have but a small audience of friendly readers. For I have here presented the story of the plagues and Moses in his dealings with Pharaoh (Peraa in Egyptian) not as they are described in the book of the Exodus, compiled many centuries afterwards from the folk-lore and legends of a people long separated in time and distance from the Egypt of Rameses, describing events for their own glorification, but from the point of view from which I imagine the Egyptian of the time of their occurrence might have seen them as they took place. Since no record of these things is to be found in Egypt—and if there were such it would only be in some provincial archives of a local governor, stating perhaps that a body of some few thousand Asiatic slaves had decamped and been chased unsuccessfully by a company of Egyptian chariotry—I have had to use the main facts as described by the Israelites. These I have imagined happening, as far as their occurrence at all can be made credible in view of what we know of Egyptian court life and social customs, and I have endeavoured to present the attitude in which they would have been received by the king and court in Egypt as it was in the time of Rameses. Indeed they do not in any form fit comfortably into Egyptian life as we know it, but in so far as the occurrences may be re-expressed in terms of Egyptian civilisation I have sought to place them in it, and so far from outraging the facts of the Exodus, as the Bible-student will feel, in order to champion the point of view of the Egyptians, I shall be blamed by the Egyptologist for submitting the haughty Rameses—in all probability the most powerful and arrogant human being who has

ever lived upon the Earth—to a situation of indignity which is quite incredible in view of what we know of court life, and which, received even in the light spirit in which I have presented its reception by Rameses, is nevertheless highly improbable. Of course it is not for a moment suggested that it really took place as I have imagined; the piece is merely a humourous trifle which presents the story of Moses and his plagues in a possible spirit from the standpoint of old Egypt. And just as I have preserved and interpreted the facts as described in the Exodus, so the figure of Moses, sacred to many, is not travestied or presented as an elegant Egyptian gentleman—as is likely from his upbringing—but I have made him the traditional old Hebrew prophet, white-robed, white-bearded, venerable, inspired, brow-beating Pharaoh, wrathful, and respected among the Egyptians.

We have had history and tragedy in the foregoing pieces; tragedy, romance, and songs of love and death are to come in this volume. Let us enjoy a few moments of mild jesting while we may.

# Bibliography.

(Non-technical publications)

*The Israelites in Egypt: a scientific study.*
"Israel and Egypt,"
Prof. Flinders-Petrie.

*The Account according to the Israelites themselves.*
"The Book of the Exodus," Chapters VI.–XIII.

*The Reign of Rameses the Great: The Monuments.*
"Ancient Records" (Vol. III.),
Prof. Breasted.

*The History of the Period.*
"History of Egypt" (Dynasty XIX.),
Prof. Flinders-Petrie.
"History of Egypt" (Dynasty XIX.),
Prof. Breasted.
"History of Egypt" (Dynasty XIX.),
Sir Wallis Budge.
"The Struggle of the Nations" (Egypt and Rival Powers, including Syria and the Hebrews),
Sir Gaston Maspero.

*Art.*
"Arts and Crafts in Ancient Egypt,"
Prof. Flinders-Petrie.
"Egyptian Art,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.
"Art in Egypt,"
Sir Gaston Maspero.

*Study of the Problem of the Chronology.*
"Historical Studies,"
Prof. Flinders-Petrie.
"Ancient Records" (Vol. II.),
Prof. Breasted.

# A Royal Audience.

## RAMESES THE GREAT.

## AN OSTRACON OF THE NEW EMPIRE.

A Play for Bible Students who know not Egypt.

## Persons.

The King of the South and North SOTEP-EN-RIYA,
Son of the Sun RIYAMOSIS MERYYAMOUN.
The Hereditary Prince, Vizier, KHAY.
The Hereditary Prince, Chief Prophet, BAKENKHONSU.
The Overseer of the Palace.
Mose, Elder of the Israilu.
Princes, Officials, Fan-Bearers.

# A Royal Audience.

*The audience-chamber of Riyamosis II. in his Palace. That part of the chamber which is represented is the extreme end, the throne and the space behind it, called the Hall of Electrum.*

*A great raised throne of electrum stands in the centre facing the auditorium, behind it a wall painted with battle scenes, the king conquering and destroying his Asiatic and Nubian foes, and heavily inlaid with gold and silver. Two wooden pillars at each side, the end of long collonades, support the roof. The sides, from the level of the throne backwards, are continuations of the back wall, the whole forming a recess in which the king sits to give audience. From the other end of the chamber, that is from the auditorium, come two elderly officials, Bakenkhonsu, Chief Prophet of Yamoun, and Khay, the Vizier. They are clad in long robes of white linen to their ankles.*

BAKENKHONSU, *as they mount the stage.*

It is to be hoped so, Khay, it is to be hoped so. *To a third official who approaches from the left.* Greeting to the Overseer of the Palace! How is His Majesty this morning?

THE OVERSEER.

Prince Bakenkhonsu, His Majesty has arisen and will be here in a few moments.

KHAY.

And what humour has He this day?

BAKENKHONSU, *jeeringly.*

What it is to be Vizier! Poor fellow! Khay, thou hast my sympathy. Thine is an evil lot!

KHAY.

It is an anxious matter, the humour of the King; for

the Vizier it is the first thought on waking of a morning. Until that is known there can be no peace for the Vizier.

BAKENKHONSU.

We have noticed thine anxiety, Khay. But what of the divine humour this morning? Doth it not concern us all, even though in less degree?

THE OVERSEER.

The temper is not good, my lords, this morning. The royal toilet was fraught with divine wrath. It is said that a kohl-pot was broken on the head of the royal hairdresser, also that the head of the royal hairdresser was broken on a kohl-pot, but which tale is true I know not at all.

BAKENKHONSU.

Which were the harder, think'st thou, Khay, the alabaster pot or the villain's head? Tell me that, and I'll tell thee which is the true tale.

KHAY.

The rogue's head, methinks, else it had not survived so long. Hath not this same hairdresser attended the divine face for several moons? Hath any so long held office before? Verily his must be a head of diorite.

BAKENKHONSU.

Is't not a pity his head is so hard? The breaking of the kohl-pot cannot well have been so gratifying to the royal distemper as the cracking of this fellow's skull. Had it been otherwise the King might have been relieved, and all had been well for this day's business.

KHAY.

Verily, and I have divers petitions that weigh heavy on my heart.

BAKENKHONSU.

Alas, alas! Poor fellow! What it is to be Vizier! What wouldst thou of the Good God to-day?

KHAY.

It is the Royal Children. Something must be done or the people of the Two Lands will have to find a new

country in which to dwell. Every office is filled with their Highnesses, they fight among themselves like hyenas, there are ever others growing up, clamouring for high places, and it is not possible that the administration can stand more of them and continue in efficiency, or, indeed, in existence. In truth the administration of the affairs of the kingdom is as nothing beside the administration of the affairs of the administration of the royal children who hold public offices! The whole executive is in chaos.

BAKENKHONSU.

Indeed, a delicate matter, friend Khay, a delicate matter indeed! And the royal temper a little deranged! This concerns all of us, for we shall come in for a share of it when the storm shall have passed over thee. Something must, indeed, be devised!

KHAY.

What sayest thou is the mood of His Majesty, Overseer of the Palace? What form is his distemper?

THE OVERSEER.

The royal temper hath not been benevolent save on rare occasions these many days, Prince Khay.

KHAY.

I know it. I have postponed this matter hoping for an improvement until it can wait no longer.

THE OVERSEER.

It is a weariness that hath fallen upon the Good God. He groweth aged. Hath He not sat upon the throne, alone and with His Father, for nearly ninety years? Everything there was to do, He hath done it. Everything there was to see, He hath seen it. Everything there was to hear, He hath heard it. There is naught left for His Majesty save a great weariness of all things. This daily audience, hath it not been so three hundred and sixty-five times during each of ninety years? What can there be save weariness when life continues thus?

KHAY.

True, true.

THE OVERSEER.

In his youth there were wars, and He outdid all men in valour. But there comes a time when even the singing of praises becomes a weariness in the ears of one who can fight no longer.

KHAY.

It is just.

THE OVERSEER.

He hath builded temples and monuments throughout the Land until even the treasures of His great empire have run low. When the mightiest dreams of the imagination of the young have been realised in stone, and the deeds of a lifetime cast broadcast upon them, there comes a weariness in the heart at these things.

KHAY.

Thou speakest truth.

THE OVERSEER.

When all foes have been conquered and all great works achieved, when treaties have been brought to pass with all foreign nations that may not be overcome, what else is there for a King save a great weariness in His old age?

KHAY.

Nevertheless something must be devised wherewith to lighten His heart this day. What sayest thou? Shall not a new hymn of praise be sung unto Him?

THE OVERSEER.

Of what avail? Hath not each of His deeds been magnified in song for His diversion to the utmost of the power of the poets, even so that the deeds themselves are no longer to be recognised? Hath not His glory already had the resources of words exhausted upon it? What more is there to be said? What joy is there in such to an old man? Think'st thou He believeth in them? He hath lived too long and seen too much of men.

KHAY.

A story then, a good story?

THE OVERSEER.

In ninety-eight years He hath heard all stories. He

hath seen too much of life to find diversion in the invented tales of the deeds of men.

KHAY.

Then let there be new women brought for His amusement. Let some foreign Prince have an offering of fair damsels placed to his credit. Even the old take pleasure in fair women.

THE OVERSEER.

Of what avail? Hath not every Prince in the civilised world sent Him the fairest of his subjects and his own children to gladden the royal heart and win the favour of the King? Have not the Two Lands from the days of His youth given Him of their fair women in abundance, more than the sands, so that He knoweth them not even by sight? Hath He not even married three or four of His own daughters? What further experience is possible to Him where love is concerned?

KHAY.

Alas, alas! But something must be devised! Hath everything been done and done again unto weariness? Is there no marvel of art, no strange contrivance of craftsmanship, no object of beauty, no new portrait-bust, no colossal image of His Majesty that might divert His Heart?

THE OVERSEER.

The endless years of His reign have exhausted all things in Tamery for His diversion. Hast thou thyself no marvel of foreign lands, no strange beast of the South, or object of Eastern civilisation that He has not seen?

KHAY.

Alas! Lions and crocodiles hath He hunted and slain, panthers hath He tamed so that they walk behind Him like dogs, every nation of the Earth hath sent Him of its rarest and its best.

THE OVERSEER.

Hast thou no new problem of administration, no new system of irrigation, no new type of ship for His navy, that might arouse His interest?

KHAY.

I have nothing. The experience and experiments of centuries, the rule of the great Kings His Forefathers, have but left for Him the perfecting of all things, and this in the fervour and energy of His youth He hath done. Now there is naught left to be improved.

THE OVERSEER.

What of the Gods? Have the Gods no new message for Him, no pleasing command to lay upon Him, no beneficent hymn of praise to bestow upon Him for His good deeds, such that His heart might rejoice in the hearing of it?

BAKENKHONSU.

As Chief Prophet I can speak for the Gods. What if They had? Hath He not for close on a hundred years fulfilled on Earth the commands laid upon Him by His Fathers and Brethren the Gods? Of all things He should be most weary of this. Are not the walls of every temple in the Land crammed with the praises bestowed on Him by the Gods Whose Will He has done so well? Besides, hath He not Himself been deified these forty years, hath He not held Sed-festivals in honour of His own apotheosis till the whole Land, and even He Himself, is sick of them? Hath He not in turn worshipped the Gods, fulfilled the commands of the Gods, been praised by the Gods; then Himself become a God, fulfilled His own divine commands as a God, praised Himself for His own fulfilment of His own commands as a God? Hath He not even publicly worshipped His own image, performed the ritual and offered sacrifices to Himself as a God? What joy then can there be left to Him in Godship? All, all hath been done.

KHAY.

Alas, alas! All the possibilities of Manhood, of Kingship, of Godhead, have been exhausted by His Majesty. Naught, naught but weariness is there left unto Him, naught untasted but the tomb!

BAKENKHONSU.

But wait! I have an idea! Not for nothing hath Bakenkhonsu risen from the rank of inferior priest of the temple, to be Divine Father, Third Prophet, Second Prophet, and finally Chief Prophet of Yamoun in the whole Land!

KHAY.

Tell us thy thought, Bakenkhonsu, as thou livest!

BAKENKHONSU.

A plague, my boys, a plague! Let there be done for His Majesty a plague!

KHAY.

Thou meanest the magicians? There is nought of their power that He knoweth not.

BAKENKHONSU.

Not so, not so. Magic and rubbish! Recollectest thou not that venerable man of the Ebraiu, that white-bearded elder of the Israilu, who with his brother so diverted the royal heart by turning his staff into the semblance of a serpent?

KHAY.

Verily, verily, I had forgotten it. His Majesty sent for the men learned in the ancient writings and magic arts to see if they could do likewise. The thing actually attracted the royal notice, He was roused from His weariness for awhile. The idea is good, Bakenkhonsu.

BAKENKHONSU.

It shall be repeated. His Majesty shall have a plague performed for Him. It will rejoice His heart.

KHAY.

But how? Knowest thou this elder of the Ebraiu, and how he may be made do our bidding?

BAKENKHONSU.

Verily, I know him well. These men have troubled us not a little of late. These two brothers, both elders and leaders of their tribe, have been working up an agitation among their company and giving trouble to their overseers. It has been before my department much of late.

KHAY.

Who are they, and where may they be found?

BAKENKHONSU.

It is not likely thou hast heard of them. It is a company of some five thousand Asiatics who call themselves the Israilu. They have been employed in building and the manufacture of bricks in the Delta.

KHAY.

What is their greivance?

BAKENKHONSU.

They have none. It is the grievance of these two old leaders. They are lazy, like all Asiatics. They would go out into the desert, instead of working, in order to sacrifice to some God or other. It is nothing. But the old men are what we want. The one is called Mose, he was adopted as a child by a Royal Daughter of a past generation, so he knows the ways of the Court. But he was in exile for 40 years and has forgotten the customs of his youth and the ways of Tamery. Let him be brought. I can make him do what I wish.

KHAY.

Let it be done with all speed. I will give what orders thou dost direct.

BAKENKHONSU.

Overseer, knowest thou where this old man may be found?

OVERSEER.

My clerks have record of his movements, he is well-known, by his beard he is recognised.

BAKENKHONSU.

It is well. Let one be sent to him. Let it be said to him simply that His Majesty hath hardened His heart. That will fetch him. Trust me. I know him. He knows that this is the hour of audience and petitions when all men have access to His Majesty, and he will come. Hardened His heart. Just that and no more. Then he will do a plague for us.

THE OVERSEER.

My lords, I go.

*He withdraws.*

BAKENKHONSU.

This is excellent, Khay, excellent. This will not fail to divert the heart of the King.

KHAY.

Thine idea is indeed excellent, Divine Father. But let me know just what he will do, so that I may seize the right moment for my business.

BAKENKHONSU.

I will tell thee. In the first place he is strange to look upon, and this will in itself divert the King. In the second place he is mad, and this shall be amusing too. So long hath he been away from the Two Lands that he hath forgotten that which happens here. Failing to achieve the granting of his petition, he declared that the river had turned into blood, so that the fish died and men had to dig wells for water to drink, at his command, out of his power, not knowing that at this season when the river is at its lowest and the sand is washed down it always is so. Then, perceiving frogs coming up out of the polluted water on to the land and being everywhere, he claimed this as his magic also. His Majesty still being amused and not granting his petition, Mose claimed the lice which abound at this season, the flies and the epidemics of skin diseases among the people during the dry season, as his work. These he calls his plagues, and he will have some new ones, depend upon it. The present rains, perchance, or the locusts and sandstorms, if they have arrived and he has heard of them, he will call down on His Majesty, and delight shall be in the royal heart at these things!

KHAY.

Excellent is this thought of thine, Bakenkhonsu! But silence! The King cometh!

*There is a sound of shouting, "Peraa! Peraa!" and Riyamosis enters from the right leaning on the bent shoulders of two of his princes. Other*

*princes follow and range themselves about the throne and forming an avenue before it, fan-bearers behind it. He seats himself on the throne facing the auditorium which, it is presumed, is filled with his lesser subjects. It is almost needless to describe the old king. Even at this day figures of him in his youth and his prime are in every country, in Egypt, in Europe, in America, and his body in excellent preservation is to be seen in Cairo. He is a magnificent old man, of fine physique, noble bearing, slightly hook nose, haughty of manner, penetrating of glance, infinitely conceited, and withal fraught with an unconquerable sense of humour most strongly expressed in the disposition of his mouth. He is very old, but still full of vitality when aroused. At present he is in repose and infinitely weary and bored. His vestments are the royal kirtle, sash embroidered with uraei, transparent mantle, jewelled pectoral, armlets, wristlets, anklets, wig, royal beard, the double-diadem with uraeus upon his head, in his hands the Uas sceptre, the Crook, and the Flail, and suspended behind, the royal tail. The Court falls upon its belly and smells-the-earth. After a few seconds he motions it to rise, and it stands, hands raised in the attitude of adoration, singing the following excessively tedious hymn of praise.*

THE COURT, *chanting fulsomely.*

Life to the Horu: Mighty-Bull, Beloved-of-Truth!
Lord of the East and West: Defender of-His-Country, Binder-of-the-Barbarians!
Glittering Sparrow-Hawk: Rich-in-Years, Great-in-Victory!
King of the South and North: Usermariya Sotep-enriya,
Son of the Sun: Riyamosis Meryyamoun, Gifted with Life forever!
We come to Thee, Lord of Heaven, Lord of Earth,

Riya, Life of the World, Lord of Duration,
Fruitful of births, Ytumu to His subjects,
Lord of Destiny, Creator of Renenet, Khnunm who fashioned His people!
Giver of breath unto the nostrils of Mankind, Making the Gods to live,
Pillar of Heaven, Support of the Earth, Judge of the Two Lands!
Lord of Food, plentiful in grain, in Whose footsteps is the Harvest,
Maker of the great, Fashioner of the lowly,
Whose word produces food!
The Lord vigilant when all men sleep, Whose Might defends Tamery,
Valiant in foreign lands, Who returns when He has triumphed,
Whose sword protects His people!
Beloved of truth, in which He lives by His laws,
Defender of the Two Lands, rich in years, great in victory,
The fear of Whom destroys foreign lands!
Our King, our Lord, our Sun, by the words of Whose mouth Ytumu liveth!
Lo! we are now before Thy Majesty,
That Thou mayest decree to us the life that Thou givest,
Peraa, Life, Strength, Health, Living Breath,
Who causeth all men to live when He shineth upon them!

RIYAMOSIS, *wearily.*

My Majesty hath heard that song before. It wearies Me.

KHAY, *fulsomely.*

Thou art Riya, Thy body is His body. There has been no ruler like Thee. Thou art unique, like the son of Osyri. Thou art like Riya in all that Thou doest. That which Thy heart wishes cometh to pass. If Thou desirest a matter in the night, in the morning it is done. We have been beholding the multitude of Thy marvels since Thine appearance as King of the Two Lands.

We have not heard, neither have our eyes seen, yet do Thy wishes come to pass of themselves. As for everything that comes out of Thy mouth, it is like the words of Horyakhti. Thy tongue is a pair of balances, more accurate are Thy two lips than the true weighing of Tahuti. What is there which Thou knowest not? Who is the finisher of it like unto Thee? Where is the place which Thou hast not seen? There is no country which Thou hast not trodden. . . .

RIYAMOSIS, *irritably*.

Enough, enough! I know all that. Thou hast just said that I know everything, so why weary My Majesty with telling Me what I know?

KHAY.

Majesty, this song of Thy Princes have we sung to Thee every third day for some eighteen years. . . .

RIYAMOSIS.

My Majesty thought I had heard it before somewhere. Let it not be repeated. It wearies Me.

KHAY.

What song shall be pleasing to the Good God as a hymn of praise from His Princes?

RIYAMOSIS.

Sing of some deed of My Majesty hitherto unsung.

KHAY.

The valiant deeds of Peraa are many, even as the sands, but all have been sung already.

RIYAMOSIS.

Then invent some new ones.

KHAY.

Majesty, but there are no deeds left unsung which Thy Majesty hath performed!

RIYAMOSIS.

Idiot! What matter whether My Majesty hath done it or not? Is there any deed which My Majesty might not have done?

KHAY.

Verily there is no deed so great that His Majesty might not do it.

RIYAMOSIS.

Then, whatever it be, it is as though My Majesty had done it. Therefore it is a deed of My Majesty. Let it be sung. Hath My Majesty no men of sense among My Princes?

KHAY, *humbly*.

The great deed of Peraa shall be sung before Him to-morrow in greeting.

RIYAMOSIS.

It is well. It is in the heart of My Majesty that it is some time since I have done a great deed. Let an obelisk be erected and a record of My valiance be graved upon it for all men to see and know the might of My Majesty.

KHAY.

It shall be done, even as Peraa hath decreed. Shall Peraa have overcome a foe among the vile Asiatics, destroying the Unclean Ones by the fury of His serpent-diadem and destroying them utterly?

RIYAMOSIS.

My Majesty hath done that so often. It is a weariness unto Me. I have destroyed the Asiatics and the vile men of Kush till the thought is no longer pleasing in My heart.

KHAY.

Verily Thou hast trampled them in the dust and destroyed them utterly times without number, the vile Asiatics, and the Anu of Nubia. Will Thy Majesty then destroy the Lords of the Sands or the Libyans of the North country in this deed?

RIYAMOSIS.

Nay, nay, My Majesty is weary of destroying them also.

KHAY.

Will, then, Thy Majesty receive an embassy of foreign Princes bearing rich tribute, precious substances, strange beasts, and fair daughters of kings, to lay at Thy feet?

RIYAMOSIS.

Weary, weary is My Majesty of these things. Have not

all the kings of the Earth laid at My feet all their riches times without number?

KHAY.

Perchance Thy Majesty will dedicate a temple or raise an obelisk to the glory of His Fathers and Brethren the Gods, that They may grant long life to His Majesty and henti-periods without number, verily unto all eternity?

RIYAMOSIS.

So be it. My Majesty will do so.

KHAY.

Where shall this great and beneficent thing be performed?

RIYAMOSIS.

Wherever it is fitting.

KHAY.

In every city in the whole Land there is a temple or an obelisk to the glory of Peraa, and in some there are many.

RIYAMOSIS.

Then let it be here.

KHAY, *with hesitation.*

Already the great works of Peraa are numerous in this city.

RIYAMOSIS.

There is no end to the number of My works. Let there be yet another.

KHAY, *desperately.*

Majesty, there is no space, all the sites have been filled with records of the magnificence of Peraa.

RIYAMOSIS.

Have not temples and monuments been erected by My Forefathers? Have I no man of sense among My Princes?

KHAY.

Verily, Majesty, Thy Forefathers have built many temples but . . .

RIYAMOSIS.

Very well then. Is there any building that My Majesty might not build? Any monument on which My Majesty might not cause to be engraved My deeds?

KHAY.

No, verily, there is none. There is no building of the past so great that Thy Majesty might not have built it, nor any monument that might not have borne the record of Thy deeds.

RIYAMOSIS.

Then it is as though My Majesty had built that temple, as though My Majesty had graven that monument with My own deeds. Therefore it is a temple of My Majesty, and My monument. Let it be dedicated afresh by Me. Let any other name be erased from it, and let it be attributed by future generations to Me, its rightful builder. Let such monument have erased from it such deed as it bears of My Forefathers and let My deed be placed upon it instead since it is My monument, and all men shall know My greatness unto eternity!

KHAY.

But, Majesty . . .

RIYAMOSIS.

Alas, alas! Have I no man of sense among My Princes? Hath not My Majesty spoken?

KHAY.

Verily, wise words and true as the words of Tahuti just words and full of joy in the hearts of Thy Princes, but alas! all the temples of the Ancestors have already been taken by Thy Majesty and attributed to Thee their true builder, and all the monuments have already been inscribed with Thy deeds in place of the deeds of Thy Forefathers who had usurped the monuments which by right were Thine own and awaiting the record of Thy might!

RIYAMOSIS.

In truth, in truth, the Two Lands are too small to hold the deeds of My Majesty!

KHAY.

Verily, the whole Earth is too small to hold the mere record of the deeds of Peraa!

RIYAMOSIS.

Methinks My ancestors fulfilled their tasks on Earth but ill in that They did not provide more temples and monuments to the glory of My Majesty, for how in the short years of My reign could I set up enough for the recording of My deeds? Are they not indeed worthy of blame in this thing? Is it not a sorry thought that future ages may not know the fulness of My might, the true brilliance of My glory, the sublime pinnacle of My valiance? It is not well that through lack of knowledge of Me future generations should be allowed to think that any other King ever sat upon the Great Throne of Horu before My Majesty, or did aught that could be spoken of beside My deeds in the Land.

KHAY.

Majesty, may the Gods forbid that such ignorance should ever be in the Land of Tamery! Thy Majesty must spare no effort to save the men of future ages from such misguidance.

RIYAMOSIS.

Alas, bitterness and ingratitude alone are left unto My Majesty in My old age! The ingratitude of those for whom I have toiled so valiantly all these years, and the bitterness of My own heart and the emptiness of all things. Weary, weary am I, naught is there left unto Me save weariness and memories of the deeds of My youth. Perchance I have ruled My people too long, perchance I have dwelt long enough among the Living. All things have indeed been performed, and there is naught left for Me save weariness and the years that have no end.

KHAY.

Thy Majesty is the Sun by whose rays alone men have life. All men pray that the beneficent rule of Peraa may be for all time.

RIYAMOSIS, *wearily.*

Indeed already it seemeth that I have ruled over mankind since the beginning of the world.

KHAY.

Verily, so seemeth it in the eyes of all men, for before the days of Thy Majesty it is as though the Two Lands had not existed, for by Thy might alone are they supreme upon Earth.

RIYAMOSIS.

Verily, since the beginning hath My Majesty sat upon the Great Throne of Horu, for I ruled over mankind while I was still in the egg, and before My time there was nothing, for everything that is exists but by My might. Therefore the Earth is My creation, I am Khnumu the Fashioner of all things, out of My divine eyes men and women came, and out of My mouth the Gods, for by My words were all things made, My Majesty was endowed with the creative voice and that which I uttered verily it was immediately. Thus have I been from the beginning, men are born, men live and die, but My Majesty goeth on forever, and there is no end for Me. I am for all eternity. But weary, weary is My Majesty of all things!

KHAY.

Is there naught that the heart of His Princes might devise that should be pleasing unto Peraa?

RIYAMOSIS.

Naught is there left unto Me, naught.

KHAY.

Are there not those that are dear unto the heart of the Good God?

RIYAMOSIS.

Verily, have I not married all women that are among the Living that could give pleasure unto My heart? All, all have I married, all women of all nations; but in the love of women is there no longer any joy unto My Majesty. Verily there is no joy in women at all, and they are empty and unprofitable creatures.

KHAY, *desperately.*

But the children of Peraa, are they not pleasing unto the royal heart, even as unto the heart of His Princes?

*Bakenkhonsu digs him mischievously in the ribs, and the Court seeks to conceal its merriment.*

RIYAMOSIS.

Verily, My children. I had forgotten My children. It is a good thought. Dear are My children unto My Majesty. My Majesty had forgotten them. The thought is a pleasing thought. Let My children be brought to Me, that I may speak unto them and tell them of the deeds of their Father. Verily, My Majesty will bestow upon them high offices in My administration that their hearts may be glad.

*Consternation among the princes.*

KHAY.

It shall be done. Which of the children of Peraa shall be summoned? Those wearing the side-lock of youth, the grown Princes, or the very aged?

RIYAMOSIS.

All, all. Let all My children be summoned. My Majesty will address all My children.

KHAY.

The twelve elder of the Royal Children are already in the Sky. These may not be summoned.

RIYAMOSIS.

Alas, it is even so. This had My Majesty forgotten. Very grievous is this thing in My heart that My children should die so young.

KHAY, *aghast.*

So young! But, Majesty, the Hereditary Princes died of senile decay! My great-grandmother was wet-nurse to the eldest Royal Son!

RIYAMOSIS.

Was't so indeed? My Majesty is not pleased. It is not fitting that My children die of senile decay.

KHAY, *with hesitation.*

Will not Peraa permit that representatives be selected from His children, or that some chosen ones of all ages shall attend His words?

RIYAMOSIS.

All, all My children shall stand before Me. Have I not spoken?

KHAY, *aghast.*

All! But, Majesty, it is impossible!

RIYAMOSIS.

What sayeth My Vizier? Have I not declared My Will? Naught can be impossible when My Majesty willeth that it shall be. That which My mouth decrees, verily it cometh to pass immediately.

KHAY.

But where will Peraa review His children? Shall they be gathered together in the desert to the West that He may address them?

RIYAMOSIS.

Verily, not so. Hither let them be brought. My Majesty awaits. It is not fitting that My Majesty wait.

KHAY.

Hither? But, Majesty, Majesty, it is not possible . . .

RIYAMOSIS, *haughtily.*

Have I not said that it is not fitting that My Majesty wait?

KHAY.

But alas, alas! It may not be, it may not be! Majesty, it is not . . .

RIYAMOSIS, *furious.*

What meaneth this obstinacy? Doth any man dare question the command of his King? The wrath of My Majesty shall be terrible indeed in the beholding! It is not fitting that My Majesty wait thus. I have spoken.

KHAY.

But, Majesty! Forgiveness! Forgiveness! This hall will not hold more than three hundred persons, verily though they stand each one pressed against his neighbour!

RIYAMOSIS.

What of that? I would behold My children.

KHAY.

But the children of His Majesty are even as the sands of the sea! It is not possible in this hall, unless it is

Thy will that they come before Thee in battalions, two hundred at a time.

RIYAMOSIS, *with intense weariness.*

Alas, alas! Is this thing so? Hath Fate yet this bitterness to lay upon Me in Mine old age that I may not even behold My children and address them for that there is no hall in My Palace great enough to contain them? In truth it is too long that I have dwelt among the Living, for the world of mortal men is not great enough to contain My Majesty and My works. I am of a divine creation, and there is no land that can support My greatness. During the years of My youth I have done all things, all the Earth hath been filled with My creations, and now that I am old there is no longer space on Earth for My Majesty, nor scope for the creations of My divine nature. I have outgrown all things, used up all things, and there is no place left in the Two Lands wherein My Majesty may do aught. Verily, My divine creativeness hath outstripped and exhausted the capacity of this paltry Earth for receiving of My bounties. It is indeed time that My Majesty departed to rejoin My Fathers and Brethren the Gods in the Sky. Perchance there My Majesty shall find room for the expression of My divine energies and fruitfulness. But methinks lazy and negligent indeed have been My Forebears upon the throne in that they provided not for My Majesty a hall great enough to contain My children that I might behold them and address them in Mine old age for the satisfaction of My heart!

KHAY.

Verily, negligent indeed have been the Ancestors! Inexcusable hath it been that this thing should come to pass!

RIYAMOSIS.

Weary, weary is My Majesty of earthly joys, naught is there left for Me on Earth that I may do, naught is there that may divert My heart among the Living!

*The Court is in despair. The princes wring their hands in their extremity. Then in the*

*silence there comes a sound of panting and the tapping of a stick, and all men look towards the end of the hall. Riyamosis, his head sunk upon his breast, appears weighed down with his own weariness of life. He may even be asleep. Presently, breathing heavily and wheezing as he walks, comes an old man strangely clad in a shabby coarse long linen robe, leaning heavily on a high staff, long white hair flowing from his shoulders, and a great white beard reaching almost to his knees; wild-eyed and frantic he pants up the steps from the auditorium and approaches the throne, shaking his stick. Riyamosis looks up and exhibits a faint spark of interest.*

RIYAMOSIS.

What is this that My Majesty beholdeth before Me?

KHAY, *like the other princes, vastly relieved at the diversion.*

Majesty, it is the old man Mose, the elder of the people of the Israilu.

RIYAMOSIS, *while Mose laboriously recovers his breath.*

He pleaseth My Majesty. Tell me of him.

BAKENKHONSU.

Perchance Peraa calleth to mind this Asiatic? He and his brother made his staff into the likeness of a serpent for the diversion of Peraa some moons past.

RIYAMOSIS.

My Majesty hath remembrance of him. Did it not divert My Majesty? Tell Me of him further. What sought he of Me?

BAKENKHONSU.

In his childhood he was taken into the household of a Royal Daughter long since justified before Osyri. In her service he grew to manhood. Then he fled to foreign lands for many years and has lately returned. He is a chief among his people, and hath been held in honour among the officers of Peraa owing to his upbringing in the royal household.

RIYAMOSIS.

His people, what are they?

BAKENKHONSU.

He is of a company of Asiatics. Famine being in their land, they sought servitude in Tamery that they might have food. They have been employed by the brick-makers and masons in the building of the city of Rameses in the Northland. He himself will declare to Peraa that favour which he seeketh. Speak, old man. His Majesty will receive thy petition.

MOSE, *threateningly, waving his stick, and speaking in a wild and frantic manner.*

Thus saith the Lord God of the Ebraiu: "How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself before Me? Let My people go that they may serve Me. For I will at this time send all My plagues upon thine heart, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people, that thou mayest know that there is none like Me in all the Earth. . . ."

RIYAMOSIS.

In truth, in truth! But excite not thyself thus, old man. My Majesty is not terrible save in My wrath. My Majesty doubteth not thy words when thou sayest that there is none like thee in all the Earth. It is for that My Majesty delighteth in thee.

MOSE, *wildly.*

It is not I. It is not I. It is the Lord that speaketh. It is His words that I utter to thee, His words . . .

RIYAMOSIS.

Who then is this lord whose words thou speakest?

MOSE.

Yahveh is His name. They are the words of Yahveh . . .

RIYAMOSIS.

Verily, then let him be brought. If he declareth that there is none like him on the Earth, My Majesty would behold him. It may divert My Majesty. Let Yahveh be fetched.

MOSE, *frantically.*

Yahveh is the Lord. Yahveh is the Lord God. He

cometh in His hour. He is the destroyer. Thou shalt behold Him in His hour.

RIYAMOSIS.

Verily I understand him not. Who is this Yahveh? My Majesty would behold him. Let him be fetched.

BAKENKHONSU.

Majesty, it is the name of the God of this people. The word meaneth the "Mountain God." It is not of a man that he speaketh.

RIYAMOSIS.

My Majesty is not pleased. I would have beheld him. Let the old man proceed.

MOSE.

Thus saith the Lord God of the Ebraiu: "Now I will stretch out My hand, that I may smite thee and thy people with pestilence; and thou shalt be cut off from the Earth. And in very deed for this cause have I raised thee up, for to show in thee My power; and that My name may be declared throughout all the Earth. As yet exalteth thou thyself against My people, that thou wilt not let them go? Behold to-morrow about this hour I will cause it to rain a very grievous rain such as hath not been in the Two Lands since the foundation thereof until now. Send therefore now and gather thy cattle and all that thou hast in the field; for upon every man and beast which shall be found in the field, and shall not be brought home, the rain shall come down upon them, and they shall die!"

RIYAMOSIS.

Proceed. Proceed. It is pleasing unto My Majesty to hear thy words. They are unlike the hymns of praise of My Majesty sung to Me by My Princes, and indeed of these I am very weary. Let My Majesty always be praised thus. See to it, My Princes, that it is done. Let the words of praise of this old man be put into writing that they may be sung to My Majesty in future instead of the usual hymn. Did not My Majesty already declare that a new hymn shall be used? It shall

be this one. The sound is strange and pleasing in My ears. Proceed. Proceed.

MOSE.

Thus saith the Lord God of the Ebraiu: "How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself before Me? Let My people go that they may serve Me. Else, if thou refuse to let My people go, behold, to-morrow will I bring locusts into thy coasts: and they shall cover the face of the Earth, that one shall not be able to see the Earth: that they shall eat the remains of that which is escaped, which remaineth unto you from the rain, and shall eat every tree which groweth for you out of the field. And they shall fill thy houses, and the houses of all thy servants, and the houses of all the men of the Two Lands; which neither thy fathers nor thy fathers' fathers have seen, since the day that they were upon the Earth unto this day."

RIYAMOSIS.

It is well. It is well. Thy words are pleasing in the heart of My Majesty, old man. My Majesty delighteth in these things exceedingly, exceedingly. Do thou these marvels, and when thou hast done them, ask of My Majesty what thou willest and I will grant thy petition if it is just.

MOSE.

These plagues and more shall Yahveh cause to descend upon thee if thou hardenest thy heart and grantest not this thing to His people. Grant it, grant it, O King of the Two Lands!

RIYAMOSIS.

But do thou thy part first. My Majesty shall not give thee thy reward until thou hast fulfilled thy part. Do for My Majesty these marvels and I will hear thy prayer.

MOSE.

Reward! Speakest thou of reward? What reward is there for the wicked but destruction? Harden not thy heart! Mock not the Lord! Thick darkness shall

He cause to descend upon thee beyond the other evils if still Thou hardenest Thy heart. Hast thou not learned of the power of the Lord? Hath He not turned for thee the water into blood so that the fish died therein, and men had to dig wells for that the water stank? Hath He not caused frogs to come up out of the water to cover the whole land? Hath He not sent lice, and foot-and-mouth disease among cattle, and all manner of skin diseases among men, according to my words, that thou mightest know His power? And yet hath He not hardened Thy heart so that still thou refusest to let His people go?

RIYAMOSIS.

My Majesty bringeth to mind that thou didst promise Me these marvels, but thou performedst naught for Me, save the turning of thy staff into the semblance of a serpent. These plagues of which thou speakest thou broughtest not to pass save in the ordinary occurrence. When the water is low in the dry season the river is ever thus, like blood, and the fish die, and the frogs come up into the Land. Then cometh the season of ill-health among man and beast when these sicknesses are ever throughout the Land. Perform for My Majesty these marvels out of season and I will grant thy desire.

MOSE, *angrily*.

Yahveh the destroyer shall smite thee for this thing, that thou mockest Him and hardenest thine heart!

RIYAMOSIS.

My Majesty taketh not pleasure in that plague. Let there be another and I will not harden My heart if it amuse My Majesty. Yet thou declaredst but now that this Yahveh himself hardened the heart of My Majesty. If he would do Me marvels that I might grant him his petition, why sayest thou that he hardens the heart of My Majesty? Is it that he taketh delight in performing these marvels for the pleasing of My Majesty?

MOSE.

Take not in vain the name of Yahveh lest He slay

thee in His wrath! Thus saith the Lord: "About midnight will I go out into the midst of Tamery . . ."

RIYAMOSIS, *leaning back happily.*

It is pleasing to My Majesty. He chanteth Me another hymn! Let it be recorded. My Majesty taketh pleasure in his hymns more than in his marvels.

MOSE, *furiously.*

"About midnight will I go out into the midst of Tamery: and all the firstborn in the land of Tamery shall die, from the firstborn of Peraa that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maidservant that is behind the mill; and all the firstborn of beasts. And there shall be a great cry throughout all the Land of Tamery, such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it any more. But against any of the children of the Israilu shall not a dog move his tongue, against man or beast: that ye may know how that the Lord doth put a difference between the men of Tamery and the Israilu." And all these thy servants shall come down unto me, and bow themselves unto me, saying, "Get thee out, and all the people that follow thee": and after that I will go out.

*He turns and walks out in great anger, his white hair and beard flowing behind him, muttering as he goes.*

RIYAMOSIS, *when Mose has gone.*

Is he angry with My Majesty? How hath My Majesty offended him? I would not that he be displeased, for My Majesty taketh delight in him more than in anything. Did I say aught to hurt his feelings? Let the good old man be soothed and made merry if it be possible. What is his petition? Verily whate'er it be I will grant it, for then he may do for My Majesty these marvels which he proclaimeth, and I would behold them. Verily his plagues are pleasing in My heart.

BAKENKHONSU.

He seeketh the permission of Peraa that he and his people may go into the desert to sacrifice to their God.

RIYAMOSIS.

Then let him go. If it pleaseth his heart, let him go. My Majesty would please him, for I love him well. Why should he not do what he wisheth? Let him be humoured.

BAKENKHONSU.

Majesty, it is a bad example unto other captive Asiatics. Will not all wish to do likewise? They are lazy and would have more holidays. There is naught else in their unrest. Their work can ill be spared for such trifles.

RIYAMOSIS.

How many are they?

BAKENKHONSU.

Majesty, I have not their records in my heart, but the land allotted to them for a dwelling-place cannot harbour above five thousand persons.

RIYAMOSIS.

Let them go. It is My Will. What is the labour of a few thousand men and women for a few days unto My Majesty?

BAKENKHONSU.

Majesty, they will not go unless they take their womenfolk and their children, their flocks and their herds with them. They declare it is for sacrifice, but it is likely that they meditate flight from the Land of Tamery that they may be free and work no longer, becoming wanderers and plunderers, destroying peace and other men's lands even as the Lords of the Sands.

RIYAMOSIS, *wearily.*

My Majesty is fatigued. I am weary. Flight, sayest thou? Then let it not be allowed. Let him be soothed with gifts of jewellery and food. *Sleepily.* Flight? I would not lose him. . . . He amuseth My Majesty. . . . My Majesty will harden My heart. . . .

KHAY, *seizing his opportunity.*

Majesty, I also have a petition. Thy children . . .

RIYAMOSIS, *sleepily.*

My children? Verily I had forgotten. Let them be brought. I love My children.

KHAY.

Thy children, Majesty . . . in the offices of the administration. All is not well. They fight among themselves. Majesty, something must be done. It is not possible to maintain efficiency. They fight . . . they are not at peace. . . .

RIYAMOSIS, *still more sleepily.*

Flight, sayest thou? Let them go sacrifice in the desert if they will. Let them not fight.

KHAY.

Majesty, Thy children, it is of Thy children that I speak. . . .

RIYAMOSIS.

My children. . . . I love My children, let them not be allowed to take flight. . . . They amuse My Majesty . . . the plagues are pleasing in My heart. Plagues and My children. I have no amusements left. I am very weary. I am very old. Naught else diverts My Majesty. Let them be brought to Me, let them sacrifice to their God, and I will tell them of My deeds. Soothe them. . . . My Majesty is sleepy. . . . It is well . . . I have spoken . . . My Majesty . . . is . . . amused. .

KHAY, *with a gesture of despair.*

His Majesty . . . is asleep!

THE GOOD GOD
(From his portraits and his mummy in Cairo).

# PART IV.

# Part IV.

# The Expulsion of the Hyksos.

## THIS DRAMA.

It is necessary to explain that this play that follows is considerably different from those that have gone before. It is differentiated by being more frankly a play, and masquerading as history hardly at all. It is like a knight of old whose armour has been confiscated while he slept. He has to come forth and fight in his own skin. It is also much longer and much older than the others. The difference may not immediately be apparent, for only the Egyptologist can realise the nature of the historical work which is the basis of the other pieces: to the casual reader only the dramatic result is apparent, as one looking at a picture sees not the manner of its making. For that freedom from historical basis, due to the fact that the period of the piece has no history, it may not necessarily be more dull. If it appear unskilful perhaps, nevertheless, one may regard it as a change that is in the nature of a relief, and take this royal romance of old Egypt tolerantly and with a light heart.

## THE HYKSOS IN EGYPT.

It is necessary that I should explain to what extent this play is in accordance with history. As has been stated, the Middle Kingdom sank into a steady decline after the collapse of the great Twelfth Dynasty. Thereafter an Asiatic people entered Egypt in her period of weakness as conquerors, and ruled her for an uncertain period of years. So dark is this age of barbarism that the great Egyptologists are not yet in agreement as to whether it lasted 150 or 1600 years. It is called the

period of the Hyksos Invasion, or the domination of the Shepherd Kings. We have records of an immense number of rulers, and we know that the tradition of the line of native Egyptian kings survived and ultimately emerged in renewed and almost unequalled glory of sovereignty in the Eighteenth Dynasty. This is almost all that we know of this time.

## DYNASTY XVII.

The play deals with the moment when Egypt stirs with a spirit of rebirth and strikes the first blow for freedom. At the opening the people are still in slavery and subjection; at the close they are free—though not for two generations will the land be entirely rid of the oppressors. All that we know of these dim figures and these hazy times is herein, but—and this is the difficulty —much more than we know is herein, and, though much may be a permissible reconstruction of probabilities, some is romance pure and simple.

Yahhotpu was Queen and Heiress, Saqnunriya was her lord; he led the armies in the battle and met the fate that is presented. Kamose reigned briefly, Sekhentnebriya did also—though this is not indicated herein, for it comes later—and Yahmose, with Nofrityri for his Queen, followed and ruled Egypt brilliantly for many years, founding the great Seventeenth Dynasty, and by heroic efforts ridding the country of the Hyksos almost completely, save for a portion who appear to have taken refuge in the Delta. Moreover, Kamose had a sister Kamose, and the attribution of family relationships is founded on historical data. But beyond this the following play is romance. I can make no sharper discrimination than this. I have taken a period that has for history barely an outline. Retaining that outline I have woven a tale.

Each period of Egyptian history has a charm of its own, the great periods that emerge in brilliant detail no more than the dim unknown periods that bristle with romantic probabilities. To me the Seventeenth Dynasty

is the most interesting of all. We know so little that all there is to know is easily made familiar, and with our handful of facts we can make curious combinations and draw thrilling inferences that, possessing a thread of probability, can neither be proved nor disproved at present. A great people in subjection stirring to rebirth, the traditions of past glories kept alive, and a mighty empire ahead of them when they shall have cast off their shackles and won freedom beneath the regenerate descendants of their ancient kings: this is our subject. History gives us for puppets a handful of shadowy figures venerated ever after in their native land, of whom we have the bodies, an object or two such as a sword or a ring, or, in the case of Yahhotpu, marvellous jewellery, and these we are left to bring to life and set moving in our reconstruction of their world. We should realise how wonderful it is to have so much; have we the physical bodies of the Greek heroes, the Atridae, Ulysses, Romulus and Remus the founders of Rome? We laugh at the mere idea; they are but names, myths, prehistoric phantasies. Even our Arthur of centuries A.D. is a dream. But of these, more ancient by millenniums, heroes of old Egypt, we have the very flesh, their hair upon their brows, their rings upon their fingers, their objects of daily life beside their biers. I speak not of all cases, but in general. And any day tombs may be found wherein all things shall be made clear for us.

## ROYAL MARRIAGES AND THE SUCCESSION.

Of the love of the Kamoses and the Yahmoses I need say little. Surely no one will have read thus far who understands not Egypt well enough to need but little explanation of the marriages of Egyptian kings? Very briefly let it be resaid. In Egypt was a survival of a matriarchal society. Property and the sovereignty descended in the female line. It is wise: all men know their mothers, no man has ever yet known his father—for certain. The husband of the eldest daughter became king, ruling for her, going to war, doing all things that

she could not do. For political reasons he often—we cannot say *always* of anything of which we do not know every detail—married all the "legitimate" daughters of the preceding king: that is, all the heiress daughters of the heiress queen. The human mind had not then devised that taboo of later times known as incest. Perhaps it did not yet need it. Consequently, and obviously, it was the brother, the ablest brother, who married his heiress sister and became king. Thus was the royal blood kept pure. Probably an Egyptian lady of royal birth would have called for smelling-salts if anyone had been indelicate enough to suggest in front of her the possibility of marriage with a stranger, with anyone but one of her brothers. The idea would have been positively obscene. Moreover we have evidence, from love-songs and folk-tales and prose fiction, that romance was always imagined as between brother and sister, and real love conceived in that form. The passionate love poems that form Part V. of this volume are addressed from sister to brother, and they are of the people. Finally it is strongly to be suggested that the paramount greatness of the successive sovereigns of the great Egyptian dynasties by which alone Egypt achieved what she did—for, as history abundantly proves, Egypt was but the body of which the king was the heart—was due to this intensive system of inbreeding. Civilisation and prosperity rose and fell like mercury according to the capacity and temperament of the king, and, since inbreeding intensifies every tendency of the parents and appears to develop a will of iron, starting from a supremely vital and gifted stock, it is to be conceived that the successive generations of inbred offspring will tend to reproduce ever more intensively the vital and ruling qualities of their progenitors. A crash may come some day: it is not the function of this essay to argue this: but the long Eighteenth Dynasty, of which we know so much, and the Nineteenth after it, are the best periods of Egyptian history for the study of this question.

## THE LOVE OF KAMOSE.

Thus may the general facts of royal marriages in Egypt be explained briefly, but the particular romance of Kamose needs comment. It has two features strange to modern minds. One I have dealt with above—the mere fact of his love for his sister; the other is the strange nature of that love. I do not expect that either will appeal to modern minds accustomed to neither. We do not know that the two Kamoses had this love. It is the romance I have woven into the history of this time. We know, however, that the two Yahmoses--the famous King Yahmose and the famous Queen Yahmose Nofrityri —loved, ruled, and bred rulers of Egypt; why then—since King Kamose had a sister Kamose, even as King Yahmose had a sister Yahmose—should not they too have loved and died? Kamose came to the throne and died before Yahmose ruled; who shared his throne? The inference surely is permissible. And as for the love itself, is it so strange to modern minds, need it seem so incomprehensible? I set before you the picture of Kamose, the royal prince brought up away from the little court, remembering but vaguely his brothers and sisters. He has known from childhood that the husband of his eldest sister will be king. His nurse has doubtless told him of her as she put him to sleep night after night. Beloved of his own garrison and his own people, he has known from boyhood that all men in his community wish him to be that brother who shall be king. Songs of love, perhaps these very "Songs of Thy Sister" translated in Part V., have been sung to him after almost every evening meal through all his life—for which sister shall his love be, as in the songs? It is not a strange tale surely. Rather would it be a marvel worth recording if it were proved that it had not been.

So I offer to modern imaginations a romance of old Egypt as I conceive it. For that it be ill-told I seek pardon. It is admitted. But let the romance itself be pleasing in the heart, exceedingly, exceedingly—as they said in Egypt of old.

# "And in the Tomb were Found . . ."

A ROYAL ROMANCE OF OLD EGYPT
UNDER THE HYKSOS.

(DYNASTY XVII.)

## Persons.

The King of the South and North SAQNUNRIYA,
Son of the Sun TIUAQNI,

The Royal Daughter, Royal Sister, Royal Mother, Divine Consort, Great Royal Wife, YAHHOTPU,

The Royal Daughter KAMOSE,

The Royal Daughter YAHMOSE NOFRITYRI,

The Royal Son YAHMOSE,

The Royal Son SEKHENTNEBRIYA (SEKHENT-NEB-RIYA)

The Royal Son UAZMOSE,

The Royal Son KAMOSE,

The Chief of the Soldiers YAMOUNI,

The Governor RIYAMOSE,

YANKH HORU, The Harper of Prince Kamose,

A Hyksos Woman,

Chamberlains, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, Hyksos Soldiers and Embalmers.

## Scenes.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Act I. | Scene 1. | The Royal Audience-Chamber at Thebes. |
| | Scene 2. | The Sanctuary of Hat-Hor. |
| | Scene 3. | The Royal Audience-Chamber at Thebes. |
| Act II. | Scene 4. | The Audience-Chamber of Prince Kamose in the Northern City. |
| | Scene 5. | The Audience Chamber of Prince Kamose in the Northern City. |
| Act III. | Scene 6. | The Palace of Prince Kamose. |
| | Scene 7. | The Field of Battle at Dawn after the Victory. |
| | Scene 8. | The Palace of Prince Kamose in the Northern City. |

### NOTE.

There are in this play eight scenes, of which one recurs three times, and another twice, making in all five different scenes. These five scenes, however, can all be presented with little more than one complete setting.

The foundation scene is that comprising Scenes 4, 5 and 8; this reoriented so that the open wall between stage and auditorium comes Right, and the Right wall becomes Back continued with balustrading Right and Back, forms Scenes 1 and 3. This with balustrading from Right continued across Back, Back removed, and other side wall of foundation scene in place of balustrading Right becomes Scene 6. The sky of Scenes 1 and 3 forms Scene 7; and Scene 2, if retained, may be presented before a long dark screen consisting of the Back of the foundation-scene brought forward and unlit save before the Statue.

# "And in the Tomb were Found . . ."

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### THE ROYAL AUDIENCE-CHAMBER AT THEBES.

*Egypt, for many centuries before the moment at which this play opens, had lain beneath the yoke of the Hyksos sovereignty. Egypt as a nation, as the centre of the world's greatest civilisation, as a united kingdom, had ceased to exist. All these things lay wrapped in the mists of the past. But the memories of the glory and prosperity of long ago had remained as a tradition in the land, and among the down-trodden people was stirring a spirit of rebirth. The tradition of the sovereignty had been upheld, and, although the country was ruled by an Asiatic sovereign, among the petty princes who governed for him the provinces of the Two Lands was one who represented the kings of Egypt of past days. Thebes was the centre of this native kingdom, and the tradition of kingship handed down generation after generation among the local princes of Thebes, who to themselves were kings of Egypt as of old, had devolved on the husband of the Heiress, Queen Yahhotpu. His name was Tiuaqni Saqnunriya III., and he was the first of the liberators.*

*Life in these times being but a faint echo of the rich and magnificent pageantry of Egypt in her great periods, the scene is simple. Not here the Hall of Electrum, called sometimes the Embrasure of Gold and Silver, of other days, though doubtless this audience-chamber*

*was so-called for the sake of tradition. Two thrones of stone perhaps—since electrum might scarcely have survived through the long ages of darkness and oppression—stand side by side facing out to the left as we behold the chamber at the end from which the king gives audience, looking across its breadth not down its length, and the wall before us is not painted by skilled artists trained in state schools, as it was in such a chamber of old and would be soon again, but is plain, save for a dado of conventional lotus-bud pattern. Wooden pillars support the ceiling, and these too are crudely painted with lines of yellow, green, red and black.*

*On one of the thrones sits Saqnunriya Tiuaqni—that tall, slender, virile and valourous man who soon after was to deal the first mighty blow for the freeing of his people. We possess his body, preserved as it was found by his followers, left writhing in the agony of his death, and we say that he was of Berber descent, from the South-East, by his dusky colouring and powerful physique. He is clad simply, as all people in this age of oppression, wearing the loin-cloth of linen and royal sash, for jewellery just a pectoral, the double-diadem on his brow, the royal beard on his chin, and the royal tail suspended behind him. On the other throne sits Yahhotpu, his queen, that other vague and majestic figure of this age, whom subsequent generations so devoutly worshipped, and who, rather than her lord, is likely to have held the inherited sovereign right of the kingship in her own person, for the descent in Egypt came through the woman though the power was wielded by her lord. Egyptian history, as all ancient history, is almost entirely a history of men, but among the few great women who stand out in that history Queen Yahhotpu I. and, after her, Yahmose Nofrityri her daughter in this play, are two of the greatest. She herself was the most venerated of all, for Hatshepsut—in our eyes a more dynamic, because a more masculine figure—was hated by the Egyptians. The Great*

*Ancestress, the mother of the great kings of the brilliant dynasty that was to follow during the time of the New Empire when Egypt blossomed like a rose, she lived on into the reign of her great grandson Tahutmose I., and may even have been present at the birth of Hatshepsut herself, and was worshipped in Egypt ever afterwards. Thus these three great female figures in ancient history, mother, daughter, and great-great-granddaughter lived during a century and a half, five generations of kings, and left almost unbroken the succession of their lives. She wears but a simple garment of fine linen, as do all the women who shall appear in this picture, from beneath her breasts to her ankles, a garment thin and transparent as a gossamer-web—if fine weaving may still have been practised through these ages of darkness—concealing nothing of her body and serving little purpose beyond that of protecting her from the dust and flies of Old Egypt.*

*Around the thrones stand the little court, the band of courtiers and attendants, soldiers, officials, secretaries, who serve the local prince, to them the King of the Two Lands. The ceremonial of Old Egypt was long and elaborate, and in omitting most of it I dare not advance the condition of the kingship at this time as an excuse. Those who are interested in it as history or as pageantry will have found a touch of it in the Royal Audience with Rameses, but they will find it set forth in full in the "Life of Hatshepsut," where scarce anything of it is omitted. Here, however, the elaborations and elegancies of Egyptian life, doubtless reduced anyhow at this time, have to give way to the technical necessities of a presentation of what is frankly not pageantry but drama; and these matters of ceremonial are but skimped and suggested, for, in a play, life cannot be presented in its entirety (else the play were life itself, and as long) but must suffer a colossal concentration and symbolisation, and submit to the necessities of such dramatic art as can be applied to it.*

SAQNUNRIYA.

The business for the day is now ended. But there is a matter of great and vital importance to the Two Lands that My Majesty must bring to pass without delay. Let the Royal Daughters be summoned that they may stand before Me, Kamose and Yahmose Nofrityri her sister. *Two attendants go to summon them.* I will speak with the Royal Daughters alone. The Court may retire awhile.

*Assuming the attitude of adoration, the courtiers retire backwards out to the right. A herald approaches from the left.*

THE HERALD.

The Hereditary Princesses, Great in Favour, the Very Benevolent, Great in Love, the Royal Daughters, Kamose and Yahmose Nofrityri!

*The two princesses come forward and approach the throne, their arms raised in the attitude of adoration. Kamose, the elder, is quiet and subdued in manner, of the nature perhaps of an artist and a dreamer; Nofrityri, tall and dusky like her father, is in keen contrast to her half-sister, brilliant, exuberant, scintillating in her beauty and vivacity of manner.*

SAQNUNRIYA.

My daughters, I have many and important words to discover unto you. My counsellors and attendants I have dismissed that you might attend to My words in peace of heart and discuss in privacy with your mother and Myself these things which I shall say unto you.

NOFRITYRI.

My father, we attend thy words.

SAQNUNRIYA.

It concerneth thee, Nofrityri My daughter, and indeed it concerneth every man in the Entire Land, but it is not to thee that I address this that I must say, but to Kamose thy sister, for she is the Heiress of Tamery. My children, ye know how that for countless ages, since the fall of the great dynasties of old time, the days of

the great Kings Yamounemhati and Senusert and Their successors, the Two Lands have lain beneath the yoke of the barbarians, the vile Asiatics who descended upon the Beloved Land from their fastnesses and, seizing the country in a moment of weakness when internal dissension tore asunder all men one from another, have held sway in the Land of our Fathers till the misery and oppression of our people may no longer be borne.

NOFRITYRI.

It hath been thus for centuries, my father; is not the time drawing nigh when the people of Tamery shall arise and cast out the oppressors?

SAQNUNRIYA.

Patience, My daughter. It is of this thing that I speak. As thou sayest, it hath been thus for many generations of men, but the hour of the Asiatics is drawing to a close. Beneath their vile rule there hath survived in this ancient province of Uast the descendants of the native Kings of old, each One hath borne His title, recognised by His people as their King, though to the king of the Unclean Ones He was only the local prince and governor of a province. Thus here in Uast we have preserved the traditions of the greatness of the Beloved Land, the Kings have handed down their sovereignty, and the arts and customs, the ceremonial, the learning, and the spirit of the greatness of our Land in the past have we fostered and kept alive beneath our care through the bitter years of the oppression of our people. Your mother, My Queen, is the Heiress of this great tradition, and in her name I have striven through the years of My reign for the fulfilment of that which is shortly to be attempted. To thee, Kamose, shall descend the sovereignty of the Two Lands when I go to join My Fathers in the Sky. Therefore it is to thee that I speak.

KAMOSE.

What would my Father of Kamose? His bidding is my law.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Our Fathers in Their day dreamed of this thing that shall be, but for Them it was but a dream, for then the power of the Asiatics was too great in the Land. Nevertheless They strove for the fulfilment of that which They knew that Their eyes could never behold, and Their work hath not been in vain, for each One when He passed into the sky had achieved that which left the freedom of His people nearer at hand than when first He sat upon the Great Throne of Horu. Thus was it when Yahhotpu chose Me, a young man, as her lord, and it hath been vouchsafed to Me that beneath My guidance this great thing shall come to pass. All the years of My life I have laboured day and night, never pausing, never wearying, that this thing should be in My time. For twenty years I have carried on the preparations of My predecessors secretly, inexorably, with untiring endeavour, and now at last the hour approacheth when all things are made ready and the blow shall be struck for the freedom of My people.

NOFRITYRI.

Rejoicings! Rejoicings! This is a joyful thing that thou tellest us, my father!

SAQNUNRIYA.

Joyful indeed, My daughter, but the anxiety thereof is more than saying. All things, as I have said unto ye, are now in readiness, and in a few short days the men of Tamery shall arise and drive forth the Asiatics from their strongholds in the Land. I Myself shall be at the head of My people in this hour, for every man hath given up his life into My keeping that I may do with it as I will. Before all men will I go into the forefront of the battle, and in that hour I may fall before My people, and another must be at hand to take from Me the power that has been Mine. This must be the husband of the Heiress of the Two Lands, for he alone shall be the sovereign of our people, and to none other will the men of Tamery give their lives into his keeping. Kamose, thou must choose which of thy brothers thou wilt wed.

KAMOSE.

Father-Majesty, the men of Tamery will protect their Lord with their bodies until the last of them are slain. The years of Thy rule are scarce begun. That great work which Thou hast achieved shall now bear fruit, and Thou shalt live to bring an age of peace and prosperity to Tamery, even as King Yamounemhati of old.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Verily, daughter of My Queen, I trust it shall be as thou sayest, and in the valour and love of My people I have full faith. Thy love of Me is precious in My heart, but in war no man may hold his life secure, least of all war so desperate as this shall be. Therefore must this thing be. It is a command of My Majesty.

KAMOSE.

The command of Peraa is law unto the Royal Daughter.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Kamose, thou art not My daughter; hadst thou been so, perchance I had not consulted thee in this thing, for in such an hour as this all things depend upon the will of the King, in all things must His will, and His alone, be supreme, and His word must be law, verily though it concern the most personal of all things and the secret hiding-places of the heart of the greatest of His subjects. But thy wisdom hath ever been in My eyes, for indeed how could a child of thy mother be other than wise? And I would bring this thing to pass according to thy judgment and desire rather than by My choosing.

KAMOSE.

My brothers are all dear unto my heart. Which one would my Father that I wed? At such a time it is not fitting that the heart choose according to its inclination. Which of my brothers is the fittest in the eyes of my Father for this task?

SAQNUNRIYA.

It must be one, Kamose, who shall take from My hand without fear or hesitation the great burden that now rests on My shoulders. The hand of that one must be strong and unswerving, the intelligence of that one must

be as a clear light, the courage and the will of that one must be as a flame of fire. Moreover, as thou knowest, him that thou choosest must wed also thy sister Nofrityri. Which wilt thou have?

NOFRITYRI.

There can be no question as to which of our brothers is the most fit for this task. My namesake Yahmose is thy foremost general, my father. He alone is able for this perilous office at such a time.

SAQNUNRIYA.

My daughter, I spoke not to thee, nor sought thy counsel. It is for Kamose to speak what is in her heart.

KAMOSE.

The words of Nofrityri are just. Is it not so, Father-Majesty?

SAQNUNRIYA.

Yahmose is beloved of the men of Tamery. The soldiers serve him with faith and love. After My Majesty, they look to him to lead them in battle. But war is not everything, though this shall be an age of war. Others than soldiers have achieved great things for the Two Lands in the past.

KAMOSE.

Which of my brothers doth my sister best love?

NOFRITYRI.

Need'st thou ask that, Kamose? Thou knowest I love Yahmose. He alone is in question in this thing.

KAMOSE.

Father-Majesty, Nofrityri wisheth that he be chosen. Let it, then, be he.

YAHHOTPU.

Daughter beloved, dost thou love him also?

KAMOSE.

My brother hath ever been kind unto Kamose. I am fond of my brother.

YAHHOTPU.

Dost thou not love better Sekhentnebriya?

KAMOSE.

Mother, thou knowest he is the brother I love best.

NOFRITYRI, *sarcastically.*

Sekhentnebriya! A builder of imaginary temples, a poet and a dreamer! Truly a boy well-fitted to guide the destinies of a people through an age of war such as this! Let him be Chief Prophet, but King of the Two Lands . . . Sekhentnebriya!

SAQNUNRIYA, *sternly.*

Nofrityri, I did not bid thee speak. The Two Lands do not pass to thee on My death. Beware thy father's wrath! When I seek thy views I shall ask thee. Sekhentnebriya is a youth of deep learning such as Yahmose shall never be, a wise man who would do justice and administer the Two Lands with discretion, fostering the arts that have well-nigh died, greatly beautifying the Land and restoring the past splendour of Tamery.

NOFRITYRI.

Father, how canst thou? In such an age as this . . . temples and splendour! Let him be Chief Prophet by all means. But King . . . !

SAQNUNRIYA.

My daughter, I have bade thee keep silence!

YAHHOTPU.

Speak, Kamose, what is in thine heart.

KAMOSE.

I do not find truth in the hard words of my sister. My brother is brave. He is wiser than Yahmose. His knowledge is greater. His judgment of men more profound. I do not think his hands would tremble beneath the strain were he called upon to lead the people of Tamery against the Asiatics. Howbeit I do not suggest that he is a soldier such as Yahmose, nor a general that would be his equal. Therefore, if My Father thinketh that this should be the first quality in my lord, Yahmose shall be the chosen one.

YAHHOTPU.

What of thy brother Uazmose, my daughter?

NOFRITYRI, *sarcastically*.

Uazmose! Truly a fine figure of a King in an age of war! It is unthinkable!

SAQNUNRIYA, *very sternly*.

My daughter, when My Majesty demands silence My Majesty is obeyed!

KAMOSE.

In person he is the kingliest of my brothers. But his solid unhurrying methods may be ill-suited to this time. What saith my Father concerning Uazmose?

SAQNUNRIYA.

His work in My administration hath earned him great praise. I have a high opinion of his ability.

KAMOSE.

In truth each of my brothers is in his way well-suited for the task of ruling the Two Lands. Therefore the judgment of Kamose is unbiased towards any. But, since my sister loves Yahmose, let him be chosen. None is so fit as he to bear the burden of this time wherein the fate of all our people hangs upon the greatness of the King. . . .

YAHHOTPU.

There are others, Kamose, though they be young. My Lord will not deny thee, though thou choose one of them, howbeit at such a time youth is ill-fitted to support so great a burden as he may be called upon to bear. Moreover there is Kamose, thy namesake, my beloved son who hath held our Northern city since he went thither as a boy to learn beneath his uncle, and whom thou hast not seen since thou wert a baby.

NOFRITYRI, *impatiently*.

It is surely not necessary to add brothers she cannot even remember. There are enough at hand, and the choice to me is apparent.

KAMOSE.

True, sister; I think that thou art right.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Kamose, I am a soldier before all things, but methinks I have the imagination of a prophet. It is My Southern

blood that flows more warmly through My vessels than the blood of Riya. I look beyond the days of struggle that are approaching, to the days of prosperity that lie ahead and the founding of a new dynasty that I would have greater than all others of the past.

Thy mother and I have been such lovers as few people, and still fewer sovereigns, have the fair fate to be, and I see more clearly than thy young eyes can see what the Two Lands owe to this. Indeed I had achieved a thing far off indeed from that I have, in these long years, had thy mother been to Me naught but the Queen and Heiress of the Two Lands. Therefore I would urge thee to take thought ere thou choose among thy brothers, for it is this beyond the fact of thy right that hath led Me thus to consult thee in this grave matter.

YAHHOTPU.

True, little daughter. This also hath been my thought.

KAMOSE.

Yahmose loves thee, Nofrityri, even as thou lovest him, is it not so? That were sufficient.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Let My daughter consult her Divine Mother Hat-Hor in this matter. Perchance the Goddess might declare Her Will. Leave us, Kamose, and return when thou hast sought Her counsel. I will summon thy brothers in thine absence.

KAMOSE.

I will do Thy bidding, Father-Majesty.

*She assumes the attitude of adoration and departs.*

SAQNUNRIYA.

Little daughter, come to thy father. *Nofrityri goes to him and sits upon his knee.* Beloved, thou wert a naughty child and I had to reprove thee. It was not right that thou shouldst seek to influence Kamose for thine own ends.

NOFRITYRI.

For the good of the Two Lands, dear father.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Perhaps, child. But Kamose is not mine, as thou

art, therefore I may not do with her as I would. But thou art my very beloved. Go, summon thy three brothers that she may choose from them before us all. Since she seeks not the younger ones, bring them not. Youth is not able for the task that may be demanded so soon.

*Nofrityri departs.*

YAHHOTPU, *when they are alone, placing her hand in his.*

Tiuaqni, I cannot bear to hear thee speak thus.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Beloved, it is the possible price that must be paid for freedom. But it may not be asked. There may be for us many happy years of love ere we grow aged. I am anxious indeed concerning this matter. Would that Yahmose Nofrityri, our child, were the elder!

YAHHOTPU.

Thou lovest her so much more dearly, Tiuaqni, alas! yet I have never wished that. It is natural, for she is thy daughter.

SAQNUNRIYA, *ardently, almost raptly.*

She is a daughter such as I would love to see Heiress of the Beloved Land. She is more like thee than Kamose, and she is mine also. She is a splendid, queenly, passionate girl; spirit, courage, and intelligence are in her every action. Verily, verily I would that she were the elder. The dynasty were safe indeed in her hands, the new dynasty that she should found, My dynasty and thine. And she loves Yahmose, beyond question the ablest of her brothers, and he hath ever been devoted to her. Alas, it is grievous indeed in My heart!

YAHHOTPU.

Art thou certain of this thing, Tiuaqni?

SAQNUNRIYA.

Were I human, My beloved, if I did not wish My daughter to be the foundress of the new dynasty for which I have laboured throughout the years of My life, preparing the way that it may some day be established, and in the achievement of which I may meet My death? Were it as I wish, then should I who have striven so

valiantly be Myself its true Founder, with thee, My beloved; whereas now it is to thee alone that future generations shall look as the ancestress of their Kings.

YAHHOTPU.

And yet, Tiuaqni . . . Wilt thou answer me a question?

SAQNUNRIYA.

Verily. What wouldst thou?

YAHHOTPU.

Supposing thou hadst a task of the utmost danger and difficulty, one needing both courage and intelligence, which only a Royal Daughter might undertake; which wouldst thou choose, the dreamy child Kamose, who builds imaginary temples with her brother Sekhentnebriya, and makes statues of bronze after the antiquities of ancient times, or thy brilliant daughter Yahmose Nofrityri?

SAQNUNRIYA.

Yahmose Nofrityri. Without hesitation, I answer. She is My daughter.

YAHHOTPU.

If the very fate of Tamery hung upon the issue?

SAQNUNRIYA.

She is My daughter. I have faith in her. Answer the question thyself.

YAHHOTPU.

Both are my daughters, and one is thine also. But I should choose the other. And so wouldst thou, though thou thinkest otherwise.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Nay, beloved. Nay, nay, though I love her dearly for that she is thine, and respect her likewise. . . .

*The curtain closes. Within the last scene there is erected a small sanctuary, a long narrow chamber revealed by the removal of one of its side walls. It occupies only a few feet of the stage and does not run the full length from Right to Left. On the visible wall there are carved and painted bas-reliefs representing moments of the ritual and the*

*sacred text. The chamber is very dimly lit by two lamps burning scented oil of Kiki (castor oil) with its clear blue flame in front of an image of Hat-Hor enshrined in a naos. In Egypt the ritual was chanted as well as danced, but the weird words, to modern ears so long and complicated and unintelligible, need not be given in full.*

*Kamose appears and, with an unhesitating facility born of long practice, performs the ritual, in a modified form, chapter by chapter, chanting and dancing according to the words and movements of each chapter, each action being accompanied by the requisite chanted words and studied movements.*

CHAPTERS I–24, 44–57, AND TWO SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS.

She kindles a light, She takes up a censer,
She fixes upon it the fire-vase, She throws incense upon it,
She advances to the Holy Place, She bids the Deity awake,
She breaks the seal-cord of the door, She breaks the Seal,
She loosens the seal, She uncovers the face of the Goddess,
She gazes reverently upon Hat-Hor, She smells-the-earth before her,
She prostrates herself upon her belly, She prostrates herself again and rises,
And again, She adores Hat-Hor,
She adores her again, She offers perfumed honey,
She offers incense gums, She enters the Naos,
She embraces the Statue in order to bring to it the Divine Soul, that the Image may be animated by it.
She again enters the Naos, She approaches the God,
She places her two arms on the God, She places her two hands on the coffer containing the ritual vestments,

She makes purifications with four vases of water,
She makes purifications with four other vases of water.
She makes purifications with incense-gum,
She takes a band of white linen from the chest,
She fastens the band round the forehead of Hat-Hor,
She takes a green vestment from the coffer, removes the present one and replaces it by this one,
She takes a red-broidered sash from the coffer, removes the present one and replaces it by this one,
She takes the Yadma vestment from the coffer, removes the present one and replaces it by this one,
She takes the Nems mantle from the coffer and places it upon the Statue,
She offers the Mezet Ointment, and anoints the forehead of Hat-Hor therewith,
She offers the green Ointment, and anoints the face of Hat-Hor therewith,
She offers the Black Ointment and makes up the eyebrows and eyelids of Hat-Hor with kohl,
She takes the Uas sceptre, the Crook, the Flail, bracelets and anklets, from the coffer, removes the insignia of Hat-Hor and replaces them by these,
She takes the Crown of the Horns and the Disk of the Sun from the coffer, removes the head-dress of the Statue and replaces it by this,
She takes Collars and a Pectoral from the coffer and places them upon the neck and breast of the Statue,
She kneels before the Deity so that Hat-Hor may touch her at the back of her neck with the Sign of Life which She holds in Her right hand, that she may receive from Her the Imposition of the Sa—Her divine Life-current, the magnetic force which the Gods could release, and which shall fill her with new life.

*Again the curtain closes, and, when once more withdrawn, the scene is as before, Saqnunriya and Yahhotpu seated upon their thrones. Yahmose Nofrityri appears and advances in adoration.*

NOFRITYRI.

My brothers are at hand, O my Father.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Let them approach My Majesty. Heralds! Let the Royal Sons stand before Me.

*A Herald appears.*

THE HERALD.

The Hereditary Prince, Governor, Wearer of the Royal Seal, Particular Friend, Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son Yahmose.

*Yahmose advances, smells-the-earth, and stands in adoration.*

The Hereditary Prince, Governor, Wearer of the Royal Seal, Particular Friend, Chief Prophet of Yamoun, the Royal Son Sekhentnebriya.

*He advances likewise.*

The Hereditary Prince, Governor, Wearer of the Royal Seal, Particular Friend, Overseer of the Double Silver-House, Overseer of the Double Gold-House, the Royal Son Uazmose.

*He also comes forward, smells-the-earth, and stands in adoration.*

SAQNUNRIYA.

Princes, I have summoned ye for a purpose vital in this hour, for the days are few ere the blow shall be struck that shall free our people from the Asiatics. In this war perchance it may happen that My Majesty shall be smitten with destruction and shall go to join My Fathers in Yamentet. In that hour another must stand in the place of My Majesty, a strong one who shall carry on My work and complete the liberation of the Beloved Land. This one shall be, as of old, the husband of the Royal Daughters. Kamose, your sister, shall choose which of ye she will have as her lord and the lord of Tamery. Shortly shall she return and tell us of her decision. Ye three Princes, are each of ye willing to take upon you this burden?

YAHMOSE.

I am willing, Father-Majesty.

SEKHENTNEBRIYA.

I also.

UAZMOSE.

Majesty, and I.

YAHHOTPU.

Beloved sons, let there be no strife nor jealousy between ye on account of this choice, for my sake and for the sake of your sister who loves each of you as she loves all and chooses but for the good of the Two Lands which shall be hers.

*The Princes bow before her.*

YAHMOSE.

Majesty, before proceeding with this matter, I have grave news for Thee. As my sister summoned me but now, the messengers we despatched to my brother Prince Kamose, Governor of the city of the North, returned again declaring that they dared not proceed.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Alas, I feared this greatly! Thy judgment erred, Yahmose. But I am thankful their wisdom bade them return unmolested.

YAHMOSE.

Their report is that it were impossible to reach my brother without being searched and so revealing the precious directions that they carried.

SAQNUNRIYA.

This news is grievous indeed in My heart. Unless we can inform Kamose of our full projects and deliver unto him My instructions for the striking of his blow in the rear of the barbarians, and the treasure that he needs, we dare not risk what we must. Moreover his own destruction were inevitable. What is thy counsel?

YAHMOSE.

A messenger without papers could get through and deliver our instructions.

SAQNUNRIYA.

It is insufficient. Moreover, is there any man can be trusted with words so precious that the last extremities of torture might not wring from him in his agony?

YAHMOSE.

Truly, I have some I dare trust.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Nay, boy, thou knowest not the heart of man, nor how much it may bear when the body is torn to pieces with slow torture. There is no man I will trust.

YAHMOSE.

Yet someone must go, Father-Majesty. Let it be me. They dare not lay hands on a Royal Son; and, if they do, a dagger shall rob torture of its power.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Thou art too precious, boy. The army loves and trusts thee too dearly.

SEKHENTNEBRIYA.

Father-Majesty, I will go if it be Thy Will.

SAQNUNRIYA.

I know not that they will respect even a Royal Son. There is great risk indeed.

UAZMOSE, *bluntly*.

The idea is devoid of wisdom in my eyes, O my Father. Of all men a Royal Son journeying to visit his brother in the North at such an hour would reduce suspicion to a certainty that would ruin all things. I urge Thy Majesty, consider not this madness.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Truly, I know not how this may be achieved. What sayest thou, boy, thyself?

UAZMOSE.

Father-Majesty, it is my belief that a Royal Daughter journeying in state to visit her brother would not be molested.

SAQNUNRIYA.

It is a daring notion, young counsellor. Truly, they would not have instructions to search a Royal Daughter of Tamery. Since a risk must be run, methinks this were the least perilous. But can it be achieved? I will not lay upon My daughter this hazardous undertaking as a command. Nor can I so use the Royal Heiress of My Queen.

SEKHENTNEBRIYA.

Kamose, my little sister, will do this, Father-Majesty. Tamery holds not a heart more gallant nor a wiser head. She will not shrink nor will she fail in this thing. The vilest tortures of the Asiatics could not wring betrayal from the mouth of Kamose.

SAQNUNRIYA.

Thy faith is great, boy, but she is the Hereditary Princess. It is not fitting that the Heiress of the Two Lands be thus exposed to the mercy of the vile Asiatics.

YAHMOSE.

Lay this task upon Nofrityri, O my Father, she were more fitted for an enterprise of this nature. She will not shrink from it at such a time when the need is so great; wilt thou so, Nofrityri?

NOFRITYRI.

Truly, it is a task that I love little, but I will go if thou wilt accompany me, my brother.

YAHMOSE.

Will my Father permit?

SAQNUNRIYA.

Nay, I may not spare thee. Nor would it serve save to increase the danger already grave enough for My child.

YAHMOSE.

Thou needst not have fear, sister, the Asiatics dare not lay hands upon thee for no reason. We have given them no serious offence hitherto. With thy proud bearing and imperious mien thy looks alone would strike terror into the hearts of any who dared question thy advance, such as were not so for Kamose who hath not thy queenly presence.

NOFRITYRI.

Verily, brother, thou dost flatter me. But since the need is so great I will undertake this for thy sake, if my father will lay it upon me. In truth it is an abomination unto me thus to go among the vile shepherds, but for the sake of the Beloved Land I will go. Thou wilt accompany me as far as thou darest and will send

messengers to bid my brother send an escort to meet me. They may reach him if they have no papers.

SAQNUNRIYA, *dubiously and vaguely, after a pause.*

Perchance that much could be done without danger did My Majesty so decide. My daughter, I give thee honour for thy courage. It is as I would have My beloved child. My Majesty will consider the matter awhile.

*Kamose returns and advances with shielded eyes.*

SAQNUNRIYA.

Daughter, approach. Thy brothers await thee.

*She greets each in turn with the ceremonial kiss, left foot advanced, toes of each touching, right arm over left shoulder of the other, left arm under right armpit, fingers resting on right shoulder from behind, noses barely touching. Three ceremonial breaths simultaneously. Then she stands before the King.*

YAHHOTPU.

Little daughter, a grievous mischance hath fallen upon us during thine absence. Messengers had been despatched to thy brother Kamose in the Northern City with instructions in all the matters appertaining to the great part he is to play when the blow is struck, a part, as thou art aware, that should decide all things in our favour. These messengers have been obliged to return lest they should be seized, robbed of their papers, and tortured for information.

KAMOSE.

Alas! Father-Majesty, this is grievous indeed in my heart! What will my Father do?

YAHHOTPU.

No man dare he trust to face torture with information so precious that the world's future depends on the holding of it from all men save thy brother whom thou knowest not. . . . Nor dare he send a Royal Son of My Majesty lest suspicion be aroused in the hearts of the barbarians at such a time. . . .

KAMOSE, *turning to Saqnunriya and dropping on to one knee before him.*

Majesty, a thought hath arisen in the heart of Kamose, a thought that will not be denied. It is even as though my Mother Hat-Hor had caused that this thought should enter my heart, for it is as it came from a God, filling my body as though with fire. It is that Thou shouldst lay this thing upon Kamose that she may perform it for the Beloved Land.

SAQNUNRIYA, *with assumed firmness.*

My daughter, I honour thee for this thought, verily it is indeed worthy of the Heiress of Tamery, but for that reason it may not be.

KAMOSE, *earnestly.*

Fear not, fear not, Father-Majesty, lay upon me this great thing! Verily Kamose will not fail. The vile Asiatics dare not lay hands upon a Royal Daughter journeying in peace. Moreover, I will forestall any evil that they may devise against me by the cunning of my heart, and by the wisdom of my mouth will I outwit them. They have no tortures that shall wring from me the words that thou shalt place in my heart: when Thou hast placed them therein they shall live there and they shall die there, save only if I may declare them unto my brother. If need be I will leave my retinue and proceed on foot to my brother, disguised as a woman of low estate, and another shall take my place who hath nothing that the Asiatics can take from her. Let this be laid upon me, Father-Majesty!

SAQNUNRIYA.

Kamose, Kamose, it is with pride and joy that I hear thy words. Well indeed shall it be for Tamery, a great omen for the success that lies before us, for that the Royal Daughter herself dare throw from her her greatness and serve the Beloved Land as a woman of low degree when the need ariseth in the Land. From the greatest to the lowest all the people of Tamery have offered up their lives, how then can failure be in this thing? And when all hath been achieved, happy shall

be the Two Lands in that their Queens also have offered themselves in her hour of need. But My Majesty may not so will that this thing be. It is not fitting that the Royal Daughter risk her life when others are at hand.

KAMOSE, *ever more earnestly.*

Nay, Father-Majesty, it is fitting indeed. What is the life of Kamose? Is not Nofrityri as well-suited as she to be Queen? The life of Kamose is no more to the Beloved Land than if she had never been begotten. My sister Nofrityri is greater than I. It is to her that men look, before her women bow their backs, she it is who is beloved of the people, she whom they would have as their Queen. I am but as a spirit among the people, I am there but they heed me not nor comprehend my ways; when I pass they bow and forget, when Nofrityri goeth among them they shout and tell of it to their children. When I am gone it shall be as though I had never been in the Land: when my sister departeth the Land shall mourn and be in desolation. It is fitting that I go to my brother.

SAQNUNRIYA, *with deprecation.*

Nay, Kamose, it is not so. Thou art mistaken, My daughter. All men love thee and respect thee more than saying. *With an even greater assumption of firmness.* But My Majesty may not decree that this thing be.

KAMOSE, *passionately.*

Father-Majesty, it is the Will of Hat-Hor. This thought that hath arisen in my heart and burneth my body as though with fire, it is Her Will. I worshipped Her and sought Her counsel, but naught found I in my heart but the thought that fate had decreed what should be, and that nothing I might answer unto Thee could change that which was decreed of old. Then as I stood before Thee this thing hath come upon me and filled me with light so that I know it must come to pass. It is the answer to my prayer. Lay upon me this task, Father-Majesty!

SAQNUNRIYA, *throwing from him all pretence of unwillingness.*

Then so be it, My daughter. Nobly hast thou offered, and though I have sought to weaken thy resolve I perceive it but grows more strong. Great faith have I in thee, Kamose, in thy wisdom and in thy courage, and I lay upon thy shoulders this perilous task that none else in Tamery may perform. Before all I have chosen thee for this trust, fully confident of thy fitness to discharge it. Thy departing must be immediate. All things shall be delivered unto thee forthwith, and the secret words for thy brother I will speak unto thee ere thou set forth. Messengers shall go before thee, that a fitting welcome be prepared for thee. Perchance they may arrive in safety if they carry no papers. Thou shalt stay beneath the protection of thy brother till the blow is struck and My army enters his city. Meanwhile Yahmose and Nofrityri shall hold the sovereignty should I fall, so that the people shall have a lord whom they will follow in the hour of need. . . . *Kamose withdraws in adoration.* Leave us, My children.

*All depart in adoration, moving backwards out of his presence. For twenty seconds Saqnunriya and Yahhotpu sit in silence.*

SAQNUNRIYA.

Beloved, once more thou knowest My heart better than I. Hath thy wisdom ever failed in these years? Will it ever fail? Alas, what had I achieved for Tamery hadst thou not been My Queen?

*He rises and holds out his arms and pulls her up from her throne. For a few moments they stand gazing into one another's eyes.*

YAHHOTPU, *putting her arms round his neck.*

My beloved . . .

*He takes her in his arms and kisses her tenderly.*

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

### THE PALACE OF PRINCE KAMOSE IN THE NORTHERN CITY.

*The Audience-chamber of Prince Kamose. The entire chamber is represented complete. One side is open to the sky and is approached from beneath by a flight of steps stretching the whole length of the room. This side is reached from the auditorium. The opposite side and the end walls are tiled in green glazed tiles to about 3 feet from the floor all round, save for one curtained entrance. In the centre, against the wall, stands a great broad throne, not the royal throne of electrum but a huge and magnificent chair, apparently of copper, inlaid with blue and green enamel, having lions' feet and arms ending in diademmed royal heads, and standing upon a stone daïs, a piece of architecture rather than furniture, and the essential feature of the chamber. On either side of it are tall incense-stands. Beyond this the room is bare save for a table in the middle covered with papyri and writing materials, a delicate gazelle-limbed stool behind it.*

*Prince Kamose enters climbing up the broad steps, followed by Yankh-Horu and two officers. Prince Kamose is clad, as his officers, in simple kirtle of goffered linen, sandals, and wig, save that he wears also a corselet of little copper plates. Yankh-Horu is but a boy; he wears naught save a plain loin-cloth of linen, and his hair is done into the side-lock of youth. He carries a small harp. Prince Kamose seats himself wearily upon the stool beyond the table. Yankh-Horu stands behind him, and the two officers in front before the table.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I am well satisfied, Yamouni, with that which I have seen. I do not think that the troops of His Majesty Himself, Life, Strength, Health! are likely to be so efficient. The marksmanship was worthy of all praise, and the discipline well nigh faultless. My heart is at rest concerning this matter. No preparations could be more complete. We, at any rate, are ready, and but wait for a messenger from Peraa. Whatever part be assigned to us in this great undertaking we shall not fail His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! if victory be possible. Let the winning archers stand before me.

*The Officers stand aside. At a motion from one of them three soldiers appear and stand "at attention" before Prince Kamose, one hand ceremonially across the chest.*

PRINCE KAMOSE, *rising and addressing the soldiers.*

Men of the Company of Archers of the Division of Sekhmet! Ye have proved yourselves the truest marksmen in my army-corps. Your shooting was a test performed under conditions of peace; see to it that when I call for your skill in the service of the Lord of the Two Lands, Life, Strength, Health! ye prove yourselves as true of eye; and in that hour as unshrinking in danger when ye draw the bow ye have wielded so skilfully this day. *Taking a golden collar from his neck and addressing the soldier on the extreme left.* Thou art the winner. Behold, I give thee the prize of gold. When next thou standest before me let it be to receive the Gold of Valour. Perchance Peraa Himself, Life, Strength, Health! may distribute it.

*He hands the collar.*

THE SOLDIER, *gruffly.*

Life to Peraa! The soldiers of the King shall earn the Gold of Valour in the day of battle. But they would receive it from their Prince. The Company of Archers would hail Prince Kamose as the successor of Peraa and receive from him their reward after the victory!

PRINCE KAMOSE, *sternly.*

What words are these? I understand not the thought of my archers. Ye serve me but as a general of the King.

THE SOLDIER.

Pardon, Highness, there is no disloyalty to Peraa in the hearts of the archers. I was bidden by my comrades to speak thus that thou mightest know that they would hail thee as Peraa Associated on the Throne of Horu as the Successor of His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health!

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I thank ye, archers, for your wish, but this word must not again be spoken. It is not to me that ye may look for your future Sovereign. There are other Princes nearer to His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! who shall be the chosen of Peraa. Is it understood?

THE SOLDIER.

Highness, it is understood.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *taking a silver collar from his neck and handing it to the middle soldier.*

Thou likewise. I am proud of thy prowess. See that thou failest not in the hour of trial! *Handing a bronze collar to the third soldier.* I am well pleased with thee. Let the Good God Himself, Life, Strength, Health, reward thee next! I have spoken.

*The soldiers turn and depart down the steps. There are prolonged sounds of cheering.*

Yamouni. I have no more for thee this day. Let one attend to those matters with which I have found fault.

*Yamouni assumes the attitude of adoration and departs.*

Riyamose. I am very weary, what business hast thou for me? Now that military matters demand all my time, the civil administration must perforce be neglected. Yank-Horu, I will eat and rest awhile.

*Yank-Horu departs.*

RIYAMOSE, *with great satisfaction.*

Lord, the administration of thy Highness hath been rendered so perfect in these last years, and the people beneath thy sway love thee so well and are so firmly

united beneath thy soft sandals, that the Government moves of itself. There is little in these times, when all men have but one thought, that need reach thy ears.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

That is sweet news, Riyamose, for a Prince weary with handling troops, a Prince, moreover, who better loves the building of temples and the re-organising of cities down-trodden by the Asiatics. *Yankh-Horu places dishes of figs and cakes before him, and hands him a flagon of wine.* What business is there? Give me none that needs not my seal.

RIYAMOSE.

Highness, there are these papers for the Royal Seal.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *as he seals the last.*

Well?

RIYAMOSE.

Naught, Highness, that I cannot decide by virtue of the trust I enjoy in the heart of my Prince, save one matter that shall be displeasing to the royal ear.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

The royal ear is refreshed. What is it?

RIYAMOSE, *apologetically.*

The King of the Unclean Ones, Highness.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Displeasing, indeed, to the royal ear! What would the Lord of the Asiatics with the least of the sons of Peraa?

RIYAMOSE, *expansively.*

Highness, in the eyes of all men in the North, men of Tamery and Asiatics alike, thou art the greatest of the sons of Peraa.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

But not in the eyes of the Court, Life, Strength, Health! His Majesty hath not beheld the son of the Great Royal Wife Yahhotpu since he was five years of age. I am but a trusted officer, the least of His children is greater than I. Let that not be forgotten again. It was forgotten this day by my archers. Thou didst hear the words of that fellow?

RIYAMOSE.

Highness, I heard them. All men would hail thee as Peraa. Thou art very greatly beloved.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Riyamose, it is pleasing indeed in my heart that they should love me, for I have worked valiantly for their happiness and prosperity in peace, and for the fulfilment of this task of war that shall soon be laid upon me, and indeed naught hath been spared that human labour or ingenuity could devise for the perfecting of my army-corps, as His Majesty shall behold when the hour we have laboured for so long shall have arrived; but this idea that hath arisen in the hearts of my people, that I should be the chosen of Peraa, is very painful unto me, for reasons that are known only unto my heart. Let me hear of this matter no more. It is not in question. The chosen one is likely to be Prince Yahmose, the first General of the King.

RIYAMOSE.

And if he were slain in battle, Highness?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Prince Uazmose or Sekhentnebriya would be the chosen one. I am but a name in the heart of Peraa. What is the business of the King of the Asiatics?

RIYAMOSE.

Lord, it is this woman that he sent thee many moons ago. She hath communicated with him as I think.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *wearily*.

What doth she want? Tell me.

RIYAMOSE.

Lord, the King writes as follows.

*He takes out a papyrus.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Read me not his greeting. What is his message?

RIYAMOSE.

Lord, that he fears this woman pleases thee not, so—since thou art so dear unto his heart and so faithful a vassal—he sends thee another. She waits without to be received by thy Highness.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *with good-natured petulance.*

Alas, alas! Indeed, I am in no mood for this. I would slay him and his women and rejoice exceedingly, exceedingly. What is the matter? What am I expected to do?

RIYAMOSE.

Lord, thou lovest not this woman, that is the matter. She hath written to the King, and he is anxious to keep in close touch with all that thou doest, for he fears thee greatly.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *in an injured tone.*

On the contrary. I assure thee. I distinctly remember loving this creature twice. I will not be made a stallion for the women of this Asiatic.

RIYAMOSE.

Highness, thou art not as other men in thy love of these damsels. The King of the Asiatics cannot be supposed to know thee as we do.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Why should a man, because he is a Prince and the Governor of a city, love any woman that may be sent unto him? Other men are not so encumbered. My will is law in all things save the most personal of all.

RIYAMOSE.

Lord, other men would not be loth had they the opportunity!

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Truly, I wish I could hand them on to thee, Riyamose, but I cannot. Let this girl be presented.

*Riyamose retires, and returns in a moment, followed through the little curtained entrance by a handsome dark-skinned gorgeously-clad Hyksos woman whose soft sensuous limbs shine through dark gauzy draperies. Prince Kamose seats himself with bored dignity upon the great throne, and Yankh-Horu squats beside him and strikes chords upon his harp. The woman advances in adoration, raises her veil, and smells-the-earth before him. He bids her rise and gives her*

*his hand to kiss. She moves backwards and performs a dance of a crude and sensuous nature, very simple and sinuously voluptuous. Prince Kamose watches her with steady eyes, his chin upon his hand. Presently he rises, goes to her, and places round her neck a necklace of his own. Then he motions Riyamose to lead her away. He returns to the throne and sits in silence awhile. Yankh-Horu, squatting beside him, plays on.*

YANKH-HORU, *playing his harp and singing.*

Sadness lies in the heart of man,
In the depths of the soul are tears, are tears,
For the heart that longs for a hidden thing,
For the soul that sighs through the endless years. . . .
The heart may yearn and the soul may cry
For a thing it knows it may not have;
The soul of a man may be torn with love,
Though it know not for whom, though it know not why . . . .

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Who taught thee that song, boy?

YANKH-HORU.

I sing the songs of my own heart, Highness, and the songs of thine.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What dost thou know of my heart, Yankh-Horu?

YANKH-HORU.

My father was a prophet of Riya, a master of wisdom, a reader of the hearts of men.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What do men say of me, boy?

YANKH-HORU, *with boyish enthusiasm.*

All men love thy Highness, all women are thine for the asking.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Do they wonder that I so seldom ask?

YANKH-HORU.

Strange are the ways of Princes, their hearts are not

as the hearts of other men. The descendants of Riya are divine.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

And thou, dost thou also think it strange that I have so little love for these soft barbarous creatures they thrust upon me?

YANKH-HORU.

I am not as others are. My father was a prophet of Riya, a reader of the hearts of men.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What meanest thou?

YANKH-HORU.

The heart of my Lord hath been revealed unto his servant.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What knowest thou of my heart?

YANKH-HORU.

In the chamber of my Lord there are carven heads of stone and figures of bronze of ancient days. There is one that is not so old as the others, one that was made perchance at Uast in recent years.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

How knowest thou that?

YANKH-HORU.

My father was a prophet of Riya, a reader of the human heart, one learned in the wisdom of old.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What of this head? Thou knowest not whom it represents?

YANKH-HORU.

Verily, Highness, I know it.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Boy, thou speakest folly. Whom thinkest thou it represents, and why so?

YANKH-HORU.

Indeed, Lord, were it the head of a man it were strange if it were of any but thyself. Howbeit it is the head of a woman. Who, then, in truth, may it be?

PRINCE KAMOSE, *with a look of wonder at Yankh-Horu.*

Boy, thy wisdom is beyond thy years. Hath any other such thoughts as these?

YANKH-HORU.

There are many statues in the chamber of my Lord. To all men who see them one of them is as another, a relic of forgotten days.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

That thou shouldest have fathomed this, verily, it is a strange thing indeed!

YANKH-HORU.

Truly I love my Prince. By serving him I live, and all my thoughts are for him only.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *putting his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder.*

Good boy. Thy love is rewarded by the faith I have in thee.

YANKH-HORU.

Yea, Lord. Thy counsellors know but the secrets of thy government. I know the secrets of thy heart.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What, then, is this that thou knowest?

YANKH-HORU.

Thy Highness hath a great love, is it not so?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

And thinkest thou that thou knowest for whom I have this love?

YANKH-HORU.

Truly, I know it, Lord. It is for this that thou hast so little love for others.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

How then should that strange dream thing effect the swift burning passions of the hour?

YANKH-HORU.

My father was a prophet of Riya, a reader of the hearts of men.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

But the body doth not cease its desires because the heart craveth for a dream.

YANKH-HORU.

Nay, but the heart may make the body very sick if it gratify its desires and cast aside its dream for an hour. Is it not so?

PRINCE KAMOSE, *meditatively.*

Thinkest thou that with all men it is thus?

YANKH-HORU.

Nay, Lord.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Why so?

YANKH-HORU.

It is not for all men thus to live for a dream.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

To most men, Yankh-Horu, the act of love is a trivial thing that gives them no thought save it be withheld from them, and causeth in their hearts no feeling so their desire be assuaged. It is even as any daily act of health of the body, it is but as a man shall wash his face ere he arise in the morning, as he shall have his nails stained with henna-juice, as he shall be anointed with unguent ere he lay him down to sleep. Doth he care who performeth for him this service? Is it aught to him that another do for him these services each day? Nay, but to those in whom the deepest feelings of their hearts are concerned in the intimacy of love, in whom love is Passion rather than just Desire, by these an act of love cannot be performed but that it shall move them deeply and shall form in their inmost hearts a tie that can never completely be broken. Henceforth a part of themselves no longer is their own and free, it is given to another. If such an one give himself to many, soon shall his mind be a divided and fettered thing that is no longer all his to do with as he willeth; and if such an one chance to love in his heart but one woman and wish no other, and if he knoweth it can never be satisfied with any other, then every time he shall thus lightly give his love he shall give that which is not his own to give, and, though the satisfaction of his desire be accomplished, yet shall he suffer

pain that is bitter indeed, for the heart of such a man may not be thwarted without revenge. And this may only be learned by experience; but experience is the most costly of all things, Yankh-Horu, costly not so much in wealth as in the pain and agony of the heart.

YANKH-HORU.

Lord, when he hath achieved all that his heart seeketh, shall he then count the cost, shall the past then be bitter in his heart?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I know not, Yankh-Horu, I know not. But alas for the man who may not achieve that one thing that he desireth! Then what avail all his grief, what avail the agony of his chastity that is for naught yet must be his? Bitter is the lot of such an one. At the hour of his failure truly his life is at an end, for beyond it there can be nothing for which he may live.

YANKH-HORU.

Do such as these fail in their desire? Are they not beneath the inexorable hand of Fate? Are they not the children whom Destiny hath chosen for Her Own?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I fear me, Yankh-Horu, life is not so well ordered, nor Man so closely cared for in the hands of the Gods.

YANKH-HORU.

Perchance the Gods give Man his opportunity if he but seek it and use it to the utmost of his power. . . .

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Perchance, Yankh-Horu, perchance. But truly thy knowledge of the heart is strange. Tell me, how knowest thou these things?

YANKH-HORU.

My father was a prophet of Riya, a reader of the hearts of men.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I knew thy father better than thou ever knewest him. He was my master. Speak of him no more. How knowest thou this?

YANKH-HORU.

My eyes are ever on the face of my Lord, my eyes ever gaze into his eyes. In the eyes of my Lord I see pain and sorrow, suffering, longing, yearning, agony, unspoken dreams, and sometimes a great happiness and peace that fades when the trumpet sounds. I watch my Lord when I sing to my Lord. I am with my Lord in the daytime. I sing my Lord to sleep when his labours are o'er, and I watch over my Lord as he dreams. I am beside my Lord wheresoever he may go. There is naught that my Lord doeth that is not known to his servant. That is how I know.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *meditatively*.

Verily I love and respect myself little for this folly that hath possessed me since my childhood.

YANK-HORU.

Men say that my Lord is not as other men, that he loves not women. But I have beheld my Lord thrill as other men when a woman approacheth him who would be his did he give her the word. Many times have I beheld it. I have beheld my Lord in days gone by give his love to the beautiful Asiatic, and I have beheld the face of my Lord when the realisation penetrated into his heart that the woman who was lying in his arms was not the woman he desired. Truly the body may have been in some small measure content, but the heart of my Lord was sick indeed in that hour. Verily the very soul of my Lord cried out in the bitter agony of that moment, it was horror and abomination unto his soul and he suffered sorely for that thing. Soon my Lord learnt that it might not be, that so strong was the desire of his heart for the one he ever hath loved that not even the desire of the body could find with another satisfaction that was not hateful to his soul. Of late my Lord hath suffered more than of old, for as time passed so hath increased the longing in his heart. I have grieved sorely for my Lord.

*Kamose has closed his eyes and sits motionless on his great throne.*

YANKH-HORU, *playing and singing.*

Sadness lies in the heart of man,
In the depths of the soul, are tears, are tears,
For the heart that longs for a hidden thing,
For the soul that sighs through the endless years. . . .
The heart may yearn and the soul may cry
For a thing it knows it may not have;
The soul of a man may be torn with love,
Though it know not for whom, though it know not why. . . . .

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Boy, hast thou ever seen a grown man weep?

YANKH-HORU.

Lord, I have seen thee when it were better for thee hadst thou wept, though thine eyes were dry.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *rising from his throne and giving way to an outburst of passion.*

No man knoweth, Yankh-Horu, no man can ever know the agony of my heart. Through these long years it hath increased and increased as month by month passed into years, growing as I grew into the very fibre of myself. Of late it hath been more than any heart could bear unbroken, but the time is not long now.

YANKH-HORU.

How meanest thou, Lord?

PRINCE KAMOSE, *with great intensity.*

Yankh-Horu, when victory has been assured, when the battle has been won and the Asiatics are in flight, driven back by the might of His Majesty and by my might, another than I shall receive the Golden Collar from the King, another shall receive the reward of my work. In that day I shall be with Osyri.

YANKH-HORU.

It is not for Yankh-Horu to dispute the words of his Lord. Hath he served his Lord well?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Verily hast thou. What wouldst thou, Yankh-Horu?

YANKH-HORU.

A great thing indeed. Wilt thou grant it, Highness?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What may it be?

YANKH-HORU.

That on the day of battle I drive the chariot of my Lord.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Why, boy, wouldst thou die also?

YANKH-HORU.

I serve my Lord in life, I serve my Lord in death. For this was I born, for this have I lived, for this will I die. Even as I do in this life, so will I do in the next. I have no other ambition.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Thou art a strange lad, truly.

YANKH-HORU.

I am not as others are. My father was a prophet of Riya. Of old, men followed their lords to the tomb and toiled for them also in the Field of Reeds beneath the rule of the blessed Osyri. To-day Princes place in their tombs figures of clay to do for them the service that of old was performed by their servants. My Lord is learned in the wisdom of past days, his joy is in thoughts of rebuilding the temples and restoring the grandeur that is no more. The joy of my Lord is my joy, and I would be as a servant of old.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *bitterly.*

Truly it is a noble thing, and I will not seek to deter thee. Life is not so precious, Yankh-Horu, as some would have thee believe. Do as thou willest. But I may not give thee my horses to drive. Thy hands are too young and unskilled.

YANKH-HORU.

Lord, I have driven thee oft. Have I driven thee unskilfully?

PRINCE KAMOSE, *putting his hand on the shoulder of Yankh-Horu.*

Nay, boy, but in the turmoil of battle, with horses

maddened by terror and pain, none but the firmest hands and the oldest and sternest hearts may do this office. My life is too precious till the blow be struck and victory be ours. But thou shalt hold my spears, and when all is o'er thou shalt take the reins from my driver and together we will follow the foe.

YANKH-HORU.

That hour will be beautiful, Highness. I long for that beautiful hour.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Hast thou no fear of death?

YANKH-HORU, *playing and singing.*

I say to myself every day:
As the healing of a sick person
Who goes to the Court after his illness. . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As the inhaling of the perfume of frankincense,
As a seat beneath an outstretched curtain when the breeze is cool. . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As the inhaling of the perfume of lotuses,
As a seat upon the bank of the land of Intoxication. . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As a freshly-watered road,
As a man returning from a campaign to his home,
As a man desiring to behold his house
When he hath passed many years on the sea. . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As the clearing again of the sky,
As a man who goes out to catch birds with a net
And finds himself suddenly in an Unknown Land. . . .
Such is death!

*Riyamose has entered from the courtyard below. He stands in adoration.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What wouldst thou, Riyamose?

RIYAMOSE.

Great news for thy Highness, great news indeed. A messenger has arrived from the Court, Life, Strength, Health! He and his fellows were taken by the Asiatics and searched, but he hath escaped.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What is his message, where are his papers?

RIYAMOSE.

He bears no papers, and he hath no knowledge that the Asiatics could wring from him. His message is strange indeed. He declares that the Royal Daughter of Tamery, Herself, hath set forth to visit thy Highness, with a great retinue, and, since he hath been delayed a day, should be here at any hour.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *in a dazed voice.*

The Royal Daughter! Which Royal Daughter? What meaneth the fellow?

RIYAMOSE.

The Royal Daughter Kamose Herself, he declares. In my view His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! could devise no means whereby He might send thy Highness what thou needest, save in this guise. The device is cunning, but the risk is a grave one, and the Royal Lady must be gallant indeed thus to undertake it, for she would be such a hostage as the King of the Asiatics hath never dreamt of, did he dare take her.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Can this be true? Can . . . can it be possible? *Suddenly jumping to his feet and speaking sternly.* Let this man be well tended. Send a company forth to do what may be done to rescue his fellows.

RIYAMOSE.

Highness, it shall be performed.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Let my entire body-guard in full equipment go forth

to meet the Royal Daughter, Yamouni himself in command. Let the whole army be drawn up without the city to salute Her as She enters. Let the subjects of my Highness know that She approacheth, and let the rejoicings for this honour be such as have never before been beheld. There shall be declared a festival of three days throughout my domain, and I shall order a distribution of wine and corn from my storehouses. My apartments shall be cleared forthwith and made ready for the Royal Daughter. Let all the women of my harem be adorned and instructed to attend on Her. Let the ritual be repeated to everyone lest any man offend. Let all men be reminded that the punishment of error is death, that the visit of a Royal Daughter is a matter of awe as well as of rejoicing—for they will have a Goddess in their midst.

RIYAMOSE.

Lord, it shall be done. There must be no delay. If the Royal Lady set forth at the hour that was declared, and if She hath met with no ill-fortune, Her approach should be expected already.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

My guard shall proceed until they find Her, verily if they must hurl themselves upon the camp of the King of the Unclean Ones himself. Thou thyself, Riyamose, shalt receive Her in my place. Is it understood?

RIYAMOSE, *horror-struck.*

Lord, will not thy Highness receive the Royal Daughter?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

The urgent duties of this critical time demand my presence at an outlying place until the blow is struck. The Royal Daughter will forgive. Thou wilt receive Her instructions and have them sent on to me. Two companies shall remain for Her protection when the hour arrives. Begone!

*Riyamose retires in adoration. Prince Kamose sinks back on his throne and sits gazing into space, a strange smile on his face.*

YANKH-HORU, *playing and singing.*

I have heard it said by men of old:
A wounded lion roared for water,
Parched and dying of thirst, of thirst,
And wished that he were dead.

The wounded lion sought for death,
His heart was sick, was sick indeed,
Till a canal its flood-gates burst,
And the water came,
But the lion fled. . . .

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Boy! What meanest thou?

YANKH-HORU.

I but sang a trifle to please my Lord.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I know thy songs and thy ways with me. I catch thy thought. Nay, I cannot stay. The agony of it were too great. I have a great duty to my King, and this alone must sway me in these last days, Yankh-Horu. All men's lives are in His hands for the freeing of Tamery, and until that is performed no man's life is his own, and no man must have any other thought. Did I stay I know not what might happen unto me, and at this hour perchance the fate of the Two Lands hangs upon my actions.

YANKH-HORU.

My Lord knows.

*There is a sudden wild outburst of cheering. Presently the word "Peraa" can be distinguished. Yamouni appears.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What meaneth this, Yamouni? Hast thou not yet set forth?

YAMOUNI.

Lord, it was but this moment the order came. Ere they set forth all thy soldiers would hail thee as the

successor of Peraa—the future Sovereign of the Two Lands.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *in a frenzy of agony and rage.*

By the bleeding nose of Riya! have I not given orders that this word be never spoken unto me again? What meanest thou, man, by this defiance? I will have every man flogged to death who dares do this thing. I will have thee whipped before the whole army. I will chastise thee with my own hands. All the curses of heaven upon thee, thou insubordinate rascal! Because the Royal Daughter cometh to visit me on a state visit thou plaguest me with this abomination. Out of my sight, out of my sight, before I strangle thee. Begone!

*Yamouni withdraws, pale and shaking with terror. Prince Kamose returns and sinks back upon his throne.*

PRINCE KAMOSE, *wrathfully.*

That my very soldiers, in the love and loyalty of their hearts, should shout this thing because the Royal Daughter cometh to me at this hour on this grave business, I who am naught to her save a name! It is even as the probing of a festering wound with the point of a spear. Why dost thou smile so strangely?

YANKH-HORU.

My father was a prophet of Riya, one skilled in the magic of old. He declared that Kamose would be King. All the words of my father are true.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Canst thou not see, boy, that he spoke of the Royal Daughter whose name is also my name? Have I not told thee Prince Yahmose is destined for the throne? How could such as I, unknown to Peraa, be the chosen one? It is the purest folly, boy. Why, my half-brothers, the young children of the King, would be chosen sooner than I.

YANKH-HORU.

Wise was the heart of my father. Hath the King

power over the Royal Daughter Who is not His child? Shall she not choose the King that shall be?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Yankh-Horu, Yankh-Horu, my heart cannot bear that thou speak thus! The King hath all power at such a time; and, were it not so, foolish boy, dost thou imagine such a girl hath no lovers amongst the brothers with whom she hath been brought up? Yankh-Horu, Yankh-Horu, how canst thou hurt me thus, knowing what thou dost know?

YANKH-HORU.

Lord, let thy heart be strong. There are stranger things in the world than thou thinkest. The human heart hath strange fancies, and all men are in the hands of fate. I know, because my father was a prophet of Riya, a reader of the hearts of men.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I must set forth. We will go to the Northern Camp. Nay, thou shalt remain here.

YANKH-HORU.

Lord, not so, not so. Highness, I beg of thee! Have I angered my Lord?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Nay, boy, but I would lay on thee a charge I can give to no other. It is an act of faith in thee. Give me the plans of all my beautiful temples that my imagination hath built in these years.

YANKH-HORU, *taking them from a box on the table.*

Here, Lord.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

It is said that my sister buildeth temples, and not only in her heart, for in Uast there hath been wealth and labour for such lovely work in recent years. Perchance there were something in these that might be pleasing unto her, for all the labours of past ages are known unto me, and this work hath been to me the greatest joy in my life. It is both learned and original—as are not the paltry works of this age, and if she be as I sometimes

dare fancy that she is, then she will love them and I shall hold a small place in her heart though she knew me not. Give them to her.

YANKH-HORU.

Lord, it shall be done.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Such a consuming passion as this strange thing hath been may not pass by and fall into nothingness. . . .

*A soldier approaches in adoration.*

Speak!

THE SOLDIER.

Highness, there is a woman below who demands audience of my Lord. She is an Asiatic who speaks the language of Tamery. She declareth that she hath important messages for thine ear concerning the disposition of troops, and that she cometh from Uast, from the camp of His Majesty, Life, Strength, Health! So determined and commanding is she, and of a manner so insistent, that she may not be gainsaid save by force, and threats thereof move her not at all. Methought she might be a spy of thy Highness, so I dared. . . .

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I cannot receive stray women of the Asiatics. What meanest thou, soldier? Learn her business or use upon her the point of thy spear. Is it for me to teach thee thy duties?

THE SOLDIER.

Highness, thy pardon! The woman was of strange aspect, and urged me to do her bidding so sternly that methought thy Highness might have expected her.

*He withdraws.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Yankh-Horu, if thou lovest me, love now her whom I love. Attach thyself to her. See that she hath my chamber. That would please my heart, I know not why. And when thou comest, tell me of her.

YANKH-HORU.

Highness, I shall not leave the Royal Daughter. I

shall play her to sleep as I play to sleep my Lord every night; and if any seek to move me from her chamber I shall say it is the will of my Lord that I remain. In this city even the Royal Daughter of Tamery must bow to the Ruling Prince. Have I thy permission?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Verily. In this thing I shall exert my authority. The thought is pleasing in my heart. *The soldier returns.* What now? Hast thou broken thy spear in the behind of this Asiatic, and would have me mend it for thee?

THE SOLDIER, *trying not to laugh.*

Lord, she sendeth this object which she declareth is a seal that thou wilt know. I cannot read, Lord.

*He hands Prince Kamose the seal.*

PRINCE KAMOSE, *starting violently.*

Riya! It is the Royal Seal! Bring up this Asiatic this instant.

*The Soldier beckons. Prince Kamose stands motionless in agitation. In a few seconds Kamose, the Royal Daughter, comes up the steps and approaches. She is clad in rags and has no wig. Her short hair is loose and dishevelled. She is covered with dust and mud from head to feet, and she has scratches and blood-stains all over her body.*

KAMOSE, *walking straight up to Prince Kamose who gazes upon her like one in a dream.*

Greeting, Kamose my brother! I am the Royal Daughter. Nay, I know I look like an Asiatic, and thou hast not seen me since I was a baby, but I am thy sister, nevertheless. How is my brother?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

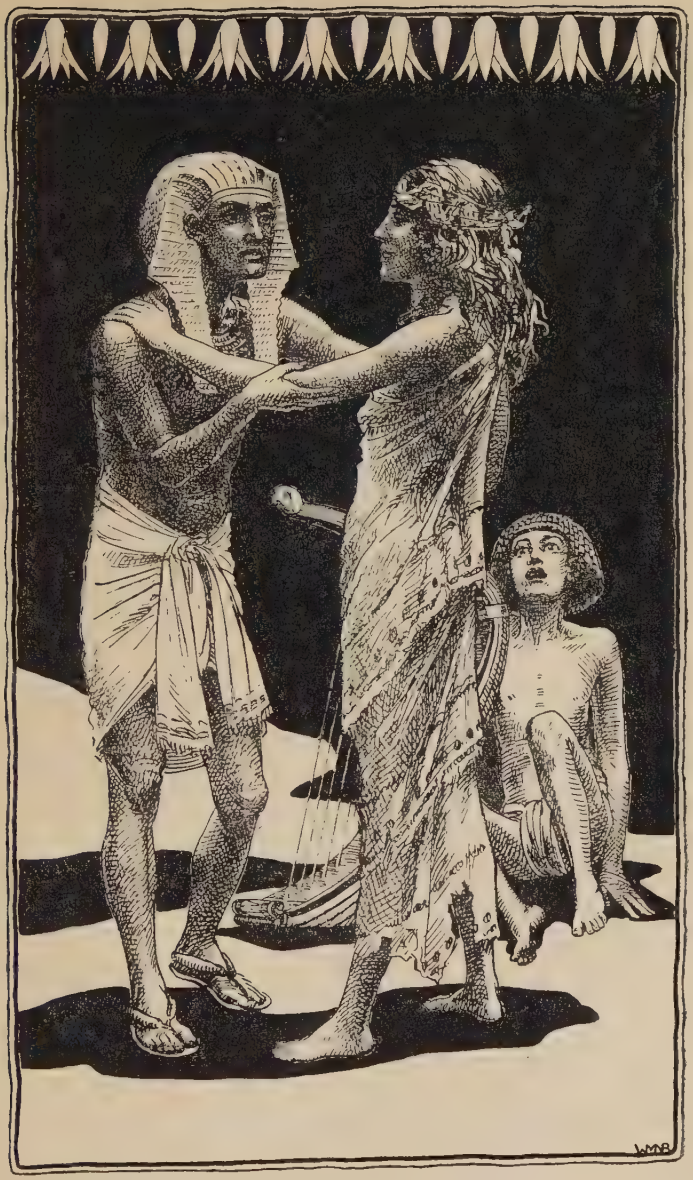
Majesty! *He assumes the attitude of adoration.* I recognised thee on the instant, in spite of thy garments. How comes my sister in this guise?

KAMOSE.

Will not my brother kiss me, dirty as I am?

PRINCE KAMOSE, *taking her tenderly in his arms in the ceremonial kiss.*

Welcome indeed is my sister, dirty or clean!



"Will not My Brother Kiss Me, Dirty as I am?"

KAMOSE, *laughing.*

I thank thee, Kamose. Tell me, hast thou heard of my suite?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty, my army hath already set forth to give thee greeting and to escort thee hither. Tell me what hath befallen?

KAMOSE.

The Asiatics would not respect even my Majesty, so I left my people ere they were molested, placing another in my stead. In this guise I have wandered for many hours among the Asiatics, and, ragged as I am, I was much admired by their soldiers. Nay, look not so shocked. Some of them are handsome fellows, and I learnt much of their strength and dispositions which I feel certain thou couldst never have discovered. *Pulling out papers from her robe.* Here are the despatches. The treasure and the bows and spear-heads are disguised as my baggage. If my people win through they will arrive; if not, thou wilt have to do without them.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty! I am astounded! I cannot express my gratitude and appreciation. . . .

KAMOSE.

Well, hast thou any women in this place? I want to be scrubbed and oiled and perfumed and clothed. I am dirty and bloody and very fatigued.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty, I am so sorry. If my little sister will come with me I will. . . .

KAMOSE, *taking his arm and going towards the entrance.*

Bathe her and scrub her and oil her and give her some food. . . .

*There is an outburst of cheering, and Riyamose and his officers appear.*

RIYAMOSE.

Highness, the Royal Daughter and Her escort are at hand!

PRINCE KAMOSE, *quietly.*

Riyamose, this is the Royal Daughter.

*With a gasp of astonishment they fall upon their knees and kiss-the-earth. Prince Kamose and his sister pass within.*

YANKH-HORU, *dreamily striking chords on his harp as he squats by the throne.*

My father was a prophet of Riya, a reader of the hearts of men. . . .

## ACT II. SCENE V.

*Prince Kamose is seated upon the throne, Yankh-Horu squatting beside him. Yamouni and Riyamose stand before him. There are chests and boxes lying piled upon the floor.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Such are the instructions of Peraa, Life, Strength, Health! We have but three days. Let the dispositions be made. The blow must be sudden and irrevocable. It must be timed to the instant. It must be as the blast of the storm-wind that nothing can resist. The advance must be as a whirlwind until my army-corps breaks through to the Royal Army itself.

YAMOUNI.

Highness, it is understood. The archers shall be beneath my command. Thy Highness will command the chariot-force in person. Which companies shall be detailed for the protection of the Royal Daughter?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

She shall choose them Herself, Yamouni. Doth She return already?

HERALDS, *in the distance.*

Make way for the Royal Daughter! Way for the Royal Lady Kamose!

*Two Heralds appear through the curtained entrance and stand in adoration. Then two Chamberlains appear and advance.*

THE CHAMBERLAINS.

The Hereditary Princess, Great in Favour, the Very Benevolent, Great in Love, the Royal Daughter Kamose.

*Kamose enters, followed by a long train of fan-bearers and attendants, a different entrance, indeed, from her former one. She herself is regally clad—for regality does not consist in abundance of material. She wears a transparent*

*skirt of gossamer linen, carefully goffered, from beneath her breasts to her ankles, sandals on her feet. On her bosom a jewelled pectoral, a wig upon her head, the uraeus upon her brow. Her eyelids and brows are painted with kohl, and her finger-nails are stained with henna. Every man has taken off his sandals and prostrates himself upon his belly. Prince Kamose alone remains standing and assumes the attitude of adoration.*

KAMOSE.

These Asiatic concubines of thine are perfectly wonderful at massage, Kamose.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *leading her to the throne.*

Majesty, I have only two.

KAMOSE.

Well, and whatever dost thou imagine thou couldst do with more, my dear brother? *She sits down upon the throne, and rises again with an exclamation.* Kamose, I must have a cushion. I am not usually so luxurious, but that policeman of thine insisted upon sticking his spear into my behind and telling me that it was in accordance with thy instructions. I think it was perfectly beastly of thee, Kamose.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *amidst the giggles of the prostrate court.*

Majesty!

KAMOSE.

Let the poor fellow be informed that his error in the ritual will pass unnoticed if he applies the same energy to the same part of the real Asiatics in the future. Arise!

*The Court arises.*

THE COURT, *in adoration, chanting.*

Life to the Royal Daughter, to the Royal Lady, Kamose!
Sweet One, beloved, Priestess of Hat-Hor, Kamose,
Sweet One, beloved in the eyes of the King,
The King of the South, the King of the North,
King Saqnunriya, Gifted with Life!
Sweet in the eyes of all men,
Beloved in the eyes of women,

She is the Royal Daughter,
Sweet, beloved, beautiful among women,
A damsel whose like hath not been seen!
Black is her hair, more than the blackness of night,
More than the fruits of the vine-tree!
Red are her lips more than pieces of jasper,
More than crushed henna!
Firm are her breasts upon her bosom! . . . . .

PRINCE KAMOSE, *in adoration.*

Will the Royal Daughter receive the homage of my civil and military officers?

KAMOSE.

Let them approach. Kamose my brother, thou shalt sit by my side.

*She makes room for him.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty, grateful indeed is my heart for this honour!

*Embarrassed, he sits by her side. With an unaffected and careless gesture she throws one arm lightly round his waist and holds him thus. The position is ceremonial rather than affectionate. Four officers approach, clad in long skirts and wearing little artificial beards, Yamouni on their right. They smell-the-earth before the throne.*

KAMOSE, *stretching out her right hand which holds the Sign of Life, and passing it swiftly from left to right.*

Arise, I give ye life!

*They rise and stand in adoration.*

THE FOUR MILITARY OFFICERS.

Life to the Royal Daughter!
She is more beautiful than the Right Eye of Horu,
Than the Sun at mid-day when He casts His beams upon the waters of the Very Green!
Her splendour is as the splendour of Riya Himself;
Verily no man can behold the Royal Daughter with naked eye and yet live!

*They retire, in adoration. Four others approach, Riyamose on their right. She gives them life also, and they rise.*

THE FOUR CIVIL OFFICERS.

Life to the Royal Daughter!
She is resplendent as the Left Eye of Horu,
As the Moon that shines in the night-time,
More glorious than the Great Company of the Gods
Themselves when They walk upon the earth!
Verily the odour of the Royal Daughter is more
beautiful than the choicest perfumes of the
whole Land of Incense!

*They also retire.*

KAMOSE, *in clear ringing tones.*

Hear ye, all persons! Ye people, as many as ye are! I have come this day from the King, Life, Strength, Health! bringing to My brother, your ruler, the instructions of His Majesty for the part ye are to play in that great thing that is about to happen, and for which the people of the Two Lands have laboured for so long beneath the oppression of the vile Asiatics. The blow ye shall strike for the freedom of Tamery is to fall in three days from to-day, and the part that is assigned unto ye is the greatest and most vital of any army that shall take part. Truly I may tell ye that the success or failure of this enterprise, the freedom or added slavery of the Beloved Land, rest on your shoulders; but beneath the strong hands of My brother ye will not fail in this thing. In the Nome of Uast every man hath given up his life into the hands of the King to do with it as He willeth, verily though it be to inevitable destruction, and His Majesty shall be the first to enter the battle. Have ye also faith in your ruler, in your Prince, Kamose My brother, will ye also render into his keeping your lives? Have ye faith in his strength, belief in his courage, trust in his wisdom? *A deafening roar of acclamation goes up from the assembled multitude below.* I see that ye love him. Have I not trusted Myself into his hands in this hour of danger? Have I not left the great armies of the King and come to ye to be with ye in your hour of trial? Let this be a token unto ye, for I too have faith in My brother.

Give ye unto him your lives into his keeping, even as hath the Royal Daughter of the Two Lands, and have faith, for My Majesty Myself will go forth with My soldiers and will follow in My chariot in the rear of My army, verily even into the midst of the battle, and I shall behold your deeds of valour. Nor will I permit that one soldier be taken from the forces for the protection of My Majesty!

I shall be with ye, My Divine Protection shall be upon ye and upon My brother who shall lead ye; and before the wrath of the Divine Serpent-Goddess upon My Diadem the Asiatics shall go down as corn before the scythe of the reaper, as stubble before a wind-driven fire, as chaff before the fury of the storm-wind. . . . . *Again a deafening roar of acclamation arises. In an ordinary speaking voice.* Hath my brother any further business he would have me do?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

It is for Thy Majesty to declare Thy Will.

KAMOSE.

To-morrow I will inspect thy army and thy fortifications and all thy preparations. I will address thy soldiers, saying a few words to each battalion of thy troops. Then I will visit thy city and have thee reveal unto me its beauties. Have I thy permission to issue a decree of liberation?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

The words of the Royal Daughter are law.

KAMOSE.

Not in the dominion of her brother save it be his will. Let the Vizier stand before me.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Riyamose! *He approaches in adoration.*

KAMOSE.

Let all prisoners be released. All those who have been found guilty and whose punishment I should decree at dawn shall be set free, for I would forego this privilege on the first day of My visit to this city. Bid those who have lawsuits make up their differences on this day out of

love for My Majesty. Only the petitions shall be heard. I will perform the ritual for My Father Yamoun in the temple this day, Myself. I have spoken.

RIYAMOSE.

The divine words of the Royal Daughter are obeyed even as they are spoken. Great shall be the rejoicing in the hearts of men.

*He withdraws in adoration.*

KAMOSE.

My brother, let us be unattended. The audience is ended.

*The Court once more smells-the-earth till she motions it to rise. Then everyone departs, save Kamose, Prince Kamose and Yankh-Horu, chanting the hymn of praise that was chanted on her arrival.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty, art thou not weary? I would have my sister sleep after her journey.

KAMOSE.

I was much refreshed by my bath, but I am weary nevertheless. But I would converse with my brother whom I have not seen since I can remember.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Let my sister lie upon her couch, and I will sit by her side until she sleepeth. Yankh-Horu shall play her to sleep with sweet music.

KAMOSE, *rising from the throne.*

Yankh-Horu shall play to me anon. Truly it is a beautiful child. Is he thine?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Nay, I have no children.

KAMOSE, *taking Yankh-Horu's head in her hands and kissing him.*

Sweet boy, I think I love thee. Wilt thou leave thy lord and serve me while I am here?

YANKH-HORU.

Nay, Majesty. But I will serve Thee also.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Yankh-Horu, Yankh-Horu, thou naughty boy!

Knowest thou not that no man, not even thyself, may dispute with the Royal Daughter?

YANKH-HORU.

Highness, I know it.

KAMOSE.

My brother, I am eager to behold thy city. Thou hast here the remains of the ancient temple of Ytumu which I would see.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Alas, Majesty, but little remaineth.

KAMOSE.

I know it. But I have, among the relics of past times that I have collected, a drawing of this temple as it hath been of old. I have made designs for its re-building.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Thou, Majesty! In truth I would that it might be done.

KAMOSE.

Some day it shall. Would it interest thee to behold my designs?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Verily, it would interest me indeed.

KAMOSE, *rummaging in one of the many chests that are lying beside her.*

Why, art thou interested in these matters?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

In truth, sister, more than in anything else in the world. I myself have designs for this temple.

KAMOSE, *looking up in surprise.*

Thou hast! I knew not that thou carest for these things. I am surprised indeed. This is my restoration. Let me see thine.

*She sits beside him and unfolds a papyrus.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Yankh-Horu.

*He finds the writing and hands it presently.*

KAMOSE.

But how hast thou done this? Surely no other ancient drawing exists?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Simply by studying the foundations. The rest is imagination, my sister. Mayhap it will not please thee.

*He gazes at her papyrus with delight in his face.*

KAMOSE.

But to do this thou must have learned the science of these things, and the ancient knowledge of the arts.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Verily have I, Majesty. I have designs for nearly two score temples. All the ancient wisdom that hath been preserved is in my heart. *Yankh-Horu hands him the papyrus.* It is thus, sister. It is a more fanciful structure than thine. Thine hath all the pure perfection of ancient art. I am unable to speak of it for astonishment at its beauty.

KAMOSE.

Truly it is I who am astonished at thy strange imagining! I will take this and examine it at my leisure. It interests me greatly. *She rolls it up again.* I will rest awhile. My poor little Majesty is very tired, dear brother. *Pointing to all the boxes.* These are presents for thee from Father-Majesty. How dreadful of me not to have offered them ceremonially! This one is from our mother, dost thou remember her?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Verily, I remember her, dear sister, though neither Father-Majesty, nor, save vaguely indeed, thyself.

KAMOSE.

I have oft tried to picture thee, Kamose, but thou dost interest me more than I dared hope. . . . Here, this present I have brought thee from myself.

*She opens a box and takes out a bronze figure of a queen, painted and inlaid with gold and gems. Fascinated, Prince Kamose takes it and examines it.*

PRINCE KAMOSE, *with a visible start and a closer look of astonishment.*

But sister. . . .

KAMOSE, *pausing on her way to the door.*

What is it? Dost thou like it?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

But sister . . . Kamose, it is not an ancient work! The metal is newly wrought!

KAMOSE.

Be not so astonished. In truth it is. What surpriseth thee in that? Knowest thou not of whom it is?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

But . . . but, dost thou mean that there are artists to-day who can work thus, that this skill hath survived in Uast?

KAMOSE, *turning as she walks out of the chamber, and glancing at him curiously.*

Verily, I have revived it. I made that for thee myself. It is of mother.

*She disappears through the curtained entrance.*

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Thou madest it *THYSELF!*

*He gazes after her like one in a dream. Then he returns to the throne and sits down upon it, the statue lying on his knees. Resting his chin upon his right hand he throws the other over the back of the seat and sits gazing into space, a strange smile lighting up his face.*

PRINCE KAMOSE, *in a hushed whisper.*

Riya! Is this thing possible? . . . Never, never in my wildest dreams. . . .

YANKH-HORU, *playing and singing.*

Sadness lies in the heart of man,
In the depths of the soul are tears, are tears,
For the heart that longs for a hidden thing,
For the soul that sighs through the endless years. . . .

The heart may yearn and the soul may cry
For a thing it knows it may not have;
The soul of a man may be torn with love,
Though it know not for whom, though it know not why. . . .

## ACT III. SCENE VI.

### THE PALACE OF PRINCE KAMOSE IN THE NORTHERN CITY.

*The bedchamber of Prince Kamose. A long narrow strip of balcony. A low balustrade of painted woodwork. Four square wooden pillars, gaily painted, supporting the roof, green rush blinds from roof to balustrade. In the centre, lying along the balustrade, a lion-footed couch. At the head Yankh-Horu squatting, asleep, his head thrown back against the woodwork, his harp lying across his knees. At the foot, a simple elegant wooden armchair. A curtained entrance behind the head of the bed, a toilet-table with mirror, kohl-pot, vases of unguent, and Kamose's wig at the opposite end, a stool near by with garments lying folded upon it, a long chest beside it. Two lamps on tall stands, one at either end of the chamber, give light. On the couch Prince Kamose is lying asleep, a gorgeous coverlet upon him.*

*The curtains over the entrance are softly parted and Kamose comes in. She is loosely swathed in a robe of gauzy white linen, she has no wig, and her hair is cut short about her ears. She comes forward silently and stands gazing at the sleeping Prince Kamose. Lightly she places one hand upon his bare arm lying on the coverlet.*

PRINCE KAMOSE, *sitting up suddenly.*

Majesty! I ask thy pardon, sister; thy coming was not heralded, or did I sleep as one in the tomb?

KAMOSE.

Do not move, my brother; stay where thou art. I fear it is cruel of me indeed thus to disturb thee on the night before the great trial. I thought that perchance thou mightest not have slept either, but when I beheld

thee I could not go. I came to thee alone and unheralded, and thy guards, not recognising me, would have forbade me had I not threatened them with destruction.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty, I am rejoiced indeed to behold thee. At any hour my sister is welcome indeed to my heart, however she may come and for what purpose I care not. What wouldest thou, Majesty?

KAMOSE.

Nothing, dear brother. I have no business. I could not sleep, and my heart was full of thoughts that would not be silent, thronging my soul, so I came to thee to tell thee of them.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

My little sister is over-tired. Truly the labours of this long day in the heat and the dust have been such that I myself was weary unto death though I but stood by thy side. Wilt thou sit upon my couch, Kamose, or wilt thou lie there and I will sit by thy side?

KAMOSE.

Nay, dear brother, if thou wilt allow thy little sister to share thy couch perhaps I shall be soothed by the strong arms of my brother and shall sleep.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *making room for her.*

It shall be sweet indeed in my heart to have my beloved sister in my arms. Shall I bid Yankh-Horu play for thee?

KAMOSE, *climbing on to the couch and sitting beside him, her knees drawn up under her chin.*

Nay, let the sweet child sleep. I would tell thee of that which is in my heart ere I rest.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *putting his arm round her.*

What beautiful thought is in the heart of my sister?

KAMOSE, *looking into his face with a sweet smile.*

My brother loves me?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Thy brother would be flayed alive for thee without the hesitation of one breath.

KAMOSE, *placing her hands over her face.*

To-morrow my brother goeth forth to strike the blow that shall throw the Asiatics into confusion and allow Peraa to drive them forth into the marshes of the North. Who knoweth what man shall come forth alive, be he peasant or Prince? Fate hath taken me in her hands at my birth, and tragic I fear shall be the end of me. Mine is not the destiny of others, I have ever known that. There hath ever been something marked out for me, something beautiful and terrible indeed. Is my brother brave? Will he share my fate?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What doth my sister mean? There is nothing I will not share with my sister.

KAMOSE.

I have declared that I would watch the battle from the rear, in my chariot, observing the deeds of all men, and bestowing my divine protection. I would do so no longer.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

I am glad, Majesty; it were a grievous risk I would not have thee suffer. What is thy will?

KAMOSE.

I would accept thy offer, Kamose, when thou saidest there was nothing thou wouldst not have me share with thee.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty, there is not anything; but what is the thing thou desirest?

KAMOSE.

Wilt thou grant it if I tell thee?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

It is for my sister to declare her will. Her word is above my decision.

KAMOSE.

Nay, dear brother, for in this thy authority as Commander-in-Chief is concerned. I cannot impose my will on thee.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

The wisdom of my sister would seek nothing that should be a hindrance unto our victory.

KAMOSE.

Truly.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

What then is this thing?

KAMOSE.

I would go with thee into the battle in thy chariot, Kamose. Have I thy permission?

PRINCE KAMOSE, *in horror.*

Thou, Majesty!

YANKH-HORU, *sleepily striking a chord.*

Strange are the ways of fate, of fate,
For those whom Destiny chooseth for Her own,
She is never too soon, She is never too late,
That must be reaped which She hath sown,
which She hath sown. . . . .

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty! The Royal Daughter of Tamery enter the forefront of the battle in a chariot! It is not possible. Thou wouldst be slain. A strong man may thrust aside a spear and strike ere he be struck.

KAMOSE.

Kamose, if I were slain thou too wouldst probably have been slain. That is a risk my heart desireth.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

But, my sister, thou art the Heiress of the Two Lands. . . .

KAMOSE.

The King hath a daughter, Kamose, Yahmose Nofrityri our sister, one more beautiful, more beloved than am I, one queenlier, one who is His Majesty's own child through whom He would have future dynasties have His blood and hold Him for ancestor and founder of the New Kingdom that shall be. And Nofrityri loveth Yahmose, who is the most beloved of our brothers in the eyes of the King and in the eyes of all men—save these in the North who love thee.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *with a tremor in his voice.*

But doth not my little sister love also my brother Yahmose?

KAMOSE.

I love all my brothers, Kamose, but he is not the man for whom my heart yearneth, and with whom alone perfect happiness might be mine.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *in a voice of agony.*

Kamose, I know not what thou meanest indeed, indeed. Thy words torment me, they are agony unto me. What dost thou mean by that? . . . Thou knowest I would dearly love to have thee with me under any condition and in any and every place in this world and with Osyri, verily even in the battle itself, but thou couldst not protect thyself, my little sister.

KAMOSE.

Could I not, my brother?

*She gets down from the couch and goes towards the toilet table. Then she takes from the stool Prince Kamose's corselet of little copper plates and fastens it round her, lifting her robe beneath it so that it only hangs to her knees. Then she opens the long chest and takes out a spear. Running swiftly and easily, she hurls it and sends it crashing through a shield that hangs by the entrance. Prince Kamose watches in amazement.*

Couldst thou throw a spear more truly or with greater force, my brother?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Truly, Majesty, amazement grips my heart! Whether I could throw with greater force, I know not, but I could throw not more truly.

KAMOSE.

Well, I will tell thee. Thou couldst throw with greater force and more truly, but I can do so well enough for my own protection.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Strange hath been the up-bringing of my sister at the Court of Peraa that she should have learned these arts!

KAMOSE.

We have all been reared for the age of war that is at hand, and I shared the sports and pastimes of my brothers. *Seizing a sword and a shield.* Come hither, Kamose. *He rises from the couch and approaches. She hands him a sword and a shield.* Now, protect thyself, for I would see if I cannot defeat thee at thine own game. I have had all my brothers at my mercy ere now, saving thee.

*She attacks him vigorously. At first he receives her blows and thrusts weakly. Then he finds himself obliged to use his sword actively in defence. All the time he retreats before her. Soon he is forced to attack, taking care not to injure her. By the time his back is against the wall he realises that he has to deal with a real opponent, and he attacks more energetically. Slowly she yields before him. Inch by inch he drives her back again till she in her turn is driven against her wall. Then they cease fighting and burst out laughing.*

KAMOSE.

Really, my brother, I am ashamed indeed! I came to thee in order to sleep, and apologised to thee for awakening thee on such a night, and behold, here have I made thee take up arms and fight with me. *She throws down her sword and shield, and walks over to the chair, on which she seats herself, upright and majestic.* Wilt thou grant my request, now, dear brother?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty, how could I refuse thee? It is that of all things on earth I most desire, that thus thou shouldst share my fate. But why thou wouldst do so I know not indeed. Were it but for the encouraging of the soldiers thou wouldst have declared thine intentions before.

KAMOSE.

Truly would I, Kamose. It is not that.

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Will my sister not tell me?

KAMOSE.

Doth my brother not guess?

PRINCE KAMOSE.

Majesty, I dare not. Tell me, for it is agony unto my heart.

KAMOSE, *turning her face to him with a smile.*

It is but that I love my brother and I would that my brother loved me.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *holding out his arms beseechingly.*

Kamose, what meanest thou?

KAMOSE, *earnestly.*

That my heart turneth to thee alone of my brothers, and did from the moment I first beheld thee, and that it hath flamed forth within me so that I cannot think of aught else. Thou alone of all men that I have seen art the very image of all that my heart seeketh and desireth. It hath fixed itself upon thee, for in thee it findeth the other part of itself, and it would have thee possess it ere thou pass to the whirlwind of destruction that awaiteth thee on the morrow, for no man knoweth what may befall, and sick indeed is my heart for the love of him whom it hath found and to whom alone it shall be united forever.

PRINCE KAMOSE, *going to her and falling upon his knees before her as she sits proudly on her high seat, burying his face between her legs above her knees.*

Majesty!

*For some seconds he remains thus while she lays her hands upon his head. Then he rises to his feet and holds out his arms. She puts her hands in his, and he pulls her up and takes her in his arms. A tornado of passion has swept over him. The force of liberated emotion pent up for so long is so great that he is as a wild creature having at last gained possession of that which on Earth he most desires. Frantically he kisses her and holds her to himself, crushing her and bending her as a poplar swaying and staggering at the mercy of a hurricane.*

"MAJESTY!"

KAMOSE, *gasping and groaning.*

Kamose, my beloved, thou art more violent than a panther of the South. Methought thou didst mistake me for an Asiatic. Be calm, I beseech thee. We must remember that which is so near at hand, in but a few short hours. I came to thee that I might sleep in thine arms, and I awakened thee but to give thee something better for thee than thy sleep. Come, Yankh-Horu shall play for us.

*She leads him towards the couch. Prince Kamose climbs upon it and makes room for her.*

PRINCE KAMOSE, *as she throws herself into his outstretched arms.*

My beloved!

YANKH-HORU, *striking chords on his harp.*

Strange are the ways of fate, of fate,
For those whom Destiny chooseth for Her own,
She is never too soon, She is never too late,
That must be reaped which She hath sown,
which She hath sown. . . .

## ACT III. SCENE VII.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE AT DAWN AFTER THE VICTORY.

*The scene is most perfectly presented in the beautiful picture of this subject by Mrs. W. M. Brunton, R.M.S. A desert sunrise. Shadowy heaps of corpses. A group of soldiers guarding a dead body.*

*Two officers approach, followed by Yahhotpu swathed and veiled in a gauzy cloak of purple. The soldiers open their ranks and assume the attitude of adoration. The officers do likewise, and Yahhotpu approaches the dead. Silent and motionless she stands gazing awhile. Then she squats beside the body in the mourning attitude. All present do likewise. A terrible moan of grief, rising and falling, issues from the mourners as they sway in the funereal ritual-movements.*

*Presently Prince Yahmose with a body-guard approaches and joins in the mourning. Then they rise to their feet. Yahmose takes his mother and leads her aside.*

YAHHOTPU.

Speak, my son.

YAHMOSE.

All is well, my Mother, in so far as anything may be well after this grief that hath fallen upon the Beloved Land. The victory which we have won is established beyond fear or danger. There is no longer cause for anxiety. The Asiatics are driven forth from all the cities that we sought to rid of them—save the one only. They are utterly destroyed, they are in headlong flight, they can no longer rally. Tamery is already half cleared of them, and the Beloved Land is once more the free country of its people.

YAHHOTPU, *reverently and very bitterly.*

But He to Whom the Two Lands belong is no longer among the Living! He who hath given freedom to His children hath departed to the Sky, He hath gone to join His Fathers and Brethren the Gods in the hour of the achievement of that which He was sent among men to perform. Terrible, terrible is the grief that hath fallen upon my people in the hour of their rejoicing!

YAHMOSE.

It is a grief beyond all saying, my Mother. It is a grief that the passage of centuries shall not assuage. This Divine One shall be worshipped throughout Tamery so long as the New Kingdom that He hath created shall last, which shall be forever, and She on whom this sorrow falleth heaviest shall be worshipped by His side. There is no man living in the Two Lands to-day that weepeth not for the sorrow of my Mother.

YAHHOTPU, *turning from the mourners.*

What news hast thou of Kamose?

YAHMOSE.

That she is safe, with my brother, in the Northern City. Fear not, the vile Asiatics will not harm her.

YAHHOTPU.

What wouldst thou do, then, my son?

YAHMOSE.

All that may be done is already performed. I have despatched an embassy to the King of the Unclean Ones offering to release the countless thousands that are our prisoners in exchange for my sister and the remnants of Kamose's Northern army.

YAHHOTPU.

Thinkest thou he will agree?

YAHMOSE.

There is no doubt, my Mother. It is the one use that he may make of the Royal Daughter of Tamery. I sought not to bargain, for her life is too precious, nor is it fitting that I should stoop to dispute with the King of the Barbarians concerning one so divine. He shall have his prisoners in their tens of thousands to defy us

hereafter if he dare, but I fear him no longer, for he can never recover that which we have wrested from his grasp.

YAHHOTPU, *with great dignity, stifling back all emotion from her voice.*

Thou hast taken it upon thyself, my son, to risk everything that the Divine One that is no longer among the Living hath won, for the Life of the Royal Daughter and a few battalions of soldiers?

YAHMOSE.

Wouldst thou reprove me, my Mother? Is She not the Heiress of the Two Lands? Is not that which this God hath set free now Hers to do with as She willeth? Hath Tamery a King until She declare who shall be Her Lord? Is She not thy daughter and my sister?

YAHHOTPU, *in measured tones.*

Verily she is my daughter whom I love, but she is not the only one, and there may be greater things, the guarding of which is now in thy hands, than the life of my beloved daughter. The heart may not be consulted at such an hour, for it is an hour on which the future of the whole Earth may depend, O my son.

YAHMOSE.

Fear not, my Mother! Gallant indeed is thy heart! The Asiatics are too far broken to threaten us again or endanger that which we have won.

YAHHOTPU.

What if Kamose should raise another than thee to the estate of Him Who is in the Sky?

YAHMOSE.

I shall be a faithful servant of the King, O my Mother.

YAHHOTPU.

Only thou art fitted for this office, my son. In this hour no other hath the faith and love of the Two Lands in his grasp as thou hast them.

YAHMOSE.

Fear not, my Mother. Kamose will not fail me.

YAHHOPTU.

When was she last beheld?

YAHMOSE.

It hath been declared unto me, by several archers of the Northern army that broke through unto us and won the victory, that Kamose was in the battle in the chariot of my brother. It seemeth strange, but so they declare.

YAHHOTPU, *turning upon him and looking into his eyes with knitted brows.*

Strange, my son? Strange indeed! The Royal Daughter of Tamery in the battle in the chariot of her brother! Such a thing hath never been in the whole history of the Two Lands. Art thou sure of this thing?

YAHMOSE.

It cannot be doubted, my Mother. Had not the overwhelming of the Good God caused our centre to retire, so that Kamose's chariots, which he was leading, were hemmed in on all sides and cut off from his main army which gave us the victory, she had now been safely with us, and he likewise, whatever the fate of his city.

YAHHOTPU.

Verily, this is a thing to make the heart ponder, for methinks I understand that which hath taken place. There can be but one explanation of this thing, though thou dost not comprehend it, for thy knowledge of the human heart is not great. Hast thou demanded the release of my son Kamose, with the Royal Daughter and his troops?

YAHMOSE.

My mother, be not wrath with me! I feared to tell thee. I have not sought this. It was with a sad heart that I made this decision. But in truth it were not possible. In the eyes of the Asiatics he is guilty of treason, to him and to his army the defeat of the Asiatics is due. There could be no question of his release. It had meant the sacrifice of my sister as well, a thing that was not to be considered. . . .

YAHHOTPU, *with a supreme effort.*

Right was thy decision, my son, though the grief is

bitter indeed in my heart. This son whom I have not seen for so long held a place in my heart that was his only and belonged to no other of my children. But this thing must be. It is the price that must be paid for the freedom of the Beloved Land. *Turning away, her shoulders heaving with the sobs that cannot any longer be withheld.* Come, we will depart. The world shall begin the mourning that shall be greater than its rejoicing. . . .

*The soldiers lift the body of the King and bear it upon their shoulders. Slowly the cortege moves off, moaning and lamentation issuing from the lips of all, Yahhotpu and Yahmose walking behind with bent heads and slow footsteps.*

## ACT III. SCENE VIII.

THE PALACE OF PRINCE KAMOSE IN THE NORTHERN CITY.

*The audience-chamber in the Palace. A row of barbarian heads visible at the level of the floor—men standing on the broad steps guarding the prisoners within.*

*Prince Kamose, now King of the Two Lands through his sister, and wearing the royal uraeus upon his brow, the royal sash and the royal headcloth, is seated upon the throne, Kamose, his Queen, beside him; their arms are about one another and both are leaning forward lost in thought, Yankh-Horu squatting as usual by the throne.*

YANKH-HORU, *playing and singing.*

Sad is the lot of a captive King,
A monarch unknown to his people!
A land now brought 'neath the Royal Wing,
That the Royal Eye hath never beheld,
That the King knoweth not, that knows not the King!
For the Lord of the World that knows not its Lord
Hath set it thus free by the might of his sword!

QUEEN KAMOSE.

My beloved, it is a strange thing that in spite of this terrible situation that is ours thou dost not seem sad nor ill at ease. Indeed thou seemest happy and wonderfully at peace.

KING KAMOSE.

Never have I been so happy, Kamose, never before hath my whole heart been so blissfully, so divinely happy! There is fear and disquiet in me nowhere. I am happy as never before in my whole life.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

I, too, have no fear nor sorrow. I am as happy as I can be. I have never been more supremely happy.

KING KAMOSE.

Our lives no longer lie within our power, if indeed they were ever really ours to control. We are as children in the hands of the Gods, and I have no fear. My heart is at rest at last, beautifully, wonderfully at rest.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Nor have I any fear; my heart is at peace as it never hath been.

KING KAMOSE.

I who since my boyhood have had but one real longing, one supreme incomprehensible uncontrollable desire, I whose life hath been tormented by one inexplicable yearning that hath given me no peace, have at last that desired thing which hath tortured me all these years, and the joy of it is beyond all saying. The marvellous peace of my body and the marvellous peace of my soul leave no room for unhappiness any longer.

QUEEN KAMOSE, *looking up into his eyes.*

Thou who art now King of the Two Lands, the Two Lands that for the first time for countless centuries are in the hands once more of the Kings of Tamery, and the winning back of which hath been so largely thy doing, is it nothing to thee that thou art a prisoner doomed to death as a traitor to a foreign King; that thou art the mightiest monarch in the world, whose power yet reacheth not beyond the palace which is thy prison, and for whom there is so little hope of release?

KING KAMOSE.

It is nothing, my beloved. I never sought to be King. It was thee that I yearned for, naught else, and naught else was of any consequence to my heart. I have all that I desire, and as long as it is mine there is room for naught but happiness in me anywhere. And thou?

QUEEN KAMOSE.

I am supremely, utterly happy; what more need I say?

*They kiss one another. Riyamose amd Yamouni enter, approach in adoration, and smell-the-earth.*

KING KAMOSE.

Arise.

RIYAMOSE AND YAMOUNI, *rising and standing in adoration.*

Life to the King of the South and North, Uazkhopririya, Son of the Sun, Kamose!

The splendour of His Majesty is more beautiful than the splendour of Riya when he casteth His beams upon the waters of the Very Green! The Majesty of Peraa is more ineffable than the Majesty of the Great Company of the Gods Themselves when They walk upon the Earth! Verily it is not possible to behold with the naked eye the glory of His Majesty, and yet live!

RIYAMOSE.

Behold! A messenger hath arrived from the King of the Unclean Ones with words for Peraa.

KING KAMOSE.

Speak them.

RIYAMOSE.

It is that the Royal Daughter, the Lady of the Two Lands, Kamose, shall set forth without delay from this city, together with all the soldiers and attendants that remain to Thy Majesty, and all that surviveth of the Northern army that is now held captive in this city. They shall be free and shall return forthwith to the army of the Royal Mother, the Queen Yahhotpu in the South.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Knowest thou what is the bribe offered for this release by the Royal Mother?

RIYAMOSE.

It is an exchange of all the Asiatics captured by the armies of the late King Saqnunriya Tiuaqni the Justified. They are already set free and are returning to their comrades in the cities and marshes of the North.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Thou hast spoken of all save the King. What of my brother?

RIYAMOSE.

Majesty!

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Speak! What of Him?

RIYAMOSE.

Majesty!

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Nay, fear not. I bid thee speak.

RIYAMOSE, *with lowered head.*

Majesty, it is that Peraa must remain a prisoner of the Asiatic.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

To what end?

RIYAMOSE.

Majesty!

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Yamouni, thou art a soldier; to what end?

YAMOUNI.

Majesty, in the eyes of the Unclean One the Good God is a traitor to his vile rule. . . .

QUEEN KAMOSE.

I know that. What would the Asiatic do with the King?

YAMOUNI.

Majesty, he decrees the death-penalty of the Barbarians.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Let it be spoken aloud.

YAMOUNI, *reading from a papyrus.*

"That the King of the Two Lands be handed over "forthwith to the embalmers learned in the ritual of "Tamery. That with all the ritual of a King of the "Two Lands He Who hath thus raised Himself by "treachery—so saith the Asiatic—to this position, be "embalmed as He liveth and without the removal of "any organ of the body or the cutting anywhere of the "skin with a flint, and be thus consigned to the tomb

"which He hath prepared for Himself, nameless, but "with the pomp and ceremony of a King of His own "Land."

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Is all ready for the journey?

RIYAMOSE.

The soldiers but await the presence of the Lady of the Two Lands and the command of Peraa that they set forth.

KING KAMOSE.

The army shall set forth without delay. My Majesty hath declared My Will. *Rising.* Kamose, my beloved, I am rejoiced exceedingly, exceedingly, more than saying. Thou canst not know the happiness that is in my heart at this thing that hath chanced. Unspeakable indeed is my joy. Come, my beloved!

QUEEN KAMOSE, *without moving.*

Riyamose, Yamouni, set forth without delay, as the King hath commanded. I shall not accompany you, but see that no man remaineth.

KING KAMOSE.

Kamose, what meanest thou? . . .

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Speak not, my beloved, for I will not go, though every man in Tamery tore me limb from limb to drag me from thy side. Yankh-Horu, go, my child!

YANKH-HORU.

Majesty, I will not go.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Yamouni, Riyamose! Carry him with ye. It is not fitting that a boy dispute with My Majesty. He must go, for he knoweth not what fate awaiteth him did he remain.

YANKH-HORU, *calmly taking the King's hand.*

Lord, thy promise?

KING KAMOSE.

The boy shall remain with Me. It is My Will.

YAMOUNI.

Majesty, I too will remain.

RIYAMOSE.

Majesty, and I. Death hath no fears for the servants of the King, who have served His Majesty for so long.

KING KAMOSE.

Nay, faithful ones, I thank ye from My heart, but this may not be. The Two Lands are not yet free from peril. It is but the first step towards freedom that hath been achieved. Tamery may not lose such men as ye, who know what ye know and who command the trust that is yours in the North. Begone. It is My Will.

*They smell-the-earth till the King motions them to rise, then in adoration they leave the chamber, slowly moving backwards.*

KING KAMOSE.

My beloved! *He takes her in his arms.* Why wouldst thou do this?

QUEEN KAMOSE.

What else could I do, my brother, even had I the will? Thinkest thou that Kamose—little as thou knowest me—would thus leave the man to whom she hath given her heart, in order that her life might be saved?

KING KAMOSE.

My sister is a living obelisk of granite, verily she is scarcely a woman.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

Nay, whether I be a woman or not is of no account. I am the Royal Daughter and could not act thus and still stand before the Two Lands as their Queen. But, my beloved, I have no such wish. Hast thou not spent the years of thy life yearning for me? It is truly a little thing that I do in return for thy love and thy agony, a little thing that is all that my heart desireth. I am thankful indeed that it hath been vouchsafed unto me to have this opportunity to show thee the faith and love that I have for thee. Truly there are many who would prove the devotion of their hearts even unto death, but there are few indeed to whom is vouchsafed the opportunity.

KING KAMOSE.

What of the Two Lands? Are they not above all personal things? What of them? Art thou not the Royal Daughter? Doth not Yahmose await thee? And all Tamery?

QUEEN KAMOSE.

I have a sister, my beloved, one queenlier than I, whom thou hast never beheld, one beloved of her brother the great Prince Yahmose who holds the Southern armies in his grasp. The Two Lands will be well in their hands. It is better so. My destiny was never their destiny. I have known that from the beginning. We matter not, Kamose, thou and I. Ours was another fate from birth. It was not that we should rule the Earth, thou and I, but that we should fulfil a stranger and subtler destiny, for our souls are different from their souls. The Earth shall have them for its rulers in their lifetime, and when they are dead future ages shall venerate them for the Great Ancestors of their Kings. Us they will forget, we shall be but names henceforth among the Living; but our destiny—such as it is—we shall have fulfilled upon Earth.

KING KAMOSE.

For me this thing that awaits me may be my destiny; for thee it is a deliberate act more beautiful than anything that hath ever been in the history of the Two Lands. Yet shall history hold no record of it.

QUEEN KAMOSE.

When thou seekest to exalt my action, bethink thee of my life did I leave thee, I who love thee only and can ever love but thee only as I have never loved any but thee in the past, I the queen of another, I who have been thy queen. Truly there is little of nobility in this thing, be not deceived. Romance is not a thing of reality such as this. This is just life, my beloved, and the result of it is—just death. That is all.

KING KAMOSE.

But it is a terrible death that awaits us, Kamose. Hast thou no fear?

YANKH-HORU, *playing and singing.*

I say to myself every day:
As the healing of a sick person
Who goes to the Court after his illness . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As the inhaling of the perfume of frankincense,
As a seat beneath an outstretched curtain when the breeze is cool. . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As a man returning from a campaign to his home,
As a man desiring to behold his house
When he hath passed many years on the sea. . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As the clearing again of the sky,
As a man who goeth out to catch birds with a net
And findeth himself suddenly in an Unknown Land. . . .
Such is death!

*A long line of Asiatics enter and approach. Silently and methodically they move and perform their tasks. Some bear trestles and lay these in the centre of the chamber, others bear rolls of linen and jars of liquid. They form a square round the trestles, and open their ranks for King and Queen Kamose to pass within.*

KING KAMOSE, *holding her to him.*

Thou hast no fear?

QUEEN KAMOSE.

None at all, my beloved. Thou art beside me, and shalt be so for ever. That is all that I seek. And thou?

KING KAMOSE.

That is all I have ever sought, Kamose. More than that I have no desire, other wish I have not any. Ever it hath been the one and only thing that my heart hath

yearned for and sought from the Gods for my happiness. I named not a price, and at any time in my life I would have paid any that the Gods could ask. Why then should I care whether it be granted in this life or in the next, so that it be fulfilled?

QUEEN KAMOSE.

For a few short stormy days we have had one another in life, my beloved. For many long centuries our Kau will have one another in the tomb-chamber that awaiteth us; and it is a beautiful tomb-chamber for it is thine and thou hast designed it. Indeed thou didst show it unto me who little thought that I should dwell in it with thee within so short a space of time. And hereafter, my beloved, our Spirit-bodies shall dwell together throughout all eternity among the Shining Ones in the Field of Reeds beneath the sway of the blessed and merciful Osyri. Come, let us give ourselves to these barbarians. . . .

*They enter the square formed by the Asiatics. Queen Kamose unfastens her robe and casts it from her. King Kamose throws from him his mantle and his royal kirtle. Naked they lay themselves upon the trestles. Swiftly, very swiftly, with deft fingers, the Asiatic embalmers set to work. Two dip their hands in vases of unguent and smear the bodies of the King and Queen. Two more take each of the great rolls of linen. One roll that lies soaking in bitumen is taken forth and applied, starting at the feet, and is rapidly bandaged round the bodies of the doomed; another soaked in natron, follows swiftly upon it, and a third dry, spiced and gummed, is wound round a few inches behind the one which has gone before, until the bodies are wrapped up to the throat, face, head, and finally are completely swathed in the material. All the while the square of Asiatics moves round the embalming trestles, performing weird movements and chanting the Ritual of Embalmment.*

*The scene is strange and terrible, the sounds and movements weird and horrible.*

YANKH-HORU, *playing, and singing the funeral dirge of his King and Queen, his eyes closed, apparently unmoved.*

Saith the Singer to the Harp, who shall be within the Tomb of the Osyri, the King of the Two Lands, Uazkhopririya, Son of the Sun, Kamose the Justified, and His Sister, the Royal Daughter, Lady of the Two Lands, Divine Consort, Great Royal Wife, Kamose the Justified. He saith:

These Great Ones are silent!
Fulfilled is the good decree!
That which cometh forth from the womb
Must pass away before Thee, O Riya!
Young men and women must go to their tombs!
Khopriya showeth Himself at daybreak,
Ytumu setteth in the West.
Men must beget, Women must conceive,
Every nostril must breathe the breath of the Dawn!
Those that are born, all alike,
They come to the place to which they belong!

Make a joyful day, O mighty King!
Let unguents and perfumes be set before Thee,
Mahu-flowers and lilies upon the arms,
Upon the bosom of Thy Sister
Who is within Thy heart, sitting beside Thee!
Let there be song and music before Your faces!
Cast behind Ye all evil things,
Think upon joyful things!
Soon cometh the hour at which Ye shall arrive
At the Land that Loveth Silence!

*The ritual of embalmment ceases, and the Asiatics take up the mummies and bear them aloft upon their shoulders, still within their square. Slowly they bear them from the scene. Yankh-Horu rises and goes with them, striking chords upon his harp and singing as he goes.*

YANKH-HORU.

I say to myself every day:
As the healing of a sick person
Who goes to the Court after his illness . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As a man returning from a campaign to his home,
As a man desiring to behold his house
When he hath passed many years on the sea: . . .
Such is death!

I say to myself every day:
As the clearing again of the sky,
As a man who goes out to catch birds with a net,
And finds himself suddenly in an Unknown Land. . . .
Such is death!

*"And in the Tomb were found the embalmed bodies of a man and a woman, both nameless. When unwrapped none of their perishable organs were found to have been removed, and their features were distorted with such an expression of agony as may not well be described. Near by were discovered the bones of a boy."—Extract,* 8TH ANNUAL REPORT, *Soc. Eng. Arch.*

# PART V.

# Part V.

## Love Songs and Dirges of Old Egypt.

All nations have their songs of love. The basic emotions of mankind are common to all races, but the expression of these emotions in art differs according to the nature of each people. Ethnology alone can attempt to reveal by what combination of climate, conditions of life, and intermarriage one race becomes differentiated from another and evolves an individual type of civilisation and an individual form of art-expression. Howbeit the races which combined to form the great Egyptian stock which evolved the mighty 5000 year old civilisation on the banks of the Nile developed a natural mentality which expressed itself in art having a spirit which differed from ours of Europe to-day, as it differed from that of Greece more nearly its contemporary; and as it differed in spirit so did it differ also in technique.

We have the love-songs of many nations. Those of Egypt are little known. They have indeed been published—fragments of them—in many books on Egypt, but whether the translator has been a scholar or a poet he has neither presented them complete nor in the original idiom. I claim neither to be a scholar nor a poet, though I have interested myself in both archæology and poetry. I have used the translations of scholars and compared them word by word with the hieroglyph transcript of the original hieratic, and set them word by word against the "dictionary" meanings of each word. Thus also I have sought to follow the grammatical construction of each sentence. Taking the result of this as a basis, and retaining each idiom, I have sought to set forth the poems in the simple rhythmical form that appears to be the character of the original.

My translation contains many passages never before published save in technical treatises, it contains one or two passages never before translated at all. Since the reason they have not ever been translated, even in technical treatises, is that they were too obscure or fragmentary to be rendered with any degree of certainty, I do not wish it to be thought that I have presumed to attempt what those more qualified have thought fit to leave. I have done so, but only as a poet. Perceiving in such obscure fragment the continuation or completion of an idea broken off a word or two before, I have made the best of it that seemed permissible from the text.

Thus from a technical point of view they may be condemned by the archæologist, and from a literary point of view by the poet. Hitherto the poet has cast them into modern rhymed verse in modern idiom, an abomination obscuring the very spirit and letter of the original poems, about which I can find nothing polite to say except that it may in each case have been a very clever performance.

These translations are in fact an attempt to give the spirit and form of Egyptian poetry of this class, and this is their only value. The vivid beauty of them is all in the original, and those who understand the Egyptian mind and love Egyptian art will doubtless be thrilled by this exquisite manifestation of Egyptian poesy.

They were found in the Harris Papyrus 500, now in the British Museum, and the text has been technically dealt with by M. Maspero in " Etudes Egyptiennes." They belong, probably, to the Eighteenth Dynasty, that is, they have been in existence some thirty-five centuries, though it is impossible to say how much more ancient they might not be.

In Egypt, among the numerous kinds of dancing of which we find record, there is one in which a musical instrument is carried and played or, alternatively, played by accompanists while song or recitative is uttered in harmony with the movement. Therefore

the song or recitative formed the subject of the performance, and the emotions and ideas embodied in the words were interpreted and expressed in the dancing in accordance with the rhythm of the music. Now these " Songs of Thy Sister Walking in the Fruit Gardens " are termed " recreative " songs. The hieroglyphic word does not quite correspond etymologically with that word however. It is no more than a contention, proof of it has not yet come to me, but I regard the word in this connection as indicating dancing, and therefore I term them not " Recreative Songs " or " Songs of Recreation," but " Dance Songs."

Accordingly I have not set them forth in a long disjointed series, having no consecutive thought or internal harmony of idea, as has always been done hitherto. As written they appear to have been set down in irregular fragments, somewhat confused and jumbled up. I have sought to re-arrange them and make their action consecutive, and I have given them in an Egyptian setting for performance as in a play. Thus it is hoped that they are presented with the greatest possible clarity and to the best advantage that may be devised for the visualisation of them, for, so beautiful are they in themselves, that, in order to do justice to them in so difficult and impotent a medium as translation into English must be, an original and vigorous method seemed to me necessary, and one that should suggest the atmosphere in which they once were performed.

To the love-songs are appended two dirges, and a little poem of about the Twenty-third Dynasty, broken off before the end. Portions of these occur in the course of the preceding play, " And in the Tomb Were Found. . . . ."

"The Joyful Songs of Thy Sister
Walking in the Fruit Gardens."

"The Joyful Song of Thy Sister . . . ."

I.

# A Love Idyll of Egypt.

*Harris Papyrus* 500 *Brit. Mus.*

*A long balustrade of brightly-painted wood-work. Four slim pillars supporting the roof, lined and patterned in strips of blue, green, yellow and black.*

*Green rush-blinds give shelter from the sun. Intense brilliance outside. Coolness and shadow within.*

*A narrow lion-footed couch, two leather-covered stools, a table covered with dishes of grapes, figs, goblets, and spiced confectionery.*

*On the floor, coloured mats.*

*A youth enters. He wears a plain linen kirtle to his knees, sandals on his feet, a wig on his head.*

*Striking a seven-stringed lyre which he carries, he crosses the chamber, expressing despair in every movement.*

*Words sung by the dancer, or, alternatively, by a kneeling harper, squatting on his heels in a corner:—*

I will lay me down in my chamber,
I shall be seriously ill.
My neighbours shall enter to enquire for me.
If my sister comes with them she will put the physicians to shame.
For she knows my sickness.

*The Youth pauses and gazes out across the garden with eager intensity.*

The villa of my sister has its pond before the doors of the house,
The door opens, and my sister comes out in anger,
Would that I might be her door-keeper,
That she might give me orders,
That I might hear her voice, even though she were enangered,
Like a child, trembling before her!

*A girl appears. She is clad in a loose robe of transparent linen, sandals on her feet, a wig on her head, a lotus-bud fastened on her wig above her forehead. She advances, playing a long banjo-shaped instrument, or, alternatively, a shoulder-lyre.*

*Words sung by the dancer or by a female attendant who plays kneeling, squatting on her heels in the corner opposite the other musician :—*

I am with thee. Give me thy heart, my beloved . . .
If thou dost seek to caress the softness of my leg
I shall not say thee nay.
If, when thou comest to me, thou desirest to eat,
And eating be thy pleasure,
If thou desirest that I clothe thee in raiment,
Verily, I have coffers.
If thou comest thirsty for love,
Thou shalt have my breast. . . .

*Retreating, and turning again to embrace her lover :—*

Thy love penetrates my heart, as wine spreads in water,
As perfume penetrates unguent, as milk with honey mixes.
Thou hastenest running to see thy sister,
As the mare catching sight of the stallion,
As the sparrow-hawk swooping upon the dove. . . .

*The Youth approaches her.*
*Words spoken by, or on behalf of, the Youth :—*

My plaints are intermingled with songs,
For the body of my sister is a field of lotus-buds,
Her breast is a bowl of perfumes,
Her limbs are fleet speeding along the road,
Her face is as sweet-scented cedar-wood.

*They perform the ceremonial kiss.*
*Right foot advanced, left withdrawn almost behind it, toes of each touching the toes of the other,*
*Right arm thrown over the left shoulder of the other, hand hanging loosely,*

*Left arm passed beneath right arm-pit of the other,*
*Fingers resting on right shoulder from behind,*
*Noses barely touching one another,*
*Three deep, easy, ceremonial breaths simultaneously,*
*Eyes inter-gazing.*
*They fall asunder.*
*Words spoken by the Girl dancing slowly away from her lover, or by her musician :—*

I have no mercy of heart for thy love,
My love-filtre which begets thy drunkenness,
I will not throw it away secretly,
But I will distil it at the Vigil of the Inundation,
As in Syria with branches of cypress,
In Ethiopia with palm-branches,
In the highlands with tamarisk,
In the plains with papyrus-stalks.
I will not listen to their counsels
Who bid me reject my desire.

*Words spoken by the Youth, dancing likewise, or by his harper :*

I shall embark on the canal in despite of my orders,
I shall bedeck my shoulders with myrtle,
And I shall come to Ankhtaui.
I shall address my prayer to every just God
That my sister may be during the night
Like the Living Source, as myrtles are like to Ptah,
As water-lilies are like Sokhit, blue lotus like Yditi,
Pink lotus like Noftrytumu,
That the White-Walled city may grant
That she illumine the earth with her beauties,
And Memphis give the vases of unguent
Which are placed before Nofriha.

*Words spoken by, or on behalf of, the Girl dancing slowly round the chamber and passing out, followed by her attendant :—*

I shall descend in a boat the "Water of the Prince, Life, Strength, Health!"

While thou goest by the "Water of Riya."
My heart desires to go swiftly,
Reaching the dwellings at the crossing of the canal of Ynu,
Also I shall make myself run, and I will not remain silent,
I shall beg of Riya that I may behold the approach of my brother.
I shall embrace thee, I shall stand upright with thee at the mouth of the canal,
I shall carry my heart to Ynu,
And I shall return with thee under the trees of the Palace,
I shall take the trees of the Palace to make of them a handle for my fly-net,
And I shall watch all that thou doest.

*As she passes from sight:*

I shall be upon the outermost terrace,
My breast laden with blossoms of persea,
My hair heavy with perfumes,
And I shall be beautiful to caress. . . .

II.

## The Love-lorn Sister.

*The garden of an Egyptian house. Stiff and highly artificial. An oblong tank with lotus blossoms floating upon the water. Neat little sycamores in a row all round it. Vines on trellises. Beyond, a square-shaped villa, fragile-looking, with high windows, and wind-catching structures on the roof.*

*A girl enters carrying a bird-snare and a cage. She wears a close-fitting skirt of transparent linen from beneath her breasts to her ankles, sandals and wig.*

*An attendant musician follows her, playing plaintively the double pipes.*

*The Girl advances, dancing, towards the house, stretching out her arms towards it longingly.*

*Words spoken :—*

The beautiful sister whom thy heart loveth comes in the fruit-gardens, O brother beloved,
For my heart pursues those things which thou dost love,
And all things that thou doest.
I say unto thee, " Behold the things that have happened! "
I am come to prepare my snare with my hands,
My cage, and my hiding-place, for all the birds of Puanit.
They swoop upon the Black Land, laden with incense.
The first which cometh, he shall seize my worm-bait,
Bearing from Puanit the fragrance which he exhales,
His claws full of sweet-smelling resins.
My heart desires that we take them together,
I with thee alone.
I would make thee hear the plaintive cries
Of my bird anointed with beautiful perfumes,
Thou beside me, with me.
I will prepare my trap, O my beautiful one,
Going to the fruit-gardens with my beloved.

*She passes out. The music dies away. The music approaches again and the Girl returns, no longer carrying her snare and cage, dancing sadly and plaintively.*

The cry of the wild-goose resounds plaintively,
He has taken his worm-bait.
But thy love drives me away,
And I do not know how to deliver myself from it.
I shall take away my nets,
And alas! I shall say to my mother,
To whom I go each day laden with captives,
" My snare to-day I have not laid,"
For thy love holds me captive.

*Gazing whence she has come, then turning away with a gesture of longing towards the house in the distance.*

The wild-goose flies away and settles,
He hails the granaries with his cry,
The flock of birds are floating on the stream,
But I think of them no longer,
I think of my love for thee only.
For my heart is the other balance of thy heart,
And I cannot forsake thy beauties.

## III.

# The Faithless Brother.

*A bedchamber in an Egyptian house. The walls at either side are painted with birds fluttering from among tall reeds and papyrus-stalks, fowlers and fish-spearers standing on their gay and graceful little boats, with a conventional border of lotus-buds. Windows high up in the walls. Beyond, a low balustrade gaily painted, rush-blinds shutting out the light. A narrow couch with lion's feet, a table with toilet-instruments and jars of kohl and various unguents. Another table with fruits and delicacies. Stools. Mats on the floor. A circular bath near the couch.*

*Two attendants are squatting by the bed asleep, harps beside them.*

*Lying on the couch, covered with a broidered coverlet, is a girl asleep.*

*The Girl awakes. She rises from her couch and bids the attendants awake. Stretching herself, she walks across and draws back the blind, letting in the clear light of dawn.*

*Taking their harps the attendants play.*

*Words spoken :—*

The voice of the turtle-dove resounds,
Saying, "Here is the Dawn. Alas! where is my way?"
Thou, thou art the bird, thou callest me,
I go to find my brother in his bedchamber,
And my heart rejoices more than their hearts.
I shall not go away,
But, my hand in thy hand, I shall go with thee,
And I shall be with thee in every place,
Beautiful in that he makes me the first of beautiful women,
And breaks not my heart!

*For purposes of modern presentation a screen may be drawn in front of the bath. The girl ceases her miming and squats in the bath. The attendants take up two great jars of water and, carrying them round ceremonially on their heads, empty them over her simultaneously, holding them high and in a ceremonial manner.*

*Then they put aside their jars, and one attendant wraps a mantle round the girl to dry her, while another brings a thin robe of fine linen and places it upon her, fastening the robe beneath her breasts by means of straps over her shoulders. She comes forth and they place her wig upon her head, throw a jewelled pectoral about her neck and place sandals upon her feet. One attendant kneels on one knee before her, holding up a polished mirror, while the other, taking a pot of kohl, outlines upon her face the long black eyebrows and colours the eyelids—a protection for the eye against the glare, as the wig is a protection for the head against the heat, of the sun.*

*The attendants take their harps once more. The Girl expresses in movement the longing which fills her heart.*

*Words spoken :—*

O Overhanging Spray, my heart is in suspense!
Till thou hast done that which one seeks again,
When I am in thine arms.
I have anointed mine eyes with kohl,
For I would appear with dazzling eyes,
When I hasten to thee beholding thy love.
O man wondrous to my heart, beautiful is this, my hour!
Coming to me it is an hour of eternity
When I lie with thee!
My heart rises to thee. . . .
When thou art with me in the night-time.

*After a pause. Growing ever more impassioned.*

O Thou Lofty Branch, one is exalted before thee!
I am thy first sister.

I will draw nigh unto thee in the field in which I have
made flowers to bloom,
And all sweet-smelling plants.
There are the delightful canals which I have dug with
my hand
To refresh myself with the North-Wind,
A beautiful place in which to walk, thy hand in my hand,
My breast full of remembrance,
My heart joyous, going both together!
It is an intoxicating draught for me to hear thy voice,
And by hearing it I live.
For me to see thee with every glance
Is more profitable than eating, more than drinking!

*Again she pauses for a moment.*

O Thou Entwining Bough, I have taken thy wreaths!
When thou comest to me intoxicated,
And liest thee down in thy chamber,
I shall approach thy limbs. . . .

*Going to the open blind, and withdrawing again.*

O Beautiful Being, my heart would that I be mistress
of thy possessions,
As thy Lady-of-the-house,
That, thy arm laid against my arm,
Thou shalt embrace her whom thou lovest,
While to my heart which is on thy bosom
I murmur my supplications.
If my elder brother come not during the night,
I am as one who is in the tomb!
Ah thou, art thou not health and life,
He who brings the joys of thy health to my heart
seeking thee?

*She goes up to the balustrade and draws up the blinds.*

Ah, let me put my head outside the door,
For is not my brother coming to me?
My eyes are upon the road,
My ear listens for the sound of a footfall upon the
pavement.

For I am filled with love for my brother, the very unique,
And my heart is not silent when he approacheth.

*A boy enters, assumes the attitude of adoration, arms extended, slightly bent, eyes shielded, and gives her a brief message. He departs swiftly.*

But he sends me a swift-footed messenger;
He enters, he departs, saying to me,
"I am engaged!"
Say only another has found thee!
If another behold thy face,
Why break the heart of her lover unto death?

*She gazes out over the balustrade. Her movements are heartbroken.*

My brother goes out of his house,
He passes on without thought of my love,
And my heart is silent within me.

*With a gesture she turns away from the table laden with delicacies.*

In vain do I behold the cakes and the perfumes,
In vain do I perceive the spices and the essences,
That which was sweet to my mouth,
It is now as the gall of birds.
The sweet breaths of thy nostril alone give life to my heart,
For I have found thee, and Yamoun hath given thee to me for ever and ever!

*Choking back her tears and advancing to the balustrade.*

My heart was happy on account of thy love for me,
So that half the fore-part of my tresses falleth
When I come running to seek thee,
And the mass of my hair falls undone!
However, I declare to thee, I shall fasten up my hair,
And each day I shall be ready. . . .

IV.

## Mytyritdis, Daughter of Rameny.

*Stele C.* 100. *Louvre.*

Sweet One, beloved, Priestess of Hat-Hor, Mutyritdis,
Sweet One, beloved, in the eyes of the King.
The King of the South, the King of the North,
Menkhopririya, Gifted with Life.
Sweet in the eyes of all men, beloved in the eyes of women,
She is a Royal Daughter, sweet, beloved, beautiful among women.
A damsel whose like has not been seen!
Black is her hair more than the blackness of night,
More than the fruits of the vine-tree.
Red are her lips more than pieces of jasper,
More than crushed henna.
Firm are her breasts upon her bosom. . . .

V.

# The Harper's Lament. Funeral Dirge of Nofrihotpu.

*Saith the Singer to the Harp, who is within the tomb of the Osyri, the Holy Father of Yamoun, Nofrihotpu the Justified, He saith :—*

This Great One is silent!
Fulfilled is the good decree!
That which cometh forth from the womb
Must pass away before Thee, O Riya,
Young men and women must go to their tomb!
Riya sheweth Himself at daybreak,
Ytumu setteth in the West,
Men must beget, women must conceive,
Every nostril must breathe the breath of the dawn.
Those that are born, all alike,
They come to the place to which they belong.

Make a joyful day, O Holy Father!
Let unguents and perfumes be set before thee,
Mahu-flowers and lilies upon the arms,
Upon the bosom of thy sister
Who is within thy heart, sitting beside thee.
Let there be song and music before thy face,
Cast behind all evil things,
Think upon joyful things!
Soon cometh the day on which one arriveth
At the Land that Loveth Silence!

## VI.

# The Songs in the Tomb of Yntuf the Justified, which are in front of the Singer to the Harp

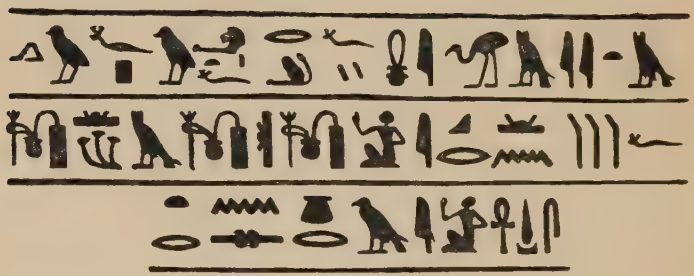
Illustrious indeed is this good Prince!
It is a good destiny, this,
That while a body decayeth in death
Others are established,
Since the time of the ancestors.
The Gods who were aforetime
Rest in their sepulchres,
The Spirit-bodies and the Shining Ones, also,
Are buried in their tombs.
Those that built them houses, their places are not.
Lo! What of their deeds?

I have heard the words, I, of Ymhotpu,
I, also, those of Hardadef,
Whose sayings are repeated continually.
Behold! Where are their places to-day?
Their walls are overthrown,
Their places are not,
Even as though they had not been.
None cometh who telleth their qualities,
Who celebrateth their deeds, who persuadeth our hearts
To hasten towards the place whither they are gone.
Thou who art in good health,
Thy heart abhorreth the funeral honours.
Follow thy heart that thou mayest so live.
Put perfumes upon thy head,
Clothe thyself in fine linen,
Anoint thyself with the most wonderful essences of God.
Do more than thou hast done heretofore,
Do not concern thy heart with thy enemy,
Follow thy desire and thy happiness
As long as thou mayest be on Earth.

THE SONGS IN THE TOMB OF YNTUF THE JUSTIFIED, WHICH ARE IN FRONT OF THE SINGER TO THE HARP—*continued.*

Give not thy heart up to bitterness
Until there cometh to thee that day of mourning
When the man whose heart no longer beateth
Heareth not those who lament.
For lamentations cause not the man in the tomb to rejoice.

Make a joyful day and be not idle therein.
Alas, a man is not able to carry away his goods with him!
Alas, there is no one who setteth out who returneth again!



Printed by
W. Heffer & Sons Ltd.,
Cambridge, England.